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THE GREAT BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON.

SKETCHES
OF
FOREIGN TRAVEL
AND
LIFE AT SEA;

INCLUDING
A CRUISE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR,
AS ALSO
A VISIT TO SPAIN, PORTUGAL, THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SICILY,
MALTA, THE IONIAN ISLANDS, CONTINENTAL GREECE,
LIBERIA, AND BRAZIL;
AND
A TREATISE ON THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE
REV. CHARLES ROCKWELL,
LATE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

“It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries, but in land travel wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation: let diaries therefore be brought into use.”—LORD BACON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CHARLES ROCKWELL,
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TO THE
REVEREND PROFESSOR EMERSON,
OF THE ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
AS THE TEACHER AND GUIDE OF EARLIER CLASSICAL
AND LATER PROFESSIONAL STUDIES,
AND THE
HONORABLE JULIUS ROCKWELL,
OF PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS,
AS A COMPANION AND SCHOOLMATE IN CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH,
AND A CLASSMATE AND ROOMMATE DURING THE
WHOLE OF A COLLEGIATE COURSE,
THIS WORK
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THEIR RELATIVE AND FRIEND
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

“O THAT my words were now written! O that they were printed in a book,” was the language of Job; and the same petition has, in substance, gone forth from many an author when looking forward to those months or years of anxiety and toil in which he was to exert himself, — in vain it might be, — to write that by which he would fain please alike the public and himself. “My desire is that mine adversary had written a book,” said the good old patriarch quoted above. “My desire is, that mine adversary had a book to write,” was the version given to this passage by a learned divine who was familiar with the toils and perplexities of authorship. A most malicious and unchristian prayer for one to utter in behalf even of his bitterest foe, were thriftless care and labor the author’s only portion.

True it may be, and doubtless is, that

“None but an author knows an author’s cares;”

and yet is it also true, that these cares are often sweetened by a thousand pleasant and vivid recollections of the past. He may, perchance, recall many bright and sunny hours spent among the hallowed relics of the old world, or in roaming through the primeval

forests of Africa, or in gazing upon the lofty mountains of the southern portion of our own continent; or, more than all, in communion with the mighty deep in its ever-varying forms of grandeur and of beauty, overhung as it often is with skies of such gorgeous magnificence as to leave far in the back ground the most splendid creations of the painter and the poet. When a writer, in the quiet retirement of his closet, reviews such recollections, blended as they may be with the memory of scenes of social pleasure, imminent peril, and hair-breadth escapes by land and sea, he may have something of the feelings ascribed by the poet to his hero, when, roused by martial music, he again lived in the past, and

“ Thrice he fought his battles o’er,
And thrice he slew the slain.”

The causes to which the following work owes its origin, and the leading objects before the mind when writing it, may be stated thus. A long and deeply cherished desire to visit foreign lands led the author, at the close of his professional education, to mature a plan for devoting two or three years to minutely examining the most interesting portions of the old world.

By being familiar with the more prevalent languages of southern Europe, he hoped to gain access to the latest and most accurate sources of information, in the way of social intercourse and of books, respecting the countries he should visit;—their recent history, manners, and customs; religious rites and usages, institutions of education and benevolence, and other matters of interest.

His connexion with the Navy of the United States was accidental, and arose from the fact, that the privilege of a passage to the Mediterranean, in a man-of-war of the larger class, had been granted him by the Secretary of the Navy, and, as there was no Chaplain on board, he yielded to inducements offered him to discharge the duties of the office during most of the succeeding cruise of two years and a half.

As the ship was at times, for weeks or months together, in ports adjacent to the most interesting portions of Southern Europe, every desirable facility was furnished for frequent excursions inland, as also for residing in families where the various languages of that region were spoken in their purity. An official connexion with our Navy opens to those who enjoy it, access not only to libraries and other public institutions, but also to the houses of persons of intelligence and rank, and to assemblies of the higher circles of society; advantages of which common travellers cannot often avail themselves, riding as they frequently do, posthaste through foreign lands, and leaving them wellnigh as ignorant of their language, social habits, and public institutions, as when they entered them.

As the author was relieved from his professional duties for the period of six months by the transfer of a Chaplain from another ship to that in which he sailed, he was thus enabled to cross Spain and Portugal in different directions at his leisure; to reside for a time in the capitals, and to visit the most important cities of these two kingdoms, resorting to almost every possible means of conveyance, becoming familiar

with the habits and modes of life of the various classes of society, learning from original sources the disclosures resulting from the then recent suppression of the convents, and other matters of interest connected with the Catholic faith, — now travelling with smugglers through wild and unfrequented paths, and then in the stately Diligence, rolling along the royal highway, — one day roaming through princely palaces, and the next a captive to lawless robbers. Thus cut off from all who spoke his own language, and domesticated among those of other tongues, he met with many singular incidents, and enjoyed peculiar facilities for acquiring interesting and useful information. How far these opportunities have been improved, the reader can judge.

Brief historical sketches of places visited have sometimes been given, that the reader might occupy as nearly as possible the same ground with the author, as to a knowledge of those facts which gave the highest interest to regions rich in recollections of the past.

Specific dates and the use of the present tense have, to some extent, been retained in narrating events, because the earlier portions of the work were written as letters, and their form could not be changed without a sacrifice of directness and interest in manner and style.

The main apology for such attempts at poetry as the following work contains, is found in the fact, that frequently the first record made by the author, of exciting scenes and incidents, was in verse. These descriptions have been inserted with a view to variety

rather than with the hope of thus acquiring literary fame, or of adding any thing to the interest of the narrative.

Much labor has been bestowed upon this work, with a view, on the one hand, to interest the general reader by a lively and graphic description of objects of curiosity and taste, and striking incidents by land and sea, and, on the other, to embody a large amount of information, not accessible to those familiar only with our own language, and fitted to be useful and instructive to men of education and intelligence.

Peculiar prominence has been given to the present state of Catholic Europe, and the recent religious revolution in Spain and Portugal, resulting in the suppression of convents and other important changes, as casting new light on the results of the Romish faith in those lands where it has reigned with undisputed sway. One motive for this has been the singular ignorance and apathy which prevail in the United States, with regard to the essential and inherent superstition, bigotry, and idolatry of the Papal religion, its hostility to general education, to freedom of thought and action, and to civil and religious liberty in every form. Still due credit is given for such institutions of education and benevolence as exist in Catholic countries, some of which are worthy of high commendation.

As the author spent some time on the western coast of Africa, visiting both the settlements of the colored colonists from the United States, and the villages of the native tribes, much labor has been devoted to preparing an account of the natural resources of Central

and Western Africa ; their avenues of trade and articles of commerce ; the present state of the slave-trade ; the influence of colonies on that traffic, and on efforts to enlighten and elevate the native tribes ; the modes of life, superstitions, forms of trial and punishment, and religious rites and usages of the natives.

The fact, that most writers on the Navy of the United States have been so connected with that branch of service as to cause some delicacy and restraint in speaking freely of existing abuses, has led the author to attempt, in a kind, but faithful manner, to present such defects as attracted his own attention, and have also caused deep regret to wise and good men who have been long in the Navy.

In speaking of the vices of common seamen, the author has wished in some degree to disabuse the public mind of those impressions, that have been made by inflated and injudicious eulogies on the noble traits of seamen, which have lessened and misdirected public sympathy in their behalf, by wholly or in part concealing the deep moral degradation which often marks their character, and presenting them, rather as objects of admiration and envy, than of commiseration and relief. Many of those most actively engaged in benevolent efforts for the good of common seamen, have, in a great degree, failed of securing the confidence and respect of intelligent shipmasters, and others familiar with this class of men, by the false and distorted views of their character, which, through ignorance or from interested motives, have been industriously urged upon the public. It is as true in morals as in medicine, that he who

would rightly prescribe for any malady, should fully understand its nature and malignity, that thus the antidotes administered may be wisely adapted to the evil to be remedied.

And now, gentle reader, wilt thou go with me in my wanderings, with the hope, that, thus doing, our companionship may be like that of the poet and his author, of which he thus speaks.

“ He travels and expatiates ; as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land ;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans.
He sucks intelligence from every clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research,
At his return, — a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too : I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries ; with a kindred heart,
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit and is still at home.”

FEBRUARY, 1842.

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FOREIGN TRAVEL,

AND

LIFE AT SEA.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM BOSTON TO GIBRALTAR.

First Impressions of a Man-of-War. — Vastness of the Ocean. — A Storm. — A Hurricane. — Power of the Ocean. — Sail from Boston. — Feelings thus excited. — Poetry. — Sea Sickness. — A Wet Ship. — Greenhorns. — Marines. — A Commander of a Ship. — Peril at Sea. — The Ship strikes. — Scene below. — Scene on Deck. — Narrow Escape. — Public Worship. — Golden Mist. — Speak a Ship. — “Land ho!” — Arrive at Gibraltar.

A MAN-OF-WAR of the larger class, with its crowded host, and armed and equipped for a distant voyage, is an object of new and peculiar interest to one who has been familiar only with the peaceful abodes of science, and the quiet seclusion of domestic life. How like a floating Babel, does such an inmate view this little world, with all its strife of tongues, its noisy jargon, its roaring cannon, and the loud, and long-drawn cheers, which greet the coming of some favorite chief. At first, he gazed, with wonder, on this mighty fabric, as, in the quiet harbour, with its gigantic hull, its towering masts, and wide-extended yards, it rested on the bosom of the deep. Then, as he moved along her decks, lined with long, dark rows of massive guns, and peopled with a thousand men, with means for their support at hand, and each with his allotted place and sphere of duty, “What a vast and splendid exhibition this,” he exclaims, “of human ingenuity and toil.” Perchance, too, he thinks of that Almighty Architect, who gave to man the skill to invent, and the power to construct, so vast a fabric; — or, to go still further back, —

Who nerved with strength the firm and giant oak,
Scarce rent in sunder by the lightning's stroke;
Which, wrought by art, now floats, the ocean's pride,
And mocks the fury of the raging tide.

In this same ship he goes forth upon the ocean, and how swiftly doth she move along, when her wide expanse of canvass is opened to the breeze. The shores recede and are lost to the view. Day after day, and week after week, there is nothing but the sky above, and the wide-rolling ocean around him. The ship, which before he had thought so large, seems to diminish in size, when compared with the vastness and grandeur of the works of God, in the midst of which he is moving. She is wafted along like a feather, on the long-swelling waves of the sea, and he begins to feel that the ocean is, indeed, boundless as eternity. How as less than nothing, and vanity, do the proudest efforts of man now appear, when compared with the works of Him, who measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand, who saith to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Had he, before this, any adequate idea of the vastness of the ocean, of those "wonders of God, in the mighty deep," which awaken feelings such as no language can excite, or description equal?

He may have pored over the pages of history and geography, and dwelt with glowing rapture on the brilliant descriptions of the poet. He may have computed how many cubic inches of water there are on the surface of the globe, and how many thousand years it would take, for all the rivers of the world to fill the empty space, which would be made by removing, at once, all the waters of the mighty deep. Still, what were all these, in their effects upon the mind, when compared with sailing across an almost boundless ocean.

But the lesson which one may thus learn, has but just commenced. Turn, now, and behold that little cloud in the horizon, which seems no bigger than a man's hand. Soon it expands, and spreads wildly over the heavens. All the sails are taken in, and fear, or deep anxiety, rests on every countenance. The water in the distance seems one wide expanse of foam, and now the waves begin to heave around, lashed to madness by the raging winds. Then comes the wild and angry rush of the tempest, and the warring elements seem eager to devour their prey. That proud and lofty ship, which so lately seemed to dare the tempest's utmost rage, now reels and bows before the fury of the storm. It flees like a chased roe upon the mountains. It is tossed on high as a thing of nought, and then goes down again to the depths, as if the yeasty waves would swallow it up. When

thus in the grasp of the tempest, it seems no more than the fragile reed in the hands of a giant. At such an hour the boldest and sternest spirits are subdued, and a cry is heard, like that which sounded in the ears of the prophet, when fleeing to Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord, "Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

And here, might I anticipate so far, I would say, What is a storm, like that described above, to the wild sweep of a hurricane, or tornado, such as is sometimes met with near the equator. Suddenly the horizon is bounded, in every direction, with dark and threatening clouds. With the utmost haste the sails and boats are strongly secured. Whichever way you turn, all is one sheet of tossing, raging foam, rolling on towards you. It is a moment of awful suspense. Soon the clouds, rushing on in dark and angry masses, unite over your head. The rain descends as if a mighty cataract or a vast waterspout, was pouring down upon you. The windows of heaven seem indeed to have been opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up. The howling of the winds is terrific. The vivid lightning shoots forth its flames, till the whole heavens glow with raging fire. Then is a voice heard from on high, "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder." What, now, are those mighty ships, those "oak leviathans," with which man had vainly thought to lord it over the elements? How aptly do the words of the sacred poet describe such a scene as this, where, in speaking of the Most High, he says, "He bowed the heavens, and came down; and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him was dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness that was before him, the thick clouds passed, hailstones, and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; and he shot out his lightnings and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."

"His robe was the whirlwind, his voice was the thunder,
The sea, at his footstep, was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we saw where he moved by the flash of his eye."

One who has passed through scenes like this, ceases to wonder at the mighty effects produced by the deluge,—that sea fish and shells should be found on lofty mountains, that vast masses of rocks are met with far from their native beds, that the solid strata of the earth were rent asunder, and the gulfs and rivers of a continent received their direction from the course taken by the retiring waters of that mighty inundation.

It was a cold, rough morning, near the close of October, when we set sail from Boston, for Gibraltar. The wind bore us rapidly onwards over the rolling ocean, and though the heavens frowned angrily upon us, yet such was the excitement of the scene, and the emotions to which parting from our native land had given rise, that we little heeded the face of the sky, or aught else, save the deep and conflicting feelings which were struggling within. At times, indeed, we *did* look, for a moment, at the fleet of fishing vessels which whitened the horizon on our left, but then we soon turned again to view the fading shores of the land of our birth.

There are, at such times, emotions too strong for poetry even to describe, and “thoughts which lie too deep for tears,” rush upon the mind. A thousand tender ties are then sundered, and the scenes of past life come up with strange distinctness and power. Some were leaving wives, children, and other friends, whom they loved as their own souls, while others were flying from scenes which recalled to their minds ruined hopes and blighted affections, hoping, that when the wide ocean should roll between them and their native land, and new objects of interest should engross their attention, their past sorrows would be forgotten. But even the stern sadness of such souls was subdued to the tenderness of grief, when, as the shades of evening came on, they saw their native shores fading over the blue waters, and heard the waves dashing wildly, and the night winds roaring around them. I shall not soon forget the feelings with which many of us, amid the thick darkness of night, looked back upon the distant light of Cape Ann, as it quickly rose and sunk again behind the rolling waves, until, at last, it sunk to rise no more. It seemed, for the time, like the severing of those tender ties, which, with strange elasticity and power, had drawn back our hearts the more strongly, the further we removed from our native land. The feelings which, at such times, rush upon us, teach us that we have that within,

which is not to perish with our mortal clay; and few there are, whose hearts have become so steeled against the noble and tender sympathies of our nature, that, when thus leaving the home of their youth, they can truly say, —

“ With thee, my bark, I swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.”

How do these parting hours, — these swift, strong-rushing hours of life, — cast

“ A sudden freshness back on vanished days.”

We seem to hear again those voices which greeted our ears in childhood, when all was joy and gladness, and they are sweeter to the soul than the music of a thousand golden harps. How strangely, too, at such times, does one's love glow for the land where he spent his earliest and brightest days; and the more so, if his home has been amid the wild and varied scenery, and the hallowed associations, of the land of the Pilgrims. Such, at least, were my own feelings, and might I, in homely verse, express them, its tenor would be thus :

Our own New England, — birthplace of the free,
 Whose floating canvass whitens every sea;
 Whose hardy sons, by mountain breezes fanned,
 Or tossed on waves which wash some foreign strand; —
 Her rock-bound coast, — her mountains stern and wild, —
 A home befitting Fancy's wayward child;
 Her lovely valleys with their flowing streams,
 Whose gentle murmurs soothe our nightly dreams; —
 Her waving hills, where living beauty reigns,
 Her shady groves, where float the sweetest strains
 Which feathered songsters, filled with rapture, raise
 To Him who made them, notes of grateful praise; —
 These all declare the goodness of that God,
 Who spreads such glories o'er the earth abroad.
 Go view these scenes when, borne on joyous wing,
 Moves o'er the earth the gay and gladsome Spring;
 Fresh beauty clothes the gently waving trees,
 And richest fragrance floats on every breeze.
 All Nature waked from Winter's dreary sleep,
 Her thousand hills to joyous being leap.
 Turn now to forests, spreading far and wide,
 With radiant hues, by frosts of Autumn dyed.
 No other lands such scenes as these behold,
 These brilliant shades of crimson and of gold:
 The hectic flush of Nature's wide decay,

Which brightly shines beneath the blaze of day ;
Like the fair glow upon the cheek of death,
Sometimes surviving e'en the vital breath.
'Mid scenes like these the soul would ever stray,
And spend the ages of an endless day.

There is, it is often said, but a single step between the sublime and the ridiculous ; or, as we might say, the sentimental and the ludicrous. So, at least, we found it : for as night advanced, and our gallant ship dashed and rolled along over the waves, we were soon taught that man is not all spirit. Wast thou ever seasick, reader ? If so, then thou knowest well the awful sinking of the soul, and the utter loathing of the gifts of God, which it produces. What vain attempts to walk the rolling deck, what drooping and reeling of the body, how sad and woe-begone the countenance, presenting a most wretched libel on the "human face divine." And then to be laughed at, or to hear a thousand waggish prescriptions, of salt pork, sea water, and other abominations, as infallible cures. Truly, one had better, if possible, keep his troubles to himself. My own sufferings were but short, still they were such as to lessen my wonder at the perfect indifference, as to life, which often attends this complaint, or even at the request which its victims sometimes urge, that their sufferings may be ended, by throwing them overboard. This fact illustrates the important principle, that a mere willingness, or even a wish to die, is no certain evidence of being prepared for death. Still, such cases, the result of extreme suffering only, are often urged to weaken the powerful confirmation of Christianity, arising from the peaceful or triumphant death of eminent saints.

The lading of our ship had been badly stowed, so that she rolled and labored much in a heavy sea. The ports of the gun deck, too, fitted so loosely, that it was not unlike the fisherman's boots, with one large hole to let the water in, and another to let it out. Thus, in passing along, one was often exposed to be wet up to the waist, with no other comfort than the sailor's philosophy, that no one ever dies of seasickness, or catches cold from salt water. Many ludicrous scenes occurred, however, in connexion with this evil, which furnished the old salts with no little amusement, at the expense of the greenhorns.

Sometimes a knot of midshipmen would gravely express their fears as to the safety of the ship, within hearing of some

one who was new in the perils of the sea. If thus they could sorely frighten him, so as to prevent him from retiring for a night, their end was fully gained. One of them was kind enough to exchange his cot in the cockpit, for the state-room and berth of one of the assistant surgeons. As it happened, however, the cot was hung so near the hatchway, that the first heavy sea that came, poured a full allowance down upon the doctor, when, hastily jumping into his lower garments, he held them up with one hand, while, with the other, he crawled as quickly as possible up the ladders, to the gun deck, where, making a rush for the breech of a gun, he held on with deadly desperation, each roll of the ship wetting him up to the middle, until an officer led him into the cabin, and there placed him on a settee, with his head towards the lee side, so that his heels were the highest.

The marines are soldiers, who are placed as sentries in different parts of the ship. As they have not commonly seen much salt water, and part of their duty being to keep the sailors out of mischief, and to stand guard over them, when they are confined for crime, they are not usually on good terms with the sailors, who love to impose upon them, by telling them big stories, and by playing all manner of tricks with them. Much amusement is caused by the mishaps which befall the poor marines, as they move about the ship, before they get their sea legs on. In one case, a marine fell upon the gun deck, and, before he could rise, rolled some half a dozen times, from the hatchway to the lee scuppers, and back again, the water, at each turn, dashing over him. The old salts, and even the officers, thought nothing of getting a good wetting themselves, as they stood and enjoyed the scene. Sailors love fun, and amid the confinement and monotony of a long cruise, they hail it with glee, come from what source, and at whose expense, it may.

“Is not this a noble and gallant command, to have the control of such a ship, and be responsible for so many lives? How grand must such an excitement be!”—Thus exclaimed one of our older officers, as I stood beside him one evening, soon after our voyage commenced. The poet, too, speaking of a ship of war, has said, —

“Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck,
To move the monarch of thy peopled deck?”

There is, however, less of truth than poetry in such expres-

sions of feeling. Not that I would deny that there is, indeed, high excitement in such a command; nor is the complaint wholly without justice, which is often heard from our officers, that those who have written books respecting the navy, have described only its dark shades, without portraying any of those brighter features, which make it a field of effort worthy the ambition of men of high and chivalrous spirits. Nor would I subscribe to the correctness of that estimate, which claims that the philosopher, engaged in the deep speculations of the closet, exhibits mental power of a higher order than such a man as Bonaparte; who, overlooking a field of battle, and in circumstances where others would be wholly unmanned, by the rapid and powerful actings and combinations of his own mind, so varies and controls the movements of thousands, as to defeat the wisdom which has resulted from the experience of ages. On board a ship of war, there are, at times, crises, when the energy and promptness of a single moment may decide the fate of a thousand souls. And this is no less true in a deadly strife with the raging elements, than when, in the midst of a hard fought action, a daring commander inspires his yielding crew with courage, and leads them, with triumphant valor, from the blood-stained deck of his own sinking ship, to that of his almost victorious foe. No one can deny, that at such times, a noble and daring mind may feel a high and glorious excitement of all its energies. Still, this feeling of high responsibility must be awfully oppressive, when long continued, or when the mind or body has been weakened by fatigue, disease, or wasting anxiety and care. It is, therefore, a common remark, and one that is often true, — that in a ship of war, the captain is the most unhappy man on board. Most commanders, too, have families whom they tenderly love, and for whom, when separated from them, they feel a deep anxiety, whilst they themselves have reached that period of life, when the comforts of home and the delights of the social circle must be far more congenial to their feelings than the inconveniences and perilous excitement of life at sea. It seems unnatural, and cruel in the extreme, that one should thus, by the usages of his profession, be severed for years from his family, and forced, by a regard to etiquette, and the dignity of command, in a great degree to forego the pleasures of unreserved and cheerful social intercourse with those around him. This is, indeed, to purchase honor and preferment at too dear a rate.

Were I, by a scene of peril, to confirm the truth of what has just been said, I should not, with this view, select the high and valorous excitement of a hard fought naval contest, for this is far from being the severest test of skill, or of cool, prompt, determined, and efficient courage. In a battle men act in a mass: the chance of death may not be great, and the thirst for victory and renown, where a nation's glory is at stake, so fire and absorb the mind, as to exclude the awful and subduing emotions which engross the soul, when each one of a multitude is called, for himself, to look death calmly in the face. There is many a man who would die nobly in the midst of battle, who would turn pale with fear, and quiver like the aspen leaf, were he, when abroad upon the deep, called to meet death by famine, shipwreck, or some other fatal ill, with the mind thrown back upon itself for support, and with nothing from without to sustain or cheer it. Such scenes occur full oft upon the deep; and often, too, does the ocean swallow up those who have long and vainly struggled with the raging elements, or who, left by the fury of the tempest on a sparless, mastless wreck, grim famine hath consigned to a worse than living death.

St. George's Bank is the name given to extensive and dangerous shoals, which are distant from one to two hundred miles from the eastern coast of New England. Their vicinity to the Gulf Stream, together with the action of violent storms and strong currents, frequently vary their position, sweeping away the drifting sand in some places, and heaping it up, for miles in extent, in hard and beaten ridges, in others. Secret currents, too, often imperceptibly vary the course of ships sailing near them, and thus, at times, the precautions of skill and science are baffled, and the boasted wisdom of man is but as folly.

In addition to these evils, we were forced, by the winds, to pass through a different and more dangerous channel than that of which we had intended to avail ourselves. The ship was tossed to and fro by the wild and angry waves, going up to the heavens, and down again to the depths. At such times sleep does not visit the eyes of those in command. An expression of deep and fixed anxiety rests upon the countenance. Often they engage, for a moment, in eager deliberation, and then hasten to discharge their various duties.

Between daylight and sunrise of the second day of our voyage, when more than a hundred miles from the nearest

land, we found ourselves in shoal water, with fearful breakers just ahead. As quick as thought the order was given to change our course, and yet was it almost too late. A moment more and all had been lost; for though the ship obeyed the rudder with an almost miraculous celerity, yet so near was the shoal, and such headway had she, that in turning, she rose high on a lofty surge,—

“Then headlong plunging, thundered on the ground;
 Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound.
 Her giant hulk the dread concussion feels,
 And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
 Down the dark vale of death, with dismal cries,
 The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes
 In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
 With deep convulsions, shakes the solid oak.”

Had the ship, with waves thus raging, remained aground, she must, in a few minutes, have sprung a leak, and in an hour or two, have gone to pieces. No boat could have lived in such a sea, and all on board must soon have found a watery grave. Again a high-rolling billow raised the ship from the bottom, and again she struck. Then the third time she rose, and swinging off, was, for the moment, safe. But the danger was by no means past. Unknown perils lay thick around. Another surge might dash her on the shoals. It was a time of deep and most intense excitement. Then truly were the wonders of God seen in the mighty deep, as —

“High on an awful wave we hung,
 Suspended by His hand.”

And here, for the present, leaving the ship, let us visit the wardroom and steerage, where most of the officers sleep. Roused from their slumbers by the shock when the ship first struck, there was, for a moment, a pause of deep and intense anxiety, whilst she recoiled, and again plunged upon the bottom. Then all was wild confusion, which became extreme when the third shock was felt, and the timbers creaked and groaned as if already yielding to the raging tempest and the surging waves. “What’s that?” — “What now?” cried the officers, as they rushed from their state-rooms, or leaped from their cots. “We’re aground,” — “We’ve struck,” — “We’re gone,” — “It’s all over with us,” was heard from twenty voices at a time. The ship was wildly tossing and heaving, the sudden check in its onward course

having caused the water to rush from aft into the wardroom, and, as it dashed about the deck, carried chairs, with other furniture, and articles of clothing, along with it. Many but partly clad rushed to the upper deck to see what was passing there. Those who had known the sea longest and best, thought, for the time, that our fate was hopelessly sealed.

As I stepped upon the ward-room deck, there stood, in a state-room near me, an officer of skill and judgment, whose home had, for years, been upon the ocean. Assured that the time of his death was near, he was at first in doubt whether to meet his fate quietly below, or to go above, and take his lot with the rest. He soon decided on the latter course, and then opening his locker, he took from it, and placed about his person, some articles which he wished to have with him when he died. Among these, perchance, was the likeness of one dear to him as his own soul.

“ With this bright image pendant from his neck,
Prepared to perish with the sinking wreck,
Or near his heart, when panting in the wave,
To struggle, life, and this, alone to save.”

As in fully dressing, and in securing some books and other articles, which were floating under foot, delay was caused, I was, I believe, the last that ascended to the upper deck. The first wild rush of horror, and of deep anxiety and fear had passed, and all was hushed, save the loud roaring of the wind, and the dashing of the mountain waves: yet might the ashy paleness of fear be seen in many a face. There stood the first lieutenant, with his firm, upright, and manly form, a man of the utmost decision, coolness, and courage, and yet most deeply absorbed in what was passing. Ever and anon a word passed between him and the captain, who stood beside him; then raising the trumpet to his lips, he shouted forth his orders. He was quickly obeyed, as well by those at the helm and the ropes below, as by such as were tossed aloft upon the yards, in peril of their lives.

In the anxious group around me, there was one, a man of science, and of habitual dignity, self-possession, and gentlemanly bearing. But few short weeks had passed, since, in solemn and changeless vows, he had pledged his heart and hand to one he loved. His bride had come with him from the sunny south, and they had parted only when the sailing of our ship had brought the dreaded hour. As the ship

struck, he had thrown his cloak around him, and, without shoes or hat, rushed to the upper deck. Ascending the ladder aft, with his long hair streaming in the wind, and a look of wild excitement, he eagerly gazed towards the land we had left, where his heart's warm affections had centred; and oh! what an age of anxious agony and blighted hope did a few short moments then appear to him. With the poet, might he truly say —

“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I 'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife,
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.”

Turn now, for a moment, to yet another of this excited, anxious throng. Wrapped in his cloak, he stood beside one of the guns, and supported himself by leaning against it. He had come among these bold and daring men, to sympathize with them in their joys and their sorrows; to console them in the hour of darkness and distress, and to guide them to the haven of eternal rest. He closely watched all that was passing around him, and soon the tears flowed freely from his eyes. But he wept not for himself. As he looked on the long, dark rows of men who stood by the ropes, and saw, too, the deeply anxious groups in every part of the ship, he contrasted their solemn and grave-like stillness with the profanity and recklessness of feeling, which had pained him at other times. He felt that the spirit of God was, indeed, moving upon the face of the waters, and with its silent and mysterious influence, filling the most reckless and daring with deep and solemn awe. Then he looked forward to eternity, and that throne of judgment, before which they might all, so soon, appear together. And, was it strange that he should weep, as the affecting scene before him called up these high-wrought and far-reaching visions, rising like “spirits from the vasty deep”?

But why dwell longer on this painful scene, — painful even in the recital, and a thousand fold more so in the dread reality. Suffice it to say, then, that the third stroke was the last; and, beyond the hopes of the most ardent and skilful, the ship swung clear. For a time there was a breathless suspense; I had almost said, a silent agony, as the ship rolled about among the mountain waves, and then righting herself, was again dashing boldly onwards in her course. All waited until the soundings gave many fathoms of water.

Then they felt as if a mountain of lead had been removed from their hearts, and the most thoughtless acknowledged, that God had delivered them out of their distresses. An hundred fold more horrors than have been here described, sometimes occur, in a few brief moments, during a storm at sea, ending, too, in a death the most awful, when, helpless, and hopeless, with none to cheer or comfort, and with scarce a warning of their coming fate, with a wild shriek of agony, a whole ship's company sink down into the deep and fathomless abyss, where the sea-weed is their winding sheet, and the ocean cave their only sepulchre.

Who, then, will say that those exposed to such perils, do not peculiarly need the elevating hopes and consolations of the Christian faith. Scenes, thus trying and awful, do not occur on land. Men are not there called, when in the full vigor of health, and hundreds together, to look death in the face, and feel, that in a few brief moments, their eternal destiny will be decided. Nor are they, as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, so rescued by the hand of God, from the very gates of death, that emotions of awe and gratitude, subdue the hardest hearts. Scenes like these give a peculiar vitality and power to the moral and religious sympathies and sensibilities of our nature, and deeply impress the enlightened and reflecting mind, with the value of the religion of Christ, and the need which fallen and guilty man has, of its rich and heavenly consolations.

And here let us turn to another scene. On the Sabbath which succeeded the events described above, our ship, free from danger, was ploughing her way through the high-rolling waves; and though the motion of the ship, the loud surging of the billows, and the piping of the winds, seemed to forbid our assembling for worship, still, even those from whom it might have been least expected, were most anxious that public and united thanks should be given to God, for our signal deliverance from danger and from death. All, therefore, collected together, in one dark, dense mass, upon the deck. Their heads were uncovered, and, in the centre of the group, was one who was to be the organ of their devotions. It was an hour of tender, yet sublime, emotion. The sea rolled high around, while the heavens were our only canopy, and the lofty masts, like so many towering spires, pointed to the rest above. The voice of the speaker was raised to its loudest tones, that thus it might be heard above the noise of the ele-

ments. A portion of that sacred ode was read, which, with so much power and beauty, describes the peculiar perils of those "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters, — who see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble." And when, in view of deliverance from such peril, the writer exclaims, "O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men"; these words had to us a meaning, such as they had never had before.

Allusion was then made to the peculiar perils of our course of life; our constant exposure to death; our sad and awful fate, had we all, in one short hour, from amid the surging billows, and the floating timbers of our shipwrecked bark, sunk to rise no more. And then, the bitter anguish of a thousand friends, who loved us, when long and dread suspense, or certain knowledge of our fate, had filled their souls with woe. And, yet again, our solemn summons before the Judge on high, where all would have received together, the sentence of their changeless doom. Then came the call of gratitude to God, for having saved us from a watery grave. And when the voice of thanksgiving and of praise was heard, there came forth with it all the warm and unchecked feelings of the sailor's heart. Tears flowed freely down the weather-beaten cheeks of those, who, unmoved, had looked the raging tempest in the face, and had not cowered at the near approach of death. It needs not, at such times, the tongue of the eloquent to reach the heart, when the finger of God hath so touched it, that the breath of a child might cause each of its thousand strings to vibrate.

Silently we dispersed, but the memory of the scenes through which we had passed, will never fade from our minds; and often may they lead us to feel the value of his protection, who once said to the raging tempest, Peace, be still, — and the winds and the waves obeyed him. Often, too, in view of them, may emotions of reverence arise within us, as they vividly suggest to the mind the power of that Being, who "rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm"; who says to the raging ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

One result of our meeting for worship, in such circum-

stances, was, to show us that we need never be deterred, by the state of the weather, from uniting in public religious exercises on the Sabbath. Hence, during the whole of our cruise, we met for worship, be the weather what it might, though, at times, the effort required, in order to be heard above the noise of the elements, was such that no one could sustain it long. Still, there was often a high and engrossing interest in these brief exercises, owing to the peculiarly sublime and exciting struggle of the elements around us, and the impressive lesson they taught us, of the weakness of man, as contrasted with the mighty power of God.

Of the numerous new and striking phenomena, which one meets with in first crossing the ocean, I will here notice but one. It was such a refraction of the rays of light, as to give each particle of the wide-spread sea of vapor which floated around us, the hue of burnished gold; as if all the untold treasures of the deep, dissolved by some magic power, had risen in one vast and gorgeous exhalation around us. This golden mist, thus resting on the bosom of the storm-tossed ocean, by no remote analogy, suggested to the mind, that heavenly atmosphere in which the sainted spirit, as it rises from the convulsed and heaving sea of earthly toil and trial, floats away to regions of eternal rest on high.

Some waggish wight has rhymed as follows :

“Two things change the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip;
Sometimes, alas! you ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship.”

Of shipping seas we had enough, and once we met with a home-bound packet from England. And oh, what a scrambling there was to finish off half-written letters, and strike out new ones; to scribble a few hasty words, saying to friends at home, that all was well. And when we merely hailed, and rapidly passed each other, without communicating, what sore disappointment and chagrin was there. Some tore their letters into a thousand pieces, while others threw them, whole, upon the waves, almost hoping that the rolling tides, or some passing ship, might bear them safely to a far-off home.

On approaching the shores of Europe, every indication of what might prove to be land was watched with intense anxiety. Sometimes a distant bank of clouds, low in the

horizon, would be mistaken for a rising mountain range, and then some other deceptive vision would, for a moment, float before us, and quickly pass away. The poet has said, —

“Optics keen, it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.”

and excited imaginations gave to many of us this power of second sight.

The first sure and unfailing indication we had of land, however, was the appearance on board of a bird, somewhat larger than a robin, which, ignorant of the “lay of the land,” had wandered far out to sea, and came as if to welcome our approach. And surely the dove, when, bearing the leaf of the olive, it returned to the ark, could hardly have been a more joyful messenger. Nor was it anxious to leave us, for, as if conscious of the joy its presence gave us,

“It sat all day on the mast and sails,
An omen right good to view;
For it told of land, and of dark green vales,
And it told the mariners true.
A prophet’s promise, — an angel’s word,
They were all in the note of that singing bird.”

The next morning, the joyful cry of “Land ho!” was heard from aloft, and soon I was on the cross-trees of the mainmast, gazing, with feelings of peculiar excitement, upon the mountains of Portugal. Here then, said I, is Europe, a name which brought to my mind a thousand recollections of history and of romance, — that smallest, but by far most powerful, quarter of the globe, whose destiny is identified with that of millions, who, though far removed from her, in distant portions of the earth, still bow to her sceptre of power, or, with childlike veneration, regard her as the home whence their forefathers came. The land before us, too, was one of dark superstition, misrule, and tyranny, — and yet of deep, though painful, interest to the mind; for there the Inquisition had, for centuries, swayed her sceptre of iron, paralyzing all that was noble and godlike in the actings of human intellect; and had bathed her sword in the blood of thousands, whose only crime had been to seek that highest gift of heaven, — “freedom to worship God.”

We passed near Cape St. Vincent, with its abrupt, wave-beaten shores rising fifty feet, or more, above the surface of the sea. Near its termination, is a fortress and a convent,

no unapt emblems of the superstition and war by which the land has been so sorely scourged.

In passing along the coast of Spain, we had a view of Modena and Cadiz, —

“ Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea.”

We saw, too, where the battle of Trafalgar was fought, the scene of Lord Nelson's victory and death.

It was soon after sunset when we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, with the city of Tangier and the Empire of Morocco on our right, and Spain on our left. Dark, dense clouds were here and there resting on the gorgeous evening sky, borrowing from it a brilliant fringe of crimson and of gold, like the blendings of joy and sorrow, in the checkered drama of human life, or the radiance of hope, as it lights up the brow of despair. The air was mild and balmy, and soon the moon came forth in her loveliness, and cast her splendid drapery over the fading glories of Autumn, with which the heights, on either side, were crowned. Thus, with the mountains of the ancient Mauritania, — the land of the Moors, — on the one hand, and the gentler shores of Spain on the other, we passed those straits, where, as the poet sings,

“ Europe and Africa on each other gaze !
Lands of the dark-eyed maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath the Moon's pale blaze :
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown
From mountain cliff, to coast descending sombre down.”

About one o'clock at night, we came to anchor in the bay of Gibraltar. The next morning the sun rose fair and bright, and, with feelings of peculiar pleasure, we looked out upon the mountains and valleys of Spain and of Africa, as they lay around us. In our rear rose the rock of Gibraltar, famed in story and in song, as the scene of many a gallant and heroic deed. It extends north and south, about two miles and a half, and is five eighths of a mile broad at its base. The harbour washes the western side, leaving room enough between the water and the steep ascent of the rock for the town.

CHAPTER II.

GIBRALTAR AND MAHON.

Rock of Gibraltar. — Moorish Castle. — Visit to the Town. — Feelings thus excited. — Fortifications. — United States Consul. — Strife of Tongues. — Various Nations. — Jews. — Visit a Synagogue. — Ascend the Rock. — Pleasant Companions. — Excavations. — Meet a Friend. — St. Michael's Cave. — Signal House. — O'Hara's Folly. — Reflections. — Exciting Scenes. — Sabbath at Sea. — Grandeur and Beauty of the Sea. — Evening Scene. — Arrive at Mahon. — Cholera. — Quarantine. — Rev. Mr. Jones. — Harbour of Mahon. — Fortifications. — Georgetown. — Mahon. — Houses. — Education. — The Sabbath. — The Catholic Clergy.

THE Rock of Gibraltar is fourteen hundred and seventy feet high, and is composed of gray limestone, divided by perpendicular fissures, filled with calcareous concretions, containing an immense quantity of bones and shells. Many of the former belong to different sorts of deer, none of which are at present found in Europe.

The town of Gibraltar lies near the northern extremity of the rock. Next south of this, are the parade ground and public garden; and still further south is Point Europa, where many of the officers of the garrison reside, and having more the appearance of an English than of a Spanish town. The western declivity of the rock is mostly covered with loose, broken fragments of limestone, among which herds of goats clamber about, feeding on the numerous wild shrubs and plants which grow there. The eastern side, which descends to the Mediterranean, and the southern end, are mostly precipitous cliffs. The northern extremity is a lofty, perpendicular wall, while the summit of the rock, along its whole extent, is a sharp, waving ridge, higher at each end than in the middle. This outline of the summit has been compared, in form, to a bull; the northern bluff being taken for the towering neck and head, with which, as if in fighting attitude, this giant monster bids defiance to the world.

On the side of the rock, just above the town, is an old Moorish Castle, which, for a thousand years, has withstood the warring of the elements and the shock of arms, and may yet, for centuries to come, look down upon the changing and eventful scenes in the drama of empires lost and won, which

shall be enacted there. To me it had peculiar interest, from the fact of its being, at the time, by far the oldest of the works of man that I had ever seen. What a strange and varied succession of kings and heroes had, in ages past, contended unto death, to gain possession of that ancient tower, or to repel invading foes. And could those battered and time-worn walls disclose the history of the past, what tales of reckless daring, of wild ambition, and of deadly strife might they not unfold.

Before any of us left the ship, a health officer came alongside in a boat, and having satisfied himself that we had no contagious disease on board, we were admitted to *prattique*; that is, we were permitted freely to visit the shore. I eagerly seized the opportunity offered, of leaving the ship in the first boat which left, in company with some officers, who were sent to wait on our Consul, Mr. Sprague, and invite him on board.

There are two places for landing. The Water Port, where the shipping business is done, is at the north end of the town. The Ragged Staff, where naval and other military officers land, is just south of the town. There we went on shore; and I need not say, that my feelings were highly excited when I first placed my feet on European ground, and not the less so, from doing it at a place of so much natural and historic interest, as the Rock of Gibraltar. But aside from all romance, those only who have been tossed for weeks upon the ocean, can know the sensation of wild and boyish delight, I had almost said ecstasy, that fills the soul, when the confinement of a ship, and the rolling, and uncertain foothold of the deck, is exchanged for the wide range of the open fields, and the firm tread of the solid earth. With those who are peculiarly sensitive, this excitement has been known to amount to a kind of temporary intoxication, or delirium. The feelings of childhood come strangely over one, and he can scarce restrain himself from running, and skipping, and shouting aloud for joy. Facts like these have an important moral bearing, and should be taken into account by those who are laboring to elevate the moral character of seamen, and to prevent the wild and reckless excesses of which they are guilty, when first set free from the confinement and rigid discipline of a ship. Some channel of innocent and rational enjoyment should be opened, where this excess of feeling

may expend itself, so as to allure them from the low and beastly revels of the brothel and the dram-shop.

As we passed on through the town, we met officers and soldiers at every turn, with all that neatness of dress, and precision of movement, for which the English military are so much noted.

The walls along the water side, and the whole surface of the mountain around, are bristling with cannon, while others, in long, dark rows, are looking out from galleries, which have been blasted from the solid rock, one thousand feet above the level of the sea. We passed through a gate in the massive wall, erected by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, parallel to which is another, of more modern construction, both extending from the water to the summit of the rock. There is much in the general appearance of Gibraltar to remind one of Quebec, though the fortifications and natural scenery are on a much more grand and imposing scale, than in the Canadian city.

Among the crowded and indolent population of southern Europe, it is always easy to obtain guides to go with you wherever you please, and you are lucky indeed, if, when you wish for one, you do not get half a dozen, all of whom expect a reward for their services. To secure employment, they will pretend to know people and places, though entirely ignorant of them, and hence will only mislead you. Thus was it, at first, with us, but at length we reached the Consul's house. It is spacious, and in fine style, and Mr. Sprague and his intelligent and interesting family make all Americans who visit them, entirely at home. He was a native of Boston, and though he has spent most of his life in Europe, yet this seems only to have strengthened his attachment for the land of his birth, and he remarked, that visiting the old world had the same effect on all Americans whom he had met with abroad. By his kind and unaffected politeness, and his generous hospitality, he does much credit to his country, and well sustains, in these respects, the reputation of the good old city of the pilgrims, from which he came.

On sallying forth to inspect the town, every thing seemed new and strange to me indeed. How singular was it to hear even the little children in the street prattling in an unknown tongue. And, oh! what a jargon of confused sounds greeted my ears. A motley tribe of the builders of Babel, each anxious to display, to the utmost, his new-caught dia-

lect, could hardly have equalled the lingo around me. But this was nothing to the varieties of dress, costume, and manners, which everywhere met the eye.

In a strange city, the public market-place, and the street where most business is done, are commonly the first that I visit.

In these places, one meets with the greatest concourse of people, and the striking varieties of character are seen in boldest relief, in connexion with the sharp collision which takes place, where money is at stake.

Gibraltar, from the various wants of its inhabitants,—dependent as they are, even for their garden vegetables, on the neighbouring ports of Spain and Africa,—from its being a free port, and the extensive smuggling trade carried on from thence into Spain, and from being a point where so much commerce, from all parts of the world, passes, and where, owing to the narrowness of the straits, and the strong inward current, ships, in large numbers, are often windbound,—from these, and other causes, Gibraltar collects a greater variety of foreigners than almost any other port, aside from its own motley mass of inhabitants. Owing to the narrow limits of the place, too, those who meet there, are thrown so compactly together, as to present, at a single glance, a kind of living panorama of the world, not unlike (in the varieties of men to be met with) the grand and varied exhibition of the brute creation, in that floating menagerie,—Noah's Ark. There is the haughty English officer, living, with all his pomp and power, a floating, vagabondish kind of life. Then come those man-machines, the soldiers, stuffed, and padded into legal form and size, starched, and stiff as a maypole, slaves to martial rule, with no power of thought or action, which accords not with their commander's will. The sober Dutchman, with his pipe,—the reckless and jolly Irishman, rolling off his brogue,—the Frenchman, with limber neck, and tongue more limber still,—the shrewd and active Genoese, the Yankees of Italy,—the dark and wily Sicilian, cringing and deceitful,—the well-formed and athletic Greek, intent on gain, and yet, with his eastern costume, and his free and independent bearing, conspicuous among the rest,—Spaniards, with their dark faces, and still darker eyes; some, with their steeple-crowned *sombreros* decked with beads and tassels; others, with savage, haggard faces, with loose, leather leggins, and long, red caps hanging down their backs, giving

them a kind of cut-throat look,—the haughty and indolent Moor, tall and gaunt, and with his bag-breeches, and full-topped turban, stalking along, as if monarch of all he surveys, and laughing to scorn, the poor, deluded infidels around him,—and, last and lowest in the scale of degradation and oppression, the poor Jews, who seem to have exhausted, to the very dregs, the cup of cursing and bitterness given them, in answer to that awful invocation,—“His blood be on us, and on our children.” Some of them, indeed, are rich, and dress in the English mode, but most of them are, like the Gibeonites of old, “hewers of wood, and drawers of water,” or rather, are beasts of burden to the Gentiles around them. Like the Irish and Negroes in the United States, they are employed as porters, and for the most menial services. They are the descendants of those who were driven from Spain and Portugal, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, many thousands of whom then perished, as victims of Catholic cruelty. The lower classes of them move about the streets, abject, and with a filthy dress, bearing every kind of burden, or selling fruit, and other articles of small value. They wear large bag-breeches, open at the bottom, and reaching but little below the knee. The calf of the leg and ankle are bare, while, for an upper garment, they have a loose shirt, or frock, with a hood, which is the only covering of their heads. These garments are made of dark, coarse cloth, which is often striped, like bed-ticking. They have the common Jewish look, save that their faces are very lean and thin, and their eyes peculiarly large and ghastly. Truly, they are a living fulfilment of prophecy,—“a nation trodden down and peeled, yet beloved for their father’s sake,” and destined by God, to be again the objects of his favor, when, with sincere repentance, they shall look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

With one of the Jewish priests, or Rabbis, I went to the principal synagogue, (besides which, they have three others.) It had massive silver lamps, and was dimly lighted by small windows. It was the morning of their Sabbath, but there was then no service going on. The Rabbi who was with me, called in three or four of his brethren, with whom I spent some time. They unlocked the cases where were their parchment scrolls, with silver mountings, and enclosed with tapestry. They also showed me their various books. Most of these were from Germany, and printed with the vowel points. They had also a copy of Levy’s Hebrew Prayers, with an English translation,

in six large octavo volumes, apparently the same edition which is met with in the public libraries in the United States. In reading Hebrew with them, the only difference of manner between us, arose from their giving the Spanish, instead of the English, sound to some of the vowels. They were kind and affable in their deportment, and my interview with them excited feelings of sad and peculiar interest.

During a pleasure excursion, some years previous to my visiting Europe, I chanced to pass down the St. Lawrence, from Montreal to Quebec, in a steamboat, with the officers of an English regiment, having on board their families, and a fine band of music, to add to the interest of the voyage. They were then on their way to Ireland, from whence they had been transferred to Gibraltar, a short time before our arrival. When first ascending the rock of Gibraltar, I fell in with one of the officers of this same regiment, with a party of English gentlemen and ladies of rank, mounted on the rough but sure-footed nags used for these mountain excursions. Led on by our Jewish guides,—all of us enjoying, with peculiar zest, the exciting scenes around, and rivalling each other in deeds of daring, to secure the fairest wild flowers which projected from the beetling cliffs, our excursion was one of most delightful interest. It was one of those bright and sunny hours of life, on which, gilded as they are with the mingled light of romance and of poetry, we ever delight to look back; and our only regret is, that we may not trace the after course of those bright, but fleeting meteors, which then passed before us. And yet should we hardly wish to know, that sorrow ever cast her deadly nightshade over hearts so glad and joyous.

In ascending the rock, we passed along paths, defended by high walls, and above the reach of cannon, while here and there were batteries, with their long guns pointing down upon the bay, and the narrow strip of land which connects Gibraltar with the continent. This last is a low sandy beach, and being undermined, can, when necessary, be blown into the air, and thus Gibraltar becomes nearly or quite an island. Soon, we entered the excavations at the northern end of the rock. These were made by the British, and are equalled by few labors of modern or of ancient times. A passage of half a mile in length, and eight or ten feet square, is blasted through the solid rock. It is about thirty feet from the outer surface, and at a short distance from each other are side cuts,

with chambers, where are from one to six guns, with large piles of cannon balls with them. The main passage communicates, by means of spiral stair-cases through the large halls, with other galleries, above and below. There are also vast magazines, filled with the munitions of war. It is computed that these excavations will contain fifteen thousand men. We passed out into the open air by means of a long flight of stairs, at the upper extremity of this hidden way, and found ourselves on a rude platform, high above the town and the bay, while a frowning precipice was hanging over our heads. We descended by a different route from that by which we went up, and passed along roads so rough and precipitous, that no horses but such as had been trained to it could have made their way there at all.

It is often said that Yankees may be found everywhere, — and this is the name by which all Americans are known in foreign countries. During one of the days which I spent in strolling about alone over the rock of Gibraltar, I arrived almost exhausted with fatigue, and heat, and thirst, at the Signal House on the summit, when whom should I meet there but an old and intimate college friend, who was spending a year in Europe for his health.

With a company of our officers I visited St. Michael's cave, which is near the southern extremity of the rock, and more than half way up its western side. It is very extensive, with stalactites hanging from above, and in some places there are pillars four or five feet in diameter, extending from the floor to the roof, and almost as regular in form as if they had been wrought by art. There are two basins of water, and other curiosities, and with the aid of ropes one may penetrate hundreds of yards into the mountain. Each of us carried a wax candle, and as we looked far in and saw others of our party in the dim distance, moving about with their lights among the huge rocks and massive pillars of the cavern, and heard their voices coming to us with a thousand hollow reverberated echoes, it seemed as if we were in the den of some huge mountain giant, or where old Pluto held his noisy court. The beauty and brilliancy of this cave, as well as of the grotto of Antiparos and others which have been frequented much, have been greatly impaired by the smoke of the numerous torches of visitors, used to light them there.

The Signal House is at one of the lowest points of the ridge which forms the summit of the rock. It is occupied by

a sergeant and his family, who have refreshments for visitors, and raise signals when vessels approach. A cannon is also fired there at sundown, when the gates of the town are closed, the drawbridges raised, and there is no entering or leaving Gibraltar until the sunrise gun is heard the next morning. Further south is a solitary guard-house, where a number of soldiers were killed by lightning, and which was therefore abandoned. At the extreme southern point of the rock is a round tower of stone, called O'Hara's Folly. It was built by an Irish officer of that name, with the hope that thus he might be able to see Cadiz. Both the tower and the stone buildings there, which were formerly used as a signal house, are much shattered by lightning. As I approached them, two large black birds, resembling ravens or vultures, which were perched upon the ruins, sent forth a hoarse, unearthly croaking, and then floated off upon the breeze. The old classic feeling, that they were birds of ill omen, rose within me, and they seemed to be indeed fit guardians of the scene of desolation over which they were brooding. I thought, too, of the prophecy which, when speaking of a proud monument of human greatness, says, — "The owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness — there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with his mate."

As I stood there, alone, upon the summit of that vast rock, which had been washed by the waves of the deluge, and looked out upon the mountains of Spain and of Africa, and saw around me those seas which had been ploughed by Phœnician, Egyptian, Roman, and Carthaginian galleys, a dream of other days came over me, and a thousand associations of the past rushed in upon my mind. I fancied that the mountain was one of those fabled giants of antiquity, who, for some crime against the gods, had been deprived of speech and motion, and fixed there, to be lashed by the waves and scathed by the lightning, and, in stern and solitary grandeur, look out upon the changes, which, like the airy pageants of a dream, transpired in the little world around. And what a tale, thought I, might he tell of the nations that had flourished there, and the generations which, in rapid succession, had chased each other across the stage of being. What a lesson, too, might he read, on the vanity and instability of human greatness, to those who were yet to exist there, down to the end of time.

But, laying all figures aside, I could not but think what a vast and striking monument of human depravity the rock of Gibraltar, with its immense excavations, and works of defence, will be to those who shall see the time, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruninghooks; when nation shall no more take up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Perchance, too, the time may come, when the very name and remembrance of war may be so lost and shrouded in the deep oblivion of remote antiquity, that the object of these excavations shall be veiled in a mystery as deep and impenetrable as now rests upon the pyramids of Egypt, or the mounds of Northern Asia and America.

I have spoken of the peculiar excitement one feels on first landing, after a long voyage. At sunset, on the day of our arrival at Gibraltar, I was standing in the Alameida, in front of the beautiful pavilion there, and near the monument to Lord Wellington. Behind me was the lofty rock, and around were a thousand various plants and shrubs which line the mazy walks, while in front was the quiet bay, and beyond rose mount Abyla, one of the pillars of Hercules, on whose summit was a golden cloud, from behind which the setting sun sent forth a flood of rich and mellow light, which spread over half the horizon. By my side was standing a Scottish soldier, to whom the waving plumes, and the tartan kilt of his native land, gave a wild and singular appearance. As he spoke of the scenes among which he had spent his youth, Scotland, with her rugged mountains and classic glens, and her stern and rigid morality, so much like our own New England, came up before the mind, and, blending their interest with that of the scene around, excited emotions of almost unearthly ecstasy.

In the evening the moon shone with uncommon splendor, and the streets were full of life and motion. While passing by a barber's shop, I heard some one say camphor, — c a m p h o r, said another, spelling it promptly. The same was done with other words. It was truly delightful, amid the jargon of foreign languages, to hear one's mother tongue, and that, too, used in a way which revived so freshly the recollections of my school-boy days. There, thought I, is some one who is doing good, and I could not resist the impulse which I felt to see him. He was about thirty years of age, genteely dressed, and was, as he told me, the head clerk in a large commercial house. Before him was standing a bright, black-eyed Spa-

nish boy, about twelve years old, who was a poor orphan, and to whose instruction this gentleman devoted an hour every evening. This fact was a sufficient passport to my confidence, and I found him a very useful and intelligent friend.

It was just at night when we left Gibraltar for Mahon, and it proved a very dark and stormy one. The Rock rose behind us like a sable cloud, while the evening lights in the houses which extend far up its side, looked like so many stars shining through the thick darkness which shrouded the heavens. The next day, however, was pleasant, and the waters sank to rest. It was the Sabbath, and we moved quietly on in our floating chapel, with nothing to lessen the peculiar interest which one can hardly help feeling in religious worship at sea. All are present at such times but the officer of the deck, together with four or five at the wheel by which the ship is steered, and a few in the tops, and most of these can hear the voice of the preacher. The remark is frequently made by seamen, that the Sabbath is more often pleasant than any other day in the week, and so we, during our cruise, certainly found it to be. A ship's company on board a man-of-war are commonly a very attentive congregation, where the services are adapted to their circumstances and feelings. The monotony of a life at sea leads them to seek the variety, the social excitement, and the reviving of earlier and purer feelings, which the Sabbath, with its cleanliness and its sacred associations, brings along with it. "The good folks at home are praying for us now," they would say, when the Sabbath came; and when, too, in our united devotions, we asked the blessing of Heaven on those beloved friends from whom we were so widely severed, strange feelings came over us: and when we thought that perchance we might meet them no more on earth, emotions of peculiar sadness oppressed us, such as might yield only to those hopes of an endless and blissful union with those whom we loved, which are extended to the righteous in the volume of eternal truth. Choirs of singers are sometimes organized on board our men-of-war, but we relied wholly upon a fine band of music to give impressiveness and power to those tunes which, from our earliest years, had been associated in our minds with the words of sacred song. Our interest in public worship was heightened by the fact, that we were sailing over the same sea where Paul and the fishermen of Galilee wandered, when, in obedience to the command of Christ, they went forth into all the world, to preach the gospel to every creature;

and where, too, they doubtless often declared the message of heaven to those with whom they sailed. Our Saviour, also, from a vessel's deck preached the gospel to the multitudes who thronged the shore; thus, as it were, raising the Bethel Flag on the sea of Galilee, and furnishing a cheering example to such as are called to labor for the good of those exposed to peril on the mighty deep.

The ocean presents a thousand forms of grandeur and of beauty, all of which are peculiarly fitted to suggest and to heighten religious emotions, and with strange distinctness to stamp, in enduring characters, lessons of heavenly wisdom on the mind. Now, with feelings of high excitement, one looks around him, when tempests roar and awful thunders roll, until, as his soul rises within him, he seems himself to become the animating spirit of the scene around him; and the fierce rushing of the hurricane, and the bursting of the thunderbolt are to him but as the actings of his own mind. At such times he loves the madness of the sea, when lashed by the wrath of the tempest, and, holding high communion with God through the noblest of his works, he feels and knows that he must be immortal. He seems conscious too of the power ascribed to pure and lofty spirits, of existing and acting wherever in the wide universe their thoughts may chance to wander, and of instantly effecting any thing which the mind may will.

But not only is there grandeur and sublimity, but there is too beauty, ay, surpassing beauty, in the deep. He who hath been borne far upon its bosom, and hath closely watched it, when in its milder and more playful moods, cannot but have felt, — if he had a heart to feel, — that it is truly beautiful. To have had this feeling, deep and strong, one need not have descended below the surface of the ocean, to witness the gambols of “that leviathan which God hath made to play therein, and who maketh a path to shine after him, so that one would think the deep to be hoary.” He need not have looked upon the world of animated beings, which, with their thousand widely varied species, all full of life, and joy, and motion, sport and revel in the depths below. Nor need he have wandered in imagination through those fairy regions which poetic fancy, with magic wand, has called into being, — those spacious and brilliant halls, far down in the caves of the sea, which are paved and lighted by the pearls and gems of the ocean. Those regions,

“ Where, with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter :
 Where, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the deep clear sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea.”

“ There ’s beauty in the deep,” when the tempest has died away, and the long-swelling glassy billows are rolling around you, and the sun, shining forth upon the mist which rests upon the surface of the ocean, gives to it the hue of burnished gold. Or when the high waves, crested with foam and silvery spray, and extending as far as the eye can reach, seem like so many monsters of the deep, engaged in gay and sportive gambols, while the ship in which you sail is dashing boldly on, plunging amid the foam, tossing it on high, and the sunlit waves send up their joyous gleams to heaven.

One more sketch and we leave this topic. Our ship, as already noticed, had passed the straits of Gibraltar, and the dark Rock was far behind us. The air was soft and balmy as the breath of spring, while a gentle breeze, which scarcely ruffled the surface of the deep, bore us onward. Our gallant bark spread wide and high her snowy canvass, and though she marched proudly on, yet was there no more motion within her than if she had been lying in a quiet harbour. For the first time in my life I was looking out upon the Mediterranean ;

“ That tideless sea,
 Which changeless rolls eternally.”

That sea, whose very name recalled to the mind so many rich and poetical associations of early and of riper days, — whose waves had for thousands of years washed the shores of lands where had flourished and decayed the oldest and most renowned empires on which the sun ever shone, — Egypt and Carthage, sacred Palestine, and classic Italy, and Greece.

On our left rose the lofty mountains of Granada, the scene of many a trial of Moorish and of Christian valor. The highest peaks were covered with snow, which brightly glistened as the setting sun poured forth, over land and sea, one unclouded blaze of living light. Nearer to us was Malaga, with its dense mass of houses, its old Moorish wall, and its vast Cathedral, all distinctly visible. As the sun, in sinking, gave a parting smile, as if to cheer and gladden creation

around, he left behind a sky of rich and mellow softness, with dark and ragged clouds, of every varied and fantastic form, drawn in bold relief upon the brilliant back-ground. As the twilight faded away, and the moon arose, the song and the dance were heard on the fore-castle, for thus the more gay and thoughtless of the crew often amused themselves after the labors of the day.

“ Some rude Arion’s restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love :
A circle there of merry list’ners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if, on shore, they still were free to rove.”

Leaving this scene of noisy mirth, and retiring to the after part of the ship, I climbed to the mizen top, some fifty feet up from the deck. There, were ten or twelve of the crew, amusing each other by recounting their past adventures, and often have I sat for hours listening to the wild and eventful history of their by-gone days. At such times sailors relate alike the evil and the good in their characters and conduct, and where one has gained their confidence and respect, and shows a ready sympathy in their sufferings, they will kindly listen to the warnings and the counsel he may give them. So unaccustomed are they to meet with those who seek their highest good, that they are often peculiarly grateful for any interest which is shown in their religious welfare, and, when thus affected, recalling to mind the instructions of the Sabbath School, and the family circle, they will, for the time, freely yield to the tender and subduing influence of Christian sympathy.

When most of those who had been with me had descended, and all was still aloft, the scene was truly delightful. The moon was holding her silent and majestic course in the heavens, and her bright image was seen far down in the deep. The sea and the sky were both of the purest blue, and far above and below us were thickly set with brilliant stars. It seemed as if we were floating in ether, and enclosed in a vast and splendid sphere, with every part of its surface lighted by myriads of golden lamps. The air was mild and balmy, and all around was like a scene of enchantment, or a lovely dream of poetic fiction. Who, at such a time, could help exclaiming, — “There’s beauty in the deep.”

We were five days on our passage from Gibraltar to Mahon, in the island of Minorca, the place where our ships

refit, and often winter, and where our naval stores are kept. As we entered the harbour, the boats from the shore and from the ships of the squadron came flocking around us. The greeting of friends was warm, and many and earnest were the inquiries respecting the health and prosperity of those at home. Papers and letters, also, were eagerly sought, and such was the delight they gave, as to make one feel the truth of the wise man's remark, that, "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

All our ships were in quarantine on account of the cholera. The sloop of war John Adams had lost six men, and the Delaware twenty-three. Of her crew, consisting of about nine hundred, less than two hundred were on board, the rest being at the hospital, on an island in the harbour. The ship had been under quarantine fifty days, and continued so twenty more. To be in quarantine seems singular enough to one who has never tried it before. You meet with old friends whom you have not seen for years, and, though in perfect health, you must not touch each other, even to shake hands; nor can a letter, or newspaper, or any other article pass from one to the other until it has been immersed in vinegar, or thoroughly smoked in the fumes of brimstone. You may walk for hours beside a friend, and converse with him at the distance of a few feet, but must not touch him, nor any part of his clothing. To prevent this, a Sanidad, or health officer, closely watches the parties. One of these gentry, accused an officer from our ship of touching a pea-jacket belonging to an officer of the Delaware, and, in consequence of it, he was subjected to the same quarantine with that ship, while we were released a week or two earlier.

The poet says,

"T is sweet, unutterably sweet,
When wandering on a foreign strand,
The playmate of one's youth to meet,
And grasp him warmly by the hand."

Though I could not at first give the pledge of friendship here spoken of, still I had the pleasure of meeting my friend, the Rev. Mr. Jones, chaplain of the Delaware, the author of "Sketches of Naval Life," and more recently of Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus. He was my senior in college, and, after his first visit to the Mediterranean, we had, for several months, been boarders in the same house. It was very gratifying to me to meet one for whom I had so high an esteem,

and who, from the soundness of his judgment, his accurate knowledge of men, and his experience in the Navy, was so well qualified to advise me as to the duties of my office. In addition to his extensive travels in the East, Mr. Jones had crossed Europe twice on foot; thus, in the space of eight months, travelling three thousand miles, and, by his familiarity with the languages spoken, and his intercourse with those of all classes, he gained a far more minute and accurate knowledge of the character and habits of the people than most travellers are able to attain.

As Mahon, from its situation and its unrivalled harbour, is a most important naval station, and hence has often been the prize for which nations have contended, it may be well here briefly to describe it. The harbour is less than forty rods wide at its mouth, and its average breadth is not more than one fourth of a mile. It is three and a half miles long, and so deep that, in many places, the largest ships may lie close alongside the rocks which line the harbour, and the little coves which open into it. The anchorage is safe, and the hills on each side rise from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet in height, so that there is little danger from the wind. There are, also, a number of islands scattered along from one extremity of the harbour to the other, which are admirably fitted for sites for quarantine buildings, a hospital, and Navy Yard. At the entrance of the harbour, on the left, are the ruins of Fort St. Philip, where are excavations of vast extent, cut through the solid rock by the English, who have twice had possession of the island.

These fortifications, which made the place nearly equal in strength to Gibraltar, were destroyed by the king of Spain, in accordance with a treaty into which he had entered.

About a mile above the fort is Georgetown, where are extensive barracks of stone, two and three stories high. These, with the storehouses and other buildings, were erected by the English, but are now unoccupied and going to decay. Georgetown has about two thousand inhabitants, many of whom derive their support from the supplies which they furnish, and the labor they perform, for those connected with the ships of war of various nations, which visit the island. The same is true of not a few of all the population in the vicinity of the harbour.

About two miles above Georgetown, and near the head of the harbour, is Mahon. The appearance of the town from

the water is quite picturesque and striking. It extends back from a perpendicular precipice one hundred and fifty feet high, which overhangs the narrow quay below. The row of houses and stores which extends along the water's edge, has here and there been crushed by large masses of rock from the heights above, and part of some of the steep, zigzag roads which wind their way up the sides of the hill, lie in ruins at its base. The salutes fired by ships of war in the harbour, are thought to have loosened these portions of rock, and there are now clefts in the surface above, which may well cause the dwellers over and beneath them to tremble.

The houses are built of a soft freestone, which abounds in the island, and which is easily cut into large, square, or oblong blocks. They are from one to three stories high, whitewashed or painted yellow, with no space between them, and the streets, most of which are paved, are quite narrow. Thus there are neither yards nor gardens, of any extent, within the town, and little is seen, in walking along the streets, but the bare walls, except that the houses of the better sort, as is common in Europe, have balconies in front of the windows of the upper stories. These are formed by an iron railing about three feet high, making a little cage of the width of the window, and projecting out two or three feet from the wall. There the ladies spend much of their time, in pleasant weather, inspecting passers by, and returning the salutations of their friends. On the numerous holidays of the Catholic church, too, these balconies are crowded, that thus the splendid processions and other objects of interest in the streets below, may be seen to advantage. At such times tapestry of rich and gaudy colors is often suspended from the balconies, reaching far down towards the ground, and giving, to the long, straight streets of some of the larger cities, a peculiarly gay and cheerful appearance.

And here I would remark, that the education, and the social and religious training and habits of the Spanish, and other thoroughly Catholic nations, as first they present themselves to the attention of a reflecting Protestant, cannot fail to excite in his mind feelings of peculiar, and often of painful interest. The old maxim of the church, that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," if not openly avowed, is too much acted upon, and, in those countries where the Catholic faith has either originated despotism, or formed an alliance with it, there seems to have been, on the part both of the civil and

religious rulers, a deadly fear, lest the mass of the people should, in some way, be able to know and to feel their right to liberty of thought and action. The policy of the Catholic church has long been to give to a few, who were to rule the rest, a superior education, and allot to them so much of power as to make them, from selfish motives, efficient agents of her will. From the great body of the people, however, intellectual pleasures and excitements have been almost entirely withheld. In the schools for the lower orders, in Spain, especially in those where females are taught, little else is done than to sew, knit, and repeat the prayers of the church, and the names of the saints. But, should they even learn to read and write, they have, until recently, had no newspapers that could at all enlighten or improve them, and but few books of interest, except works of most unearthly romance, and plays. Singing, dancing, playing on the guitar, and a slight knowledge of French, are the highest accomplishments at which the most favored aim. Of singing and dancing they are passionately fond, and seem to regard those who are ignorant of them as truly to be pitied.

The Sabbath, that main stay of morals and religion, is regarded, in Catholic countries, mainly as a day of sport and revelry, of military display, of visiting, and every kind of worldly amusement. The people, with neither Sunday Schools nor Bibles, hear but few sermons during the year, and these leave the heart and duty to God almost wholly out of the question, and excite only to the observance of the outward rites and ceremonies of the church, and the worship of the saints. At church, they hear the priests chant prayers in an unknown tongue; they count their beads, and thus make sure that they have repeated the Pater Noster and Ave Maria a given number of times, their only aim being to go over with them with the greatest possible rapidity. They then return home, having commonly finished the religious duties of the day by seven or eight o'clock in the morning, and, with no rational and serious way of spending the time, what is to be expected of them but that they should devote the Sabbath to visiting and recreation.

To give the people amusements is the most effectual way of diverting their attention from their true situation, and of causing them to forget the chains of mental slavery with which they are bound. Hence the holidays, the masquerades, and dissipation, frolic, and madcap revelry of the Carnival,

are almost as real and essential a part of the Catholic religion, as are a belief in the supremacy of the Pope, and the chanting of prayers for the dead. The priests, too, are constant attendants at the theatre, are often at masquerades, and sometimes at the gambling-table, and Catholics in Spain think it strange that a Protestant clergymen should object to joining in the same amusements. Intelligent laymen do not pretend to deny the frequent and often gross and abandoned licentiousness of their clergy, nor is such conduct regarded as at all disqualifying them for the duties of the priesthood. There is, indeed, one Catholic city in which the priesthood are so notoriously profligate and abandoned that it has been necessary, in order to prevent the dissipation and riot which they caused by night, to pass a law forbidding all priests and friars from appearing in the streets after seven o'clock in the evening. One of the officers of our ship informed me, that he was once at a cockfight in that city on a Sabbath, when a friar entered, and, having carried around his hat for alms, forthwith staked the money received on the result of the fight.

CHAPTER III.

ISLAND OF MINORCA.

Geology of the Island. — Stone Walls. — Early and Latter Rain. — Famine. — Food for the Poor. — Great Suffering. — Climate. — Scenery. — Languages. — A Spanish Friend. — Epistle of Severus. — Early Conversion of Jews in Mahon. — Relics of St. Stephen. — Orosius. — Miracles. — Persecution. — Results. — Traces of the Moors. — Agricultural Implements. — Smoking. — Butter and Cheese. — Catholic Bulls. — Antidote to the Cholera. — Visit to Mount Toro. — Donkeys. — Peasants. — Dress and Manners. — Convent. — Friars. — Their Mode of Life. — Neglect of Duty. — Morals of Friars.

THE island of Minorca presents a singular appearance to the eye of the stranger there. From the head of the harbour of Mahon, a valley extends back, dividing two tracts of country, which are quite unlike each other. On the right of this valley, the rocks are all of the species called greenstone, or trap. These, however, on the northern shore, in some places give way to ledges of slate. Beneath this greenstone is a strata of red earth, which, in some places, has become hardened to stone. This earth is used for making brick, and the tiles with which houses are covered. The hills on this side of the island, instead of abrupt cliffs, have commonly a smooth and gentle slope. This is owing to the loose structure of the rocks of which they are composed, and the ease with which they are broken to pieces.

The surface of the southern portion of the island is composed of limestone, of various qualities. Near the surface it is hard, and much of it is very porous, containing caverns and small holes. Where it has been cut through it is often almost as open as a honey-comb, and, where it is sufficiently compact, is easily cut into blocks of any shape which may be required for building. This strata of limestone is forty or fifty feet thick, and beneath it is a deposit of sand, earth, and round stones of various sizes, which have been much worn by the action of water upon them, at some former period. This deposit rises, in some places, many feet above the present level of the sea, and the traces of each wave, as, ages ago, with its undulating motion, it left behind the earth and stone with which it was laden, may still be distinctly seen. The

same fact is often noticed in the United States and elsewhere, in connexion with deep cuts and excavations, for railroads and canals. It shows conclusively that the earth has, at some former period, undergone a mighty convulsion, by the action of water.

Almost the whole of this island was once nothing but solid rock, and the slight covering of soil which there now is has been formed mainly by the attrition of the rock, and the decay which has been going on at the surface. The limestone cliffs are steep and abrupt, separated often by deep chasms, and containing many caverns, some of which are quite large. On the sides of the hills, a succession of terraces are in some places built, to prevent the rain from washing away the scanty soil placed there, and these, when covered with the olive and the vine, present a most beautiful appearance. The same method of improving every foot of ground is still practised in Malta, and elsewhere, and prevailed among the ancient Jews, in those days when Palestine was spoken of as a land flowing with milk and honey.

In Minorca, in order to free the surface from the mass of stones which covered it, immense walls have been built, which are from four or five to ten or twelve feet high, and rarely less than three or four feet thick. These divide almost the whole island into lots of from half an acre to three or four acres each, and all the numerous roads and lanes are lined with similar walls. Immense labor has thus been expended, and still the points of the rocks so rise above the soil that it would be impossible to use an American plough in tilling the ground. While taking my daily walks, I often thought what a striking illustration there was everywhere around me of that part of our Saviour's parable of the sower, which speaks of the seeds which fell upon stony places, and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth; and, when the sun was up, they were scorched, and, because they had not root, they withered away.

The people of Minorca, like those in Judea, and other countries in this part of the world, are mainly dependent on the early and the latter rain, for the growth of their crops. The year previous to that in which we wintered there, with the exception of a shower in May, there was no rain from March till September, and but little for eight months. This, with the heat of the summer's sun, caused the wheat and other crops so to wither, that scarce enough was raised for

seed for the following year. Thus, when we were there, a distressing famine prevailed among the poor, and their sufferings for want of food, were great. Many families lived on little else than cabbage, carrots, and other vegetables, which they devoured raw, because they had no fuel with which to cook them. It was painful to see the poor creatures in their boats, rowing about the ships of the squadron, and with a little scoop-net, fastened to the end of a long stick, eagerly fishing from the salt water the fragments of sea-bread, and other articles of food which were thrown overboard. The soup left by the men on board our ships, after dinner was thrown into the boilers, and water added to it, when, after being heated, it was sent on shore, and a great number of poor, ragged, wretched looking objects, of all ages and sizes, would come, from a distance of a mile or more, with their old tin cups, and broken dishes, to receive their scanty pittance.

There had formerly been much difficulty, on account of custom-house restrictions, in distributing to the poor the damaged rice, bread, and other provisions of our squadron. Our Commodore, however, at the instance of the chaplain of his ship, obtained permission of the Governor of the island to distribute thirty or forty barrels of bread, and other injured articles, among the poor. This was done under the direction of the chaplain, who, on applying to the police, obtained a list of about five hundred families in Mahon, who were in a suffering condition. The population of the town is not far from twelve thousand; so that about one third of the whole number of inhabitants felt the bitterness of famine. It was also found that, notwithstanding this amount of suffering such was their pride of character, and so strong were the feelings of other and better days within them, that but three of these five hundred families had resorted to street begging, or were willing, except under cover of night, to come to any public place to receive their allotted portion. They were, therefore, divided off into districts, and a certain quantity of provisions was sent to each division, to be distributed among them in such a manner as to wound, in the least possible degree, their delicacy of feeling.

A number of wealthy gentlemen in Mahon, to save themselves the trouble of constant applications from street beggars, took each a given day in the week, on which they gave to every one, who applied at their doors, a copper coin of the

value of half a cent. At such times, the streets in which this charity was given, would be thronged with ragged, and half-starved beings, the deformed, the lame, and the blind, some of whom came from miles in the country, to obtain this wretched pittance.

A tenant of our former consul at Mahon, came to him one day, and told him, that fifty pigs and lambs had been stolen from him, and that he knew who had taken them. They were those who had often come to him to beg employment, and would never have stolen, except to keep their families from starving. Hundreds would have gladly labored for the scanty pittance of their daily bread. Such facts speak for themselves, and while they should lead us to pity the suffering, they should also fill our hearts with gratitude to God, that in our own favored land, such is the division of property, that poverty is scarcely known, and readily relieved, and the wealthy landholder cannot, if he would, with a view to fill his own coffers, starve the suffering poor around him.

When the soul is pained with beholding the misery and moral darkness with which man is oppressed, there is some relief in turning to gaze upon the face of nature, all bright and blooming with the smiles of Spring. During the winter referred to above, there was neither frost nor snow in Minorca, nor was there a day, when green peas, and the finest salad, with a great variety of garden-flowers, of richest hue and coloring, could not be obtained; and yet, Spring brought with it new beauties.

There were various landscapes around us, which were fitted to excite peculiar pleasure, but there was one which, to my taste, far surpassed the rest. Standing upon the heights at the head of the harbour, just above the town of Mahon, on the right was the quiet expanse of water, in which our stately and beautiful ships, all full of life and motion, were lying at anchor, while over its surface, numbers of neat and elegant sail-boats, like so many sea-fowl, were gliding about. Beyond these, were the spacious buildings of Hospital and Quarantine Islands, and the Lazaretto, all of purest white. Then there was the range of waving hills, which, extending from the open sea, at the mouth of the harbour, and enclosing here and there a quiet cove, at length spread out, and was divided into a group of the most graceful and beautiful little hillocks that my eyes ever beheld. These retreated, one behind another, back towards the sea, the deep green verdure with which

they were clothed, presenting a delightful contrast to the pure and spotless white of the farm-houses embosomed among them,—each thus heightening the beauty of the other.

On the left, the hills extend in a graceful curve, in some places presenting steep and rugged cliffs, while in others, a succession of terraces meet the eye, covered with vines, from the base to the summit crowned with olive-trees above. This curve encloses a valley of many acres in extent, which was formerly a marsh, but was drained and reclaimed by the English, while in power here. It is now all divided into gardens, which are very fertile, and in a high state of cultivation. They are watered by a quiet little stream, which takes its rise from a fountain at the head of the valley, and, as it pursues its winding course on towards the harbour, its waters are spread far and wide by means of artificial trenches, giving to the fig, and the palm, and the humbler vegetable creation, a rich and luxuriant growth. Beyond, in the same direction, and near the centre of the island, Mount Toro, crowned with a signal tower and a convent, rears its barren head to heaven, adding another point of interest to the rich and varied beauties of this delightful landscape.

As Mahon is the place of rendezvous, and the usual winter station of our squadron, we spent four months there, after our first arrival. During this time, as visiting the sick, and my official duties on the Sabbath, did not make it necessary that I should live on board the ship, I took board and lodgings on shore, in a family where Spanish was the only language spoken, and where, too, it came from the lips of one, whose native cheerfulness, vivacity, genuine and unaffected kindness, modesty, and worth, together with her patient assiduity in imparting knowledge, and so peculiarly graceful a tact in correcting frequent errors, as almost to tempt one to multiply mistakes, just for the pleasure of being thus set right,—all these, justly won my gratitude, and made the acquisition of Spanish rather a pleasant pastime than an irksome task. With Italian, I was somewhat acquainted before leaving home, and as to French, though I once had the presumption to attempt to teach it, and was familiar with it as a written language, still, so little time did we spend in France, and so generally is Italian spoken in the eastern seaports of the Mediterranean, that on leaving those regions, while I could converse passably in Spanish and Italian, I had made no advance in the use of French. These remarks are made to

show the peculiar importance of a knowledge of Italian to those who travel in the east.

One of my most pleasant and valuable acquaintances in Mahon, was a Spanish gentleman, of uncommon intelligence and worth, who received his early education in a convent, under the care of the prior, who was his uncle. In addition to the pleasure he gave me by his lively descriptions of clerical manners and morals, and of Spanish customs and usages, he placed in my hands interesting works from his library of rare old books, which he had inherited from a number of clerical relatives. One of these was a Latin work, which I read with much interest, and which, from the history it contains of a wide-spread and important movement in the early Christian Church, having its origin in Mahon, I shall here briefly notice. It throws some light, also, on the present belief of the Catholic Church as to miracles.

The history referred to is as follows. In the year 418, Severus, who was then Bishop of Minorca, wrote a letter in Latin, with the following title, — “The Epistle of Severus to the whole Church, concerning the Power which was exerted for the Conversion of the Jews in the island of Minorca, in presence of the Relics of St. Stephen.” In other words, the Bishop ascribes to the efficacy of these relics, the conversion of the Jews, which then took place. Baronius, who was a Cardinal, and librarian of the Vatican, and who, in 1605, was candidate for the papal chair, published a copy of this same letter in his Ecclesiastical Annals. It is noticed by Schlegel, the German historian, as follows. “In the year 418, many persons abandoned Judaism in the island of Minorca. Yet their conversion does no great honor to the Christians; for it was in consequence of great violence done to the Jews, by levelling their synagogue with the ground, and taking away their sacred books.”

The titlepage of the book referred to above, reads thus, — “A Treatise, by Antonio Roig, of Mahon, concerning the reverend Bishops of Minorca, but especially concerning Severus, and his Epistle, with Remarks on the same.” It was published at Palma, in the island of Majorca, in 1787. The author was formerly the Catholic Vicar-General of Minorca, and afterwards a Canon of Majorca. He died but a few years since.

His work is a moderate sized octavo, and shows much learning and research. The epistle occupies thirty-six pages,

and is followed by one hundred and ten pages of critical and explanatory notes. There are also one hundred pages more, which contain numerous quotations from Latin, French, and Spanish writers, in support of the authenticity of the epistle; and the truth of the story, and the reality of the miracles, is argued with much learning, and the most devoted zeal. I have been thus particular, because this work throws much light on the present, as well as past credulity of the Catholic Church, as to the working of miracles.

Though, according to the Bishop's own story, the conversion of these Jews was owing to little else than the destruction of their synagogue, and their being stoned, and starved into submission, still the singular simplicity and zeal with which he ascribes it all to the agency of the relics of St. Stephen, is truly amusing. These relics were brought to Mahon, by Orosius, a learned presbyter of Tarragona, in Spain, who, having visited Augustine in Africa, A. D. 413, spent four years there, and was then sent into Palestine, to inquire of Jerom concerning the origin of souls, and while there, was engaged in a controversy with Pelagius. From this cruise, he brought back the ashes of the flesh, nerves, and bones of St. Stephen, and being prevented by the ravages of the Goths and Vandals, from proceeding to Spain, he left these relics at Mahon, and returned to Africa. These relics were discovered by the interference of the saint himself, in the way of dreams and visions, and by the sweet odor they emitted. This may seem strange to us heretics, but not more so than that the mother of Constantine should have found the cross on which Christ was crucified, three hundred years after his death, and that, though buried, it was in such a state of preservation, that even now, pieces of it, enough to make a thousand crosses, may be seen in Catholic Churches throughout the world. What shall we say, too, with regard to the numerous heads of John the Baptist, which have been exhibited, or the six legs of the ass on which our Saviour rode into Jerusalem, which were sold by a German monk, who valued them the more highly from the fact that the poor animal had such a miraculous number of legs.

The particular agency ascribed by Severus to these relics of St. Stephen, in converting the Jews, was, that they inspired the Christians with peculiar zeal for this object, and were also the cause of certain miracles, such as a rain of manna, the change of a fountain of water into honey, a body of light

in the heavens, and other prodigies. Thus, in the short space of eight days, were five hundred and forty Jews converted, or rather, being confined on an island, from which few of them were able to escape, having been stoned by a mob, mad with misguided zeal, and driven forth from their houses to the dens and caves of the earth, they were at length starved into good Christians.

The Epistle of Severus is addressed to — “The most holy and blessed Lord Bishops, Presbyters, Deacons, and the universal brotherhood of the whole world.” It closes thus, — “Now, therefore, if you will listen to the words of me, an unworthy sinner, engage with the zeal of Christ against the Jews, that you may effect their eternal salvation. For perhaps the time has now come, foretold by the Apostle, when the fulness of the Gentiles having entered in, all Israel shall be saved. And perhaps, too, God hath caused this spark to be kindled in this extreme part of the earth, that thus the flame of charity might spread throughout the world.” Evodius, who was then Bishop of Uzala, in Africa, says that he read this Epistle of Severus to his people, who received it with great joy and exultation. We learn from Baronius, also, that when it was read in all the churches, the minds of the Christians were excited to attempt the conversion of the Jews, and they began in the same way as at Minorca, namely, by burning their synagogues. This led the Roman Emperor Theodosius, at length, to pass laws forbidding these measures, though at first they were tolerated, as proceeding from piety. But as the Jews were not thus converted, it became evident (he says), that their conversion in Minorca was effected not by burning the synagogue, but by the miracles of St. Stephen. Near the entrance to the harbour of Mahon, is St. Stephen’s cove, so called, from having been the place where Orosius landed with the relics, and the relics themselves are still preserved in the Cathedral of Cittadella, about thirty miles from Mahon.

In reading this story, as well as in reviewing the condensed abstract of it translated at the time, and now before me, I have been forcibly struck with the credulity of the age; inasmuch as a learned man, guided only by dreams and omens, finding something which he called the remains of a saint, who had been dead for centuries, and, as connected with this, that the story of the unrighteous persecution of these poor Jews, should have been taken as evidence of a miracle, and have

so kindled the flame of fiery zeal throughout the Christian world, as to make it necessary for the ruler of mighty Rome to stretch forth his arm, to defend the injured and oppressed. Alas! how great a fire a little matter kindleth.

There is, perhaps, no part of Spain, where the customs, character, and habits of the people have less changed, and have still so much the marks of the olden time, as in the group of islands to which Minorca belongs. This is owing, in a great degree, to their being cut off from the continent, so that they have often felt but slightly, if at all, the effect of those invasions and revolutions which have taken place on the main land.

The copper coin in circulation is inscribed with Arabic letters, and wherever one turns, he is reminded, by the names of places, and by other memorials around him, of the days when the Saracens and the Moors were masters there. Many of the farms and country seats still bear the names of their ancient owners, though centuries have passed away since their expulsion from the island. A wealthy farmer in the interior, for example, at whose house I spent a day, with a party of friends, is called Beni Mahmoud, that is, the son of Mahmoud; that being the name of his farm, derived from its ancient Moorish owner. Many domestic utensils, and other articles in common use, are also of Moorish origin. Such, for example, are the bridles, with bits so long as to give the rider almost purchase enough to break a horse's neck. Such bits may, indeed, be well enough with the wild steeds of the Arabs, rushing, as on the wings of the wind, over the pathless desert, but when used on a stupid donkey, are quite out of place. True, Jack belongs to a stiff-necked generation, but then he is quite as apt to stop as go forward, and you never get so much headway on him but that he may be brought up all standing, and the chance is, that he will throw himself aback.

Most of the implements of agriculture, household furniture, and kitchen utensils, have a peculiarly antique appearance, and many of them look as if they had been saved from the wreck of the deluge. Save a few rude wheelbarrows, and one old chaise, there are no wheel carriages in Minorca. A sedan chair is rarely seen, and heavy burdens, such as large casks and boxes, are carried by binding strong ropes around them, through which long bars of wood are thrust, each end of which is borne by two or three men.

The yokes for oxen are a long, straight beam, through which, in place of bows, a small iron rod passes down each side of the neck, their lower ends approaching within a few inches of each other, and are tied together with a string. Around these rods old cloths are sometimes wound, to keep them from chafing the neck, and in such yokes an ox, and an ass or mule, are often seen working side by side.

The plough consists of two pieces of wood, one of which is upright, with a handle by which to guide it, while the lower end bends forward, and has on it an iron shoe, with a sharp point, and a socket, so that it may be removed at pleasure. This shoe is about the weight of a common pickaxe, and the furrow made by the plough is from four to six inches wide. To this upright stick another is attached, which reaches the yoke, and is fastened to it by means of strings. Chains I have never seen used there, in agriculture. If a New England farmer had such a plough, he would only keep it to laugh at, or, at most, hang it up in his cornfield to keep the crows off.

In addition to the modes of dress, the stoicism of manner, the dances, the musical instruments, and other things which may hereafter be noticed, as having been derived from the Moors, there is one habit which, by its universal prevalence in Spain, has peculiarly struck me. It is the smoking of tobacco;—and sure I am, that the Spaniards, in their devoted attachment to this nasal indulgence, cannot be surpassed by the most devout Mussulman, who, with his long pipe, decked with its costly amber mouth-piece, sits amid clouds of smoke, and, from morning till night, dreams of the pearly bowers, the delicious odors, and fair-haired girls of Paradise. I have often seen a large number of beggars lying on the ground, in the public square, basking in the sun, each one of them puffing away at a short earthen pipe, scarce reaching beyond the end of his nose, and seeming to enjoy it with all the sensual gusto of a first rate amateur in the art of fumigation.

When visiting Beni Mahmoud, we were much amused with witnessing the manner of making butter and cheese, though the sight was far from giving us an appetite for the former of these articles. In making cheese, a strong infusion of the flower or down of the *Cynard Cardunculus*, a species of wild artichoke, is used. This having been steeped over night, half a pint of the liquid is put into every fourteen gal-

lons of the new milk of sheep and cows, mingled together, which causes it to coagulate. The curd thus formed is put into a cloth, and pressed by placing a heavy stone upon it. The cheese thus made weigh six or eight pounds each. More of the infusion already noticed is put into the whey which remains, which is then boiled violently over the fire, until a portion of it coagulates. It is then poured into a tub, of the size of a half barrel, to cool. Then a man, with huge shovel-shaped feet is seen stripping up his pantaloons, when lo! he steps into the tub, and commences churning, or rather stamping out, the butter! Shade of Lord Chesterfield, is not this enough to rouse thee from thy resting-place, and call forth one long, loud shriek of horror, in view of such an awful desecration of all decency and taste? When this stamp duty is ended, the thick part is strained out, and heated until it becomes an oil, when it is again strained into earthen jars, and, having been salted, is ready for use.

One important source of revenue to the Spanish clergy is the sale, each year, of certain papers containing Bulls, or Decrees, issued by the Popes. The principal of these is the Bull of Crusade, which is issued on the supposition of a perpetual war with the Infidels, from the fact that Spain holds the fortress of Ceuta, in Africa. The yearly purchase of a copy of this Bull, is a necessary requisite for receiving the communion and absolution, and gives the privilege of eating milk, eggs, and butter during the forty days fast of Lent. To eat these articles without owning the Bull, is held to be a mortal sin.

The Flesh Bull gives to its purchaser the right to eat meat during Lent, with the exception of Passion Week. The price of these Bulls, to the common people, is about forty cents a year, but the rich pay much more than this for them. Each member of a family old enough to eat the articles specified, must each year purchase a copy.

There is also a Defunct Bull, which is purchased for the benefit of deceased persons, by their friends. The conditions of it are, that if the name of one who is dead be entered upon it, his soul thus obtains a plenary indulgence, if suffering the pains of purgatory.

In addition to these regular sources of revenue, the prevalence of the cholera furnished to the Catholic clergy an opportunity to speculate on the superstition and credulity of their followers, too good to be neglected. In order duly to

avail themselves of this favorable exigency, the Spanish bishops issued, in their respective dioceses, papers having on them a picture of a cross, and certain letters and characters referring to directions in the margin, showing its merits and the manner in which it was to be used. In the prayers and other matters, which are to be repeated by those who would escape the pestilence, the cross itself is made an object of idolatrous worship. The following are extracts: "Cross of Christ, save me. The cross conquers,— the cross reigns,— the cross commands. By the sign of the cross, free me, O Lord, from the pestilence. The cross of Christ is powerful to expel the pestilence from this place, and from my body. The cross of Christ drives away demons, impure air, and the pestilence. O, sign of the cross, free from the pestilence the people of God and all those who trust in thee." Thus, throughout the Catholic service, the cross, and images of the Virgin Mary, receive far more reverence and worship than either God the Father, or the Son. Directions are also given, on this paper, to pray to the saints, that they may be intercessors with the Father, to avert the pestilence. These papers of the larger size were sold for twenty or thirty cents each, and a smaller and cheaper one was prepared for the poor, so that none might excuse themselves from buying one. They were commonly placed on the outside of the front door of each house, just as in old times horse-shoes were nailed on the masts of vessels and the thresholds of houses, to frighten away the devil.

That this was the only benefit which the mass of the people could hope to derive from these mystic emblems, is evident from the fact, that the Castilian dialect, or common Spanish, in which this paper was published, is widely different from the Catalan dialect, which is spoken in Minorca, so that many could no more read it than they could so much Choctaw. The more intelligent, who freely spoke of the whole matter as a mere money-making trick, still said that they did not like to offend the clergy, by refusing to purchase the papers. One old gentleman, who had put the paper on the back, instead of the front, door of his house, shrewdly remarked to me, that he did so because he thought that the cholera would be quite as apt to come in that way as the other.

With a view to show the peculiar merits of this device, as a defence from pestilence, the paper closes thus: "The

members of the Council of Trent, who carried this cross with them, (which was prepared by St. Zacharias, a bishop, and found in a convent in Spain,) were not attacked by the pestilence which prevailed in Trent, in the year 1346. The same succeeded ultimately in Portugal. It can also be proved, by authentic records, to the confusion of the incredulous, that in Malaga and Cadiz, those who have carried this cross with them, or have placed it on the doors of their houses, have been free from the pestilence." These facts are given as the motive why the Spanish bishops caused these papers to be printed and circulated; while, to increase the sale, they granted from forty to eighty days' indulgence, or freedom from the pains of purgatory, to every one who purchased and used them. So much for Catholic superstition in the glorious nineteenth century.

As, during my temporary residence and frequent excursions in various parts of southern Europe, I had frequent opportunities of visiting convents and monasteries, and as friars, monks, and nuns will probably soon exist only among the memorials of the past, it may be well to say something as to the character and modes of life of these singular recluses. The suppression of convents in Spain, while we were in that region, led to many disclosures as to the morals of monks and nuns, and at the same time unsealed the lips of the people, as to disgraceful facts, which they had known but had feared to divulge.

At the time of our first visit to Minorca, the convent of Monks on the summit of Mount Toro, near the centre of the island, and elevated some fifteen hundred feet above the surrounding country, was one of the most interesting objects of curiosity there. With a party of friends, all mounted on those long-eared gentry, whose least vulgar name is donkey, I visited that convent. This, by the way, is the common mode of travelling there, as well for ladies as gentlemen. There is but one carriage with wheels in the island, and that is one of those antique and clumsy old chaises now met with only in Spain. They are low and large, and the bodies are often covered with such uncouth figures as are seen on Chinese tea-chests.

As we had sixteen miles to travel, and wished to return the same day, we left Mahon early in the morning. This was the more necessary, as donkeys move at a much slower rate than either steamboats or the cars of a railroad. There is,

at first, something quite ludicrous in seeing a party of gentlemen, who pride themselves on their personal dignity, mounted on such low, misshapen animals. True, donkeys are more sure of foot than horses, and they will climb, too, almost anywhere that a sheep or a goat can; but then they have such a humble gait, and they carry their heads so low, withal, that it seems as if they felt ashamed, and were looking for a burrow where they might run under ground, and hide themselves. And then the salutations they give when they meet a friend! Those who like such music are welcome to it. True, it is downright sonorous, deep-toned, and hearty, but too much of a good thing is worse than nothing. The very thought of such melody makes me nervous, and the abortive screechings of a mule, even, are far less trying to me.

We passed along what is called Kane's road, from its having been made by an English Governor, of that name, more than a century since. It is thirty feet wide, and extends the whole length of the island, from Port St. Philip, at the mouth of the harbour of Mahon, to the walled town of Cittadella, a distance of more than thirty miles. It is almost the only road there that is kept in good repair, and the only one that would be passable for carriages. We met on our way many peasants, who were going to Mahon to market. They were in parties of from two or three, to eight or ten in number, the majority of whom were females. All had poor little donkeys, looking as if they had come in for their full share of the evils of famine. Most of them were loaded with large panniers and sacks, filled with charcoal, vegetables for market, tiles, earthen jars, and other articles.

The men wore short jackets, and old slouched hats, or red woollen caps. The women had handkerchiefs on their heads, tied under the chin, and over these some wore coarse straw hats, with huge brims, such as are used by females of the same class, in Canada. Most of them, however, had the Sunday hats of their husbands and brothers, the cotton handkerchiefs under them making up for any deficiency in the size of the cranium. These hats were of various forms and sizes, from the large bell-shaped crown of the rustic dandy, which were worn by the younger damsels, to the upright, broad-brimmed, patriarchal covering of the elders of the land, which now graced the heads of the matrons. The greater part of them were on foot, and urged on their poor little

donkeys with a short stick, pointed at one end. Some also carried a child in their arms. Those, however, who made some pretensions to gentility, were mounted two on a donkey, thus occupying the whole space from the neck to the tail. Their side-saddles are rightly named, being a kind of arm chair, with a board for both feet to rest on, so that the occupant rides exactly sidewise. These saddles are covered with calico, and have a long wooden pin in front, by which to hold on.

When these parties return, towards evening, they are all mounted, and both men and animals seem much more lively and happy than in the morning. The peasant salutes you with that peculiar respect which is seen only in despotic countries, and on board men-of-war. It has struck me, however, that there is much less sprightliness and vivacity among the Spanish than the French peasantry.

On our way we crossed a number of fertile valleys, and passed near some luxuriant groves of olive trees. About noon, after climbing up some fifteen hundred feet, by a zig-zag road, we reached the convent on the summit of Mount Toro, with appetites that would have done no discredit to worse looking men than ourselves.

We forthwith committed ourselves to the care of the friars, while our donkeys were taken in charge by some half a dozen nondescript vagrant-looking boys. They were a sort of hangers-on at the convent, and were black and ragged enough to be gipseys. To judge from the manner in which they beset us for coppers, they will, when grown up, be fair candidates for promotion among that class of leeches called begging friars.

Mount Toro consists of barren rocks and crags, save a small garden on the summit, where there is a forced vegetation. The buildings of the convent enclose three sides of a square, and are built of stone, and whitewashed. We were conducted to a sort of parlour, or refectory, in the second story, having passed through a long hall, into which the rooms of the friars open. One of the first questions asked us was, if we would have some rum. This offer, though prompted, doubtless, by a regard to the too prevalent taste of seafaring men for liquid fire, was, at the same time, but too correct an indication of the morals of the friars themselves; as a friend of mine, who had for years been an inmate of this convent, described them as both lazy and drunken.

In the absence of the prior of the convent, we were attended by one of the brethren, — a man about thirty years of age. There were also with us, most of the time, four or five others, the youngest of whom waited on us at the table. When we first arrived, cakes and wine were brought for our refreshment. They seemed to have an abundance of the good things of this life, their wine, meats, and vegetables being richly furnished from their fertile lands around the base of the mountain. Still, there was a kind of slovenly, neglected air about almost every thing in this, and other convents of males which I have visited, which has plainly shown that female taste and neatness were wanting there. Indeed, the inmates of some convents where I have been, gross, filthy, unshaven, and unshorn, would have done sad discredit to a decent pigsty.

It is a most silly idea to think of ever making good house-keepers of men. Those, who, like the late king of Spain, when a captive in France, busy themselves in making embroidered petticoats for the Virgin Mary, because they are fit for nothing else, may, indeed, succeed in that; but from the time when king Alfred, of England, burned the cakes, with the baking of which the peasant's wife had charged him, and received a scolding for it, down to the present day, men have gained far less glory in household affairs, than women have in the field of battle. It has ever been the old story of Joan and Darby over again. She succeeded well enough in driving the oxen and guiding the plough; but Darby, poor fellow, was so puzzled with the cares of the kitchen and dairy, and was so beset, withal, by droves of hungry pigs, and geese, and hens, and turkeys, which he had neglected to feed, that he was fairly driven from the field of battle, and begged for his old employment again. The Scriptures tell us, that it is not good for man to be alone, and one need but to visit a few convents of monks, deeply to feel the truth of this declaration.

After showing us the curiosities of the place, a good dinner was provided. Two bottles of wine, of different kinds, were placed before each individual, and the monks who were with us were not much afraid of tasting it. One of them, who was sick, after taking a hearty draught, smacked his lips, and said it was excellent medicine. They were most of them in good condition, as to the outward man, and looked sleek and well-fed. And why should they not be so; for there they were, near thirty of them, with all their wants well supplied,

and with nothing to do, from one end of the year to the other, but to chant masses for the souls of dead people; to eat, drink, smoke, and sleep, to their heart's content.

The situation of the convent is such as to prevent a school from being connected with it, and I could not learn that in any of the eight convents in the island, more children were taught, than would require, in each, the labor of a single individual. It was truly melancholy to see near three hundred persons, who had education and leisure, and who, as teachers, with the Bible in their hands, might quickly have removed the thick mental and moral darkness which rested on the people around them,—it was melancholy to see them thus caged up, living on the fat of the land, leading a life of indolence, and often of vice, and, like so many vampyres, eating out the substance of the poor, without raising a hand to benefit those whose religious charities they so grossly abused.

Those with whom we were, had much shrewdness and humor, but their education, like that of most of the clergy in the island, was rather limited. They are there so separated from the rest of the world, that they have far less incitement to become learned, than those of the same class on the continent. They seemed highly to enjoy seeing company, and asked us many questions about America. One of them had been quite a sailor, having visited Mexico, South America, and other portions of the world. He said that he intended to visit and reside in Philadelphia. He was afterwards found to be a most reckless villain, and though imprisoned for his crimes, yet, when last I heard from him, the gallows had thus far been defrauded of its due. He told us that the friar who presided at our dinner-table was a materialist. The compliment was returned by telling him that he lied, and by charging him with being a disciple of Voltaire. This was done in good temper, and I think it more than probable that they both told the truth with regard to each other.

We listened, with all due gravity, to the strange and foolish legends of the friars, with regard to the founding of their convent; but when we came to the paper already referred to, as placed on doors for a defence from the cholera, turning to one of the friars, and looking him in the face, —“Then you think, do you,” said I, “that this will keep off the cholera?” “O yes,” he replied, striving to keep his countenance. The

effort was too much for him, however, and he burst out into a fit of immoderate laughter. The imposition was too gross and barefaced for a friar even to swallow.

These friars were of the order of St. Augustine, he having been the first who built a convent, and collected together, and placed under fixed rules, those, who, before his time, had dwelt only in the caves and deserts of Egypt, and other eastern countries.

CHAPTER IV.

MINORCA AND BARCELONA.

Few Changes in Spain. — Church and State. — Policy of the Popes. — The Inquisition. — Traces of its Influence. — Chuetas, or New Christians. — Saracens and Moors. — Languages of Southern Europe. — Catalan Dialect. — Authors. — Seamen good Linguists. — Leave Mahon. — Life at Sea. — Poetry. — Arrive at Barcelona. — Outline of Spain. — Climate. — Majorca. — The Queen. — Convents. — Income of the Clergy. — Their number. — Towns and Cities. — Suburbs. — Saracens. — Barcelona. — Its Founder. — Buildings. — Public Garden. — Birds. — Scenery around. — Beauties of Spring. — Poetry. — The Rambla. — Walls of the City. — Castle. — Convents. — Churches. — Offerings. — Idolatry. — Saint worship. — Paintings. — Cathedral. — Priests. — Spain. — Face of the Country. — Sheep. — Condition of the People. — Inquisition. — Bribery. — Oppression. — Scene at Sea. — Poetry. — Modes of Female Dress. — In France. — In the United States. — In Spain. — Female Devotion and Heroism. — Female Soldiers.

I HAVE somewhere met with a fable, in which a man was said to have come to life after having slumbered in the grave five hundred years. In visiting various countries with which he had once been familiar, he was filled with such astonishment at the mighty changes which had taken place, that he could scarcely believe that he had returned to the same world he had before inhabited. At length, when in his travels he reached Spain, he exclaimed, "True enough, it is indeed the same world, for here is old Spain, just as she was five hundred years ago." And so indeed it is; for there is scarce a country on earth, the Celestial Empire not excepted, where the character and customs of the people have changed so little as in Spain. This is owing almost wholly to her system of religious faith, so sustained and enforced by the temporal power with which the church has there been armed, as almost entirely to exclude foreign light and influence. This power too has been directed, with deadly energy, against both the civil and religious liberty of the people.

Thus has Spain, for a long succession of ages, suffered from an unholy alliance of church and state, which has ever been like an incubus on the vitals of Christianity, and which, when most widely prevalent, gave to the Popes more power than has ever been wielded by any other human beings. This power, too, has been so employed, as to elevate the few at the expense

of the many, — to shroud whole nations in mental and moral darkness, — to depress agriculture and commerce, and to convert some of the fairest and most productive portions of the globe into abodes of indolence, wretchedness, want, and crime.

The Catholic religion is, in its nature and claims, wholly intolerant and exclusive, and has long been a political, rather than a religious system. The Popes have uniformly favored and sustained those parties in the church, and those orders of monks which have been most obsequious to themselves, and have shown the greatest zeal in defending and increasing the temporal power and possessions of the church. In doing this, they have often, as in the case of the contest between the Jesuits and Jansenists, sided with those who were most corrupt, both in doctrine and morals. In those cases where there have been long and virulent disputes between parties in the church, each of which was numerous and powerful, the Popes, where they could do it, have not only refused to give a final decision against either, but have also prevented general councils of the church from doing so. This policy has been pursued for fear of making either party an enemy, and thus losing its support. Where, however, a decision has been forced upon them, not only have they, at times, sided with the most corrupt, but where a sect has been utterly condemned and excommunicated as heretical, the church has not wholly cast them off if in any country they had, like the Jansenists in Holland, peculiar power and influence.

We can hardly forgive even so good a man as Augustine, for permitting his strong natural passions and the heat of controversy, to lead him so far astray as to advance and defend the principle, that it is right for the church to punish, even unto to death, those who err from her rules of faith. But little did he imagine that he was laying a foundation for the Inquisition, that engine of cruelty and blood, by means of which the Catholic church has brought such dire reproach upon the Christian name, and incurred such deep-stained guilt, as richly to deserve the curse of heaven and the execrations of mankind. With reference to the fact, that when it had been for a time suppressed it was again revived, well might the poet, with words of withering power, address its guilty agents thus.

“Cowed demons of the Inquisitorial cell,
Earth shudders at your victory; for ye

Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
 The baser, ranker sprung, the vilest born of Hell.
 Go to your bloody rites again, —bring back
 The hall of horrors, and the assessor's pen,
 Recording answers shrieked upon the rack:
 Smile o'er the gasping of spine-broken men:
 Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den,
 Then let your altars, ye blasphemers, peal
 With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again
 To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel,
 No eye may search, no tongue may challenge or reveal."

But thanks be to God, the Inquisition has now been crushed, to revive, as we trust, no more for ever. Still has it left behind traces of its influence, enstamped on the national character of the Spanish, which ages will not obliterate.

The bloody rites of the Inquisition, its public and private tortures, the wheel, the rack, the gibbet, and the stake, — the fact that a man might glut to the utmost his love of revenge, by charging an enemy with heresy, thus not only destroying him, but plunging his family in infamy and want, while the false accuser was himself not known as the author of this ruin, — these have been efficient causes in making Spain a land of dark and brooding suspicion, of deep and deadly malice, of private feuds and bloodshed, and of bloody and ferocious civil wars.

The Dominican monks have ever had the main control and direction of the Inquisition, and their convents were the richest in Spain. On the walls of the corridors, or public galleries of their convents, one may often see long lists of the names of those who were burned by the Inquisition. The descendants of these heretics are called Chuetas, or New Christians; and though hundreds of years may have passed since the burning of their ancestors, still, however learned or wealthy these Chuetas may become, none of them can hold office, nor will the old Christians, — the real Simon Pures, — who are free from such a stain on their family escutcheon, intermarry or associate with them. Some few of them indeed have studied, and taken orders as priests abroad, and have been permitted to retain their office after their return to their native land. In some of the large towns in the group of islands to which Minorca belongs, there are great numbers of those, who have thus been disfranchised and degraded, because their remote ancestors were charged with being heretics, and were burned for it. This is visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, with a vengeance. The numerous punish-

ments of heretics is one of the lesser facts which go to prove, that the Catholic church, which is ever boasting of its unity, has been rent in sunder by more numerous, deep, and bitter sectarian divisions, than have existed among all others who bear the Christian name. No sect has ever yet proved just and pure enough to be safely intrusted with the sword of civil power, thus placing in its hands the liberties of the people: and the main security there is for the continuance of civil and religious freedom in the United States, is found in the jealous watchfulness of each of the great leading religious sects, over the exclusive claims and encroachments of the others.

The Golden Age of Spain, as to improvement in science and the arts, was when the Saracens and Moors were in power there; and it is truly mortifying to reflect, that any religion which bears the name of Christian should have proved less beneficial in its influence on national character, prosperity, and happiness, than the bigoted, intolerant, sensual, and superstitious system of the Arabian impostor. The expulsion of the Jews and Moors from Spain, not only gave a deathblow to commerce and the arts in that country, but, by leaving the Catholic religion alone there, without the modifying and restraining effects of competition, and, armed with the rack and the faggot, opened the way for all those abuses of priestly power, and that cruel oppression of the people, beneath which that ill fated land has so long groaned.

The languages of southern Europe, including those of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France, were derived from a mixture of the Latin of the ancient Romans, and the Teutonic, which was used by the northern nations, who overthrow the Roman empire. Much the larger number of words are of Latin origin, while the forms in which they are used are a compound of the two languages, being more simple than the Latin, and more complex than the Teutonic. Some Arabic words were also introduced into the Portuguese and Spanish languages, while the Moors and the Saracens were in power in the Peninsula. The oldest of these southern dialects was the Provençal, which had its origin at the court of the King of Arles, about the year 880, more than two centuries before the Castilian, or common Spanish, had a being. The Provençal was the language of the Troubadours, those wandering bards, who at an early age acquired, by their poetic efforts, such reputation and influence, that kings and princes of the

highest rank eagerly engaged in making verses, ambitious of the fame that they might thus acquire.

This Provençal, or language of Provence, was essentially the same with the present Catalan dialect, which is spoken in Catalonia, Valencia, and the group of islands to which Minorca belongs; so that even now the natives of the south of France, where the Provençal originated, and those in Spain who use the Catalan, are perfectly intelligible to each other. Though I have seen but few books in this dialect, still, from residing in Mahon, and from having on board ship servants who spoke the language, some knowledge of it was forced upon me. Many of its words more nearly resemble French than Spanish, and, from their often having one or two syllables less than the corresponding Spanish words, the language has thus gained in brevity and force, while it is, at the same time, greatly deficient in the full and sonorous melody of sounds, which is the peculiar glory of the Castilian tongue. Of Catalan authors, Ausias March, of Valencia, who died about 1450, has been ranked with Petrarch, as to harmony and brilliancy of expression, and is said to have given the language a high degree of polish and perfection, while at the same time the spirit of exalted piety, which pervades his poetry, has given to it a peculiarly tender and touching interest. John Martonell, on the other hand, excelled in a light and graceful style of narration in prose, and gave to the language a pliancy and ease it had not known before. "Tirante the White," a romance of his, published in 1435, was one of the first books ever printed in Spain. It has been frequently translated into other languages, and the French version of it has been widely circulated. The readers of *Don Quixote* may recollect that this romance was one of the books in the old knight's library, and that the author speaks of it as—"A treasure of contentment, a mine of delight; and, with regard to style, the best book in the world."

In Mahon, there have been engrafted on the original Catalan, uncouth and vulgar scions from most of the languages of Europe, to say nothing of the traces of the dialect of the Moors. The excellence of the harbour has in times past made it a favorite place of resort for the ships of war of most European nations, and there has also, at times, been much commerce there. At the Lazaretto, at the mouth of the harbour, which is one of the largest in Europe, vessels from all parts of Spain used to be required to perform quarantine, and

thus have many of the people learned something of the language of most commercial nations in the world. Sailors are, too, in their way, excellent linguists, as all their lives they are holding intercourse with foreigners, both in port and on ship-board, and hence they become quite skilful in imparting to others a knowledge of their own tongue, as also in learning foreign languages. True, the vocabulary of terms and phrases which they acquire and impart, is by no means the most select, grammatical, and refined, nor are the words most used always to be found in dictionaries; still they are not wanting in pith and point, and are well understood by the parties using them. Though sailors' heads, when on shore, are commonly not very clear and scholarlike, still they have a reckless and fear-nought feeling, which frees them from all that peculiar sensitiveness, as to making mistakes, which is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of learning to speak a foreign tongue. Hence they readily stumble into such a knowledge of foreign languages as answers their purpose, and leave behind them traces of their own peculiar dialect. In this way have English, Dutch, French, Italian, and other words become so blended with the Catalan, as used by the lower classes in Mahon, as to form a singularly odd and amusing compound. Many of the higher class can read and speak Castilian, which is by law the only language used in teaching children in schools, but the great mass of the people are almost wholly ignorant of it.

It was just at evening, near the close of March, when we left Mahon, and were again abroad upon the deep, expecting to proceed to Naples, and from thence to Rome, in time to witness the solemnities of Holy Week. Some news as to our relations with France, however, which were then somewhat critical, changed our course, for the time, to the eastern coast of Spain.

And here I would remark, in passing, that this living in a floating ocean-home, is a strange business to one who tries it for the first time. It puts all his ideas of time, place, direction, and distance, most strangely out of joint. At night, the ship is riding quietly at anchor in a harbour, and he retires to rest. In the morning he awakes, and is moving swiftly through the deep. He hears, scarce a foot from where he lies, the surging billows rushing past him, along the polished sides of the ship. He ascends to the deck, and the green hills and dark mountains, on which he gazed at sunset,

have sunk beneath the tossing waves to meet his sight no more. New mountains rise, and new valleys bloom around him ; or, perchance, he sees but the heaving ocean beneath, and the canopy of heaven above him. Thus is there constant change, and often high and delightful excitement.

The following lines were suggested by our departure from Mahon, and were written in immediate connexion with that event :

We leave the deep and quiet bay,
To tempt the ocean wave ;
And o'er the waters hold our way,
Which classic regions lave.

How full of joyous bliss the soul,
Thus floating o'er the deep,
Whose gently-heaving billows roll,
With broad, majestic sweep.

And when the whirlwind, wild and free,
Forth-moving in its wrath,
Ploughs through the fiercely raging sea
A dark and angry path, —

Then bolder is the spirit's flight
Than ocean's onward dash,
And brighter far its heaven-born light,
Than vivid lightning's flash.

Then be our home the tossing main,
Where, free as ocean's wave,
We ne'er may feel the tyrant's chain,
Nor bow the lordling's slave.

And when we sink in death's embrace,
Then, far in depths below,
God grant a quiet resting-place,
Where ocean's billows flow.

It was early in April, 1835, that we arrived off Barcelona, and, having sent in a boat for news, parties of officers from the ships were afterwards permitted to visit the city. Though I had been in several Spanish towns before, and for the last four months had boarded in a family where the Castilian tongue was the only one used in our social intercourse, and had, withal, enjoyed some peculiar facilities for becoming familiar with the national customs, and domestic habits and character of the Spaniards, still it was with emotions of no common pleasure that I found myself in the midst of one of

the oldest, largest, and most interesting cities of Spain. Before proceeding to describe what we met with there, however, it may be well here to notice some facts relating to the natural features, and the condition and prospects of Spain, with a view to the better understanding of what may hereafter be said in connexion with such places and events as may claim our attention.

Spain was very justly compared, by the ancients, to a bull's hide, distended. A single glance at the map will show the resemblance. We have now sailed along its seacoast, from the southern boundary of Portugal to Barcelona, and the whole presents one unbroken succession of mountains, some of which are quite lofty. Those of Granada, which we passed a few days since, were deeply covered with snow, with here and there a dark, rocky chasm, where a mountain torrent had poured down. They reminded me of the appearance of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, as seen from Portland, late in the spring, when the winter's snows have begun to waste away, and the low, dark groves of cedars show their heads above their covering, thus setting off, in beautiful contrast, the pure and brilliant white of the snow, glittering with the light of a summer's sun. It was delightful to witness these snow-capped mountains, after passing the winter where not even a frost was seen, and the pleasure was not the less, from the contrast that was presented by the green and blooming valleys, which, here and there, were seen along the coast. The whole surface of Spain is quite mountainous, with but few lakes; and, owing to the extreme dryness of the climate, the rivers are neither large nor numerous. The great elevation of the interior gives the streams a straight and rapid course, which makes them less easily navigable than they otherwise would be; while, at the same time, it favors the construction of canals along their banks.

I have already mentioned, that in Minorca, the last year, there was rain but once during eight months; and history informs us, that in the thirteenth century, it did not rain in the kingdom of Toledo for nine months. Hence, the weather much of the year is clear and pleasant, and though famine is sometimes the result, yet the health is not exposed by those sudden changes from warm to cold, and the reverse, by which so many are cut off in some parts of Europe and America. Such a climate is also favorable to the abundance and perfection of a great variety of the delicious and useful productions

of tropical countries. Thus, in the island of Majorca, for example, which is the garden of the Mediterranean, there were exported, four years since, besides a great quantity of oranges and other fruits, fifteen thousand pipes of Olive Oil. This was exclusive of a large home consumption, and thus there was an income of about two millions of dollars for a single article of commerce.

Such facts show what Spain might be, were her labor and commerce free from ruinous restraints and exactions, and should make us rejoice that, under the liberal auspices of the present queen, a brighter day seems to be dawning on that unhappy land. Still is Spain sorely cursed and rent in sunder by civil dissension, and many years must yet elapse, before she will be free from the galling chains of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition.

The queen encourages schools, and a number of newspapers have been recently established, which discuss public measures with much freedom, and are thus diffusing light and knowledge among the people. As to convents, also, she acts on the maxim of John Knox, who, as a reason for demolishing the Catholic Churches in Scotland, with their images and pictures, remarked,—that if he destroyed the rook's nests, the rooks would fly away. For the last six or eight months there has been a law in force in Spain, forbidding any one to join a convent, but permitting those already monks to become parochial clergy. The project of a law has also been proposed, by which the tithes and other income of the clergy, are to be paid into the hands of the government, and the clergy are to receive the same compensation with officers of the army. Thus, an archbishop ranks with a major-general, and has four thousand dollars a year; a bishop and lieutenant-general, three thousand; and so down, through the various grades of canons, vicars, rectors, archdeacons, deacons, priests, curates, &c. These are to rank and receive pay, respectively, with adjutants, colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, serjeants, and corporals. The inmates of every three convents are to be put together in one; there, without any addition of members, to die a natural death, while the property of the other two, immediately, and that of the third, eventually, come into the possession of government. His Highness, the Archbishop of Seville, who has one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and the Archbishop of Toledo, who has received an annual income of from

three to eight hundred thousand dollars, would be sorely straitened by such a sweep, and a large train of horses and carriages, outriders, lacqueys, cooks, and scullions would thus be thrown out of employ.

A Spanish gentleman, who has travelled much on the continent, remarked to me, that one who had not seen the convents of the Dominican Friars in Spain, could form no idea of their splendor and wealth. In some of them, each inmate has his separate establishment, — a fine suite of rooms, richly furnished, and a distinct kitchen, and train of attendants.

Spain has a population of about ten millions, of whom, according to a recent official report, there were, of the higher clergy, 20,000; of the lower orders, 149,822; of monks, 62,250; nuns, 33,628: making in all, 266,000. This is exclusive of 100,000 beggars, who were fed at the different convents. Thus this large number feed, and many of them fatten, on the fruits of the soil, without lifting their hands to labor, or in any way contributing to lessen the burdens by which the mass of the people are ground to the dust. In view of such a state of things, it is not strange, that a government without credit, and oppressed with a heavy national debt, and with an income of but thirty millions of dollars a year, should take for its use, a portion of the revenues of the clergy, which amount to seventy-five millions per annum. The number of churches, convents, and other religious structures in Spain, is 28,249.

It is a singular fact, that the project of the law mentioned above, should have been brought forward by a committee of the clergy. This was owing to the fact, that some of them have acquired liberal views by visiting France, and other countries, where the Catholic religion has been shorn of her baneful splendor by the hand of ruthless power. Fear of a total overthrow may, likewise, have had its influence, and policy dictated that, by giving up a part of their wealth, and thus effecting a compromise, a firm stand might be made against the sweeping power of reform. The measure is also popular among the lower clergy, because formerly they have been greatly oppressed by their superiors, and have received less pay than it is now proposed to give them. But the character and influence of the Catholic clergy in Spain would require a volume to do them justice, in all their bearings. I must, therefore, leave them for the present.

The situation of the seaport towns in Spain is very pleas-

ant. They are commonly at the head of a bay, where the mountains recede far enough from the shore to form a secluded and romantic valley. These vales are sheltered by the surrounding heights, from the cold winds of the interior, while, at the same time, the moisture collected on the mountain side, descends to enrich and beautify the plains below. It is a well-known principle, that the purity and brilliancy of colors depend upon the light which falls upon them, and hence it is, that the dryness of the atmosphere in Spain, and the clear and resplendent sunshine which results from it, give to the foliage of plants and trees, and to the verdure of the fields, a deeper shade of green, and clothe the thousand varied flowers of spring with richer, and more gorgeous hues, than are met with in colder and less genial climes. A number of these valleys, too, are watered by broad and rapid rivers, whose names are known to classic fame, and on whose banks many have fallen in battle, as victims to the love of liberty, or the unhallowed thirst for power, glory, and renown. There is still another feature of interest in these landscapes. It is this. The ancient mode of warfare led to the construction of walled towns for purposes of defence. As these walls required much labor and expense, it was a matter of policy that the town should cover as little surface as possible. Hence the streets were made quite narrow, and the poor were often forced to live in the suburbs, without the walls, where they had a kind of miniature city, from which, in times of danger, they retreated, and sought for safety within the larger city. But what I mainly refer to, is the necessity that thus arose, for having the vineyards, and fruit-yards, and the gardens for vegetables, on the plains, without the walls. Thus, a large extent of country is often beautifully laid out in beds, parterres, and fruit-grounds, while the vineyards extend to the very summits of the hills and mountains around. Scenes like these, remind one of the valley of Rasselas, or the sweet vale of Avoca. It was among these fertile and beautiful valleys, that many of the songs of the Troubadours were composed, and in Spain, too, Arabic literature enjoyed its golden age. History informs us, that when the Saracens were in power there, not only were chemistry, medicine, mathematics, astronomy, and all the sciences, pursued with a success unknown in any other part of Europe, but music was cultivated as a science, and poetry became a favorite study. Thus the feats of chivalry were celebrated, and the songs, composed in

Spain, were repeated and admired in Persia and Arabia. Such was Spain once, but now, alas! how fallen. As I have gazed upon her graceful hills, her lofty mountains, and her rich and lovely vales, and then thought of the ignorance and slavish degradation of the people, often have the words of the poet been forced from my lips, and, in the fulness of my heart, I have exclaimed,

“Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

The remarks already made, as to the situation of the seaport towns in Spain, apply, with some slight variation, to Barcelona and its environs. This city is one of the oldest in Europe, having been founded by Hamilcar Barco, or Barcino, the father of Hannibal, the celebrated Carthaginian general, from whom, also, it derived its name. It was afterwards held by the nations who successively conquered Spain, and hence it is, that not only is there a part of the old town built by the Romans still standing, but there are also specimens of architecture in the style of the Moors, the Goths, and other races of people, who have been in power there.

Aside from the ruinous restrictions on commerce, the trade of the place is much less than it would be, if the harbour were good. This is injured by a bar at its mouth, where the water is but fifteen feet in depth. By the use of a steam dredge, however, and the construction of a mole, the harbour is gradually improving.

On leaving the wharf, we first entered the Plaza, or public square. It is a large, open place, without either trees or grass. In front, as you come from the harbour, is a long row of hotels, stores, and dwelling-houses, five or six stories high. On the right hand is the Custom House, and on the left, the Exchange,—both of which are large and fine buildings. In the upper rooms of the Exchange are schools, where gratuitous instruction is given in navigation, and other sciences. As these schools are open in the evening, and no class of persons is excluded, many attend them.

A short distance from the Plaza, on the right, is a large public garden, laid out with much taste, and with fine gravel walks, running in every direction. Fountains were also playing, and beautiful fish sported about in artificial basins, while large and splendid swans, and other water-fowls, sailed around upon mimic lakes, or reclined beneath the shade of

the evergreens, with which the banks were lined. Beside these, there were a number of large wire cages, or houses, ten or fifteen feet in height, and nearly as broad, in which were a great variety of birds, of every size, and form, and hue. Here, a group of eagles, noble and king-like, the monarchs of the feathered race, — sat in silent grandeur, as if musing on their fallen greatness, or moralizing on the rise and fall of empires. Near them, were a number of owls, perched in solemn conclave, all grave and formal, like so many sapient legislators, and each one seeming, by his air, to say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark." Then there were numerous smaller birds, sportive and happy, like the gay and thoughtless votaries of pleasure; intent on present bliss alone, and regardless of the future, they flew about, full of life and motion, and singing a thousand varied strains of wild and joyous melody. On every side, the shrubs and plants were loaded with blossoms of the richest hue, which sent forth their fragrance upon every breeze. Without the enclosure of the garden, was the Alameda, with its spacious walk, shaded by long rows of trees, between which were a succession of fountains, each graced with its presiding marble deity, and throwing up its jets of water in the air. Ascending the walls, which extended along the right, there spread out before the eye a broad and spacious plain, clothed with the richest beauties of spring. Pleasant country seats and villages were scattered here and there, surrounded on all sides by verdant fields, and blooming gardens, and pleasure grounds. Beyond, rose the mountains, which defended this lovely valley from the cold and wintry winds; in some places presenting a gently waving crest; in others, broken into dark and rugged crags, whose lofty outlines were drawn upon the clear blue sky. We had, before this, been tossed, for a time, upon the pathless deep, where no object met the eye, save the sea, and the sky, and the stately ship which floated along with us, — and where there was no music of birds, and no shrub, or tree, or plant, or flower, was seen. It is not strange then, that, coming at once into the midst of these scenes, where every thing around was bright and beautiful, and blended, withal, with the peculiar excitement of old and high historic interest, — it is not strange, that thus the soul should be filled with rapture, and that man should look up with heartfelt gratitude to Him, who hath so charmed and delighted the senses, by the beauty, the

fragrance, and the melody of Spring. Those feelings were then called freshly to mind, which had often been excited in my native land, by the sudden and joyful outbreaking of Spring, after a long, cold, and cheerless Winter. Such scenes are described by the Wise Man, where he says, "The winter is past, — the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." At such a time, one may, perhaps, be indulged in a little poetry, descriptive of those feelings, and of those changes in the natural world, to which allusion has just been made.

Stern Winter hath fled, and his icy chain
Is loosed from the mountain, river, and plain;
With the dying wail of an angry blast,
And a shivering chill, he breathed his last.

Thou comest again on thy balmy wing,
O bright and beautiful spirit of Spring;
So cheering thy breath, that the hill and the plain
Awaken to life and to verdure again.

From the height of the mountain the torrent comes down,
With a roar which the voice of the tempest might drown,
While it tosses on high its glittering spray,
Then quick through the valley it hurries away.

But the gentle flow of the lowland stream,
Is soft as the sigh of an infant's dream;
And the slenderest twig of the leafless trees,
Scarce yields to the breath of the whispering breeze.

The birds of the forest joyfully sing,
Thy coming to greet, O beautiful Spring;
To life thou awakest the glories of earth,
To joy in the freshness and pride of their birth.

The sigh of thy breezes how soft to the ear,
How fair to the eye do thy blossoms appear;
In bright sunny fields and the shadowy grove,
All Nature around breathes the spirit of love.

Then awake, awake, to the music of Spring,
For the birds of the forest joyfully sing;
Come list ye with gladness, while freely they raise,
To the God of their life, sweet anthems of praise.

The principal street in Barcelona is the Rambla, which runs through the heart of the city, and is the fashionable

promenade. It is very broad, with rows of trees on each side, between which and the houses, there is a narrow paved way for carriages, while the wide gravelled road between the rows of trees, is used by those on foot only. There, at certain hours of the day, most of the wealth and fashion of the city may be seen. The other streets are quite narrow, with high houses on each side. I noticed that most of those who sold any particular article, were collected together in a single street. Thus, the silk stores are all in a row, while another street is occupied, from one end to the other, with jewellers' shops. The stores are wholly open in front, and not deep, so that almost every article for sale may be seen by one who is passing. Most of the houses are five or six stories high. This is owing to the fact of its being a walled town, so that for a long time there has been no direction in which it could enlarge itself, except upwards. The French, too, while they were in power here, may have done something to give the buildings of the city the style and form of those of their own land. The walls are so broad that carriages may meet upon them, and the ride there, around the city, is very pleasant. They are not more than three or four miles in length, and it seems utterly impossible that one hundred and fifty thousand people could live within such a space. Owing to the crowded state of the population, the cholera made great havoc among them. When we reached Mahon, last Autumn, they were dying at Barcelona, at the rate of three hundred and sixty-five a day. Without the walls there is a ditch, which may easily be filled with water, in case of a siege. The citadel, which is in the northeast part of the city, is very strong, and the fortress of Marqui, on a hill of the same name, some hundred feet in height, overlooks both the harbour and the city. It is a place of great strength, and nine thousand soldiers are stationed there to keep the Carlists in awe, as they are quite numerous in that part of Spain. Their number is owing to the influence of the clergy, who, in the province of Catalonia, are two per cent. of the whole population, and are, of course, in favor of ignorance, bigotry, and despotism, and opposed to the liberal measures of the Queen.

Dryden, in the lines which follow, has aptly described the policy and craft of the Catholic priesthood, as seen in the facts below.

“ In times o’ergrown with ignorance,
A gainful trade the clergy did advance ;

When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authorized to know.
Scripture was scarce, and as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content ;
As needy men take money good or bad :
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had."

The convents in Barcelona are very large. I had time only to take a hasty glance at two or three of them. That of the Jesuits, which fronts on the upper end of the Rambla, is about two hundred feet long, nearly or quite as deep, and four stories high. The form of most of the convents I have seen is square, with a chapel in front. In the interior is a court from thirty to fifty feet in diameter, which is surrounded on all sides by open galleries, or piazzas, in front of each story. These are supported by pillars, and into them open the doors of the different apartments, and of the halls which lead to the various parts of the buildings. These courts are commonly covered with grass, and a number of orange, cedar, or other trees are growing there. Gardens are also attached to these establishments, and they are, in all respects, well fitted for the purposes of education. Most sincerely, then, is it to be desired that ere long they may be freed from the sway of monkish indolence and bigotry, from the scholastic philosophy of Aristotle, and the mystic theology of Thomas Aquinas, and become schools of the prophets, where those shall be trained who shall go forth and spread abroad throughout Spain the light of science, of civil and religious liberty, and pure Christianity.

The churches which we visited were large and ancient, with old paintings, and with lofty windows of stained glass. On the walls of one of the recesses, in which was the altar of some favorite saint, I noticed a much larger number of the customary offerings than I had ever seen before. These consist of pieces of wax, in the shape of broken legs and arms, disjointed feet, deformed heads, and babies. They are suspended by blue ribands, and have been placed there as tokens of the gratitude of parents, whose children have been restored to a sound formation of these limbs, or for a happy delivery, effected through the interference of the saint. Where the image is in high repute for working miracles, these waxen offerings yield some profit to the priests, who melt them down for candles, which command a good price

for funeral processions and masses. I have also seen pieces of money presented as an offering, for money found by the aid of the saint, and rude pictures of ships, pieces of mouldy ropes and cables, and even oars of vessels, saved from being wrecked by assistance from the same source. In one chapel which I visited, a small image of the Virgin Mary was pointed out to me, which was held in great repute for the benefit it was supposed to confer in those cases where an addition is made to the number of the human family. On this account it was so often stolen by mothers, and kept in their houses until after the happy event, that, to prevent this, it had been found necessary to fasten it to the altar.

The fact that some images of a particular saint are held in much higher estimation, and receive far more offerings than others of the same saints, clearly shows that the image, rather than the person whom it represents, is regarded as the giver of the benefits received, and thus becomes the real object of much of the veneration that is paid at its shrine. One cannot be long in Spain without ceasing to wonder, that the Catholics should have stricken from their copies of the Decalogue the command of God which forbids the making and the worship of graven images; and no one, who is not strangely blinded by education and prejudice, can fail to perceive that the whole system of saint-worship, borrowed as it was from the heathen custom of paying religious honors to their deified heroes, gives to weak and sinful man that glory which belongs to God alone, and thus is directly opposed, not only to the plain commands of the Most High, but also to all those descriptions of his character where He speaks of Himself as a jealous God, who will not give his honor to another, nor his praise unto graven images.

A severe blow was given to Christianity, when the Pantheon, at Rome, which had been a temple for the images and the worship of all the heathen deities, with Cybele, the mother of the gods, at their head, was converted into a Christian church, and the Virgin Mary, and all the saints of the calendar, were put in the places, and received the veneration, which had been paid to their pagan predecessors. But this was only a single act in that great drama, which has justly brought upon the Catholic religion the title of "Baptized Heathenism," and which reached its acme of accommodation to pagan rites and prejudices when the Jesuits of

China taught their converts, that paying religious honors to the ancient heroes of the Celestial Empire, was an act acceptable to the Most High.

I have seen the image of a saint, in gorgeous array, placed on his holyday on a kind of throne, in the centre of a spacious church, filled with devout and kneeling worshippers. A long train of priests, richly dressed, were for hours engaged in chanting masses, and in all the varied and imposing rites of the Catholic church, while ever and anon a splendid organ poured forth its rich and powerful melody, filling the soul with high and strong emotions. Then a long procession left the church, and passed through the streets of the city, led onward by the priests, with waxen candles borne before them, and loudly chanting as they went, all in honor of the saint. And when these rites were past, and I have stood and gazed upon an eager throng of females, pressing round the image, and having humbly kissed the hem of its garments, and perhaps raised a little child so that it might do the same, then lifting the eyes to heaven, while the face was glowing with all the warm devotion of an ardent soul, thus silently invoking the blessing of the saint; then have emotions of painful interest arisen, and I have thought how Paul must have felt when, at Athens, his spirit was stirred within him, on beholding the city wholly given to idolatry.

The pictures and images in Catholic churches often give incorrect, debasing, and even disgusting views of Scripture scenes and characters. The Spanish call the Virgin Mary the Lord God's mother, and all their pictures of her, with Christ as an infant in her arms, or lying in the manger, or as a little child by her side, conspire, with the rites of the church, in making the impression on the mind, that she is a more important character, and deserving of higher veneration, than the Saviour himself. A traveller in Mexico describes a picture of the Last Supper, which is in a church there, where the cherubim and seraphim are acting as cooks and scullions. They are represented as little else than head and wings, but all busily employed. One is scouring a dish, in a kind of modern European kitchen; another is blowing the fire in the Spanish manner; a third frying eggs; while, in the back-ground, some are officiating as waiters, handling the plates, and making all necessary preparations. Aside from numerous tawdry paintings of hell and purgatory, where the flames are rolling up, and hideous-looking devils are

piercing poor wretches with pitchforks, one of the most revolting things I have seen, is a representation of Christ, as the Good Shepherd, feeding his flock. He is painted as large as life, and in a sitting posture. Around him are a number of sheep, some of whom are drinking the blood which is flowing from his wounded feet, while others, with their fore feet upon his lap, are receiving with open mouths the red streams which are gushing from his side and hands. I turned away from the disgusting sight, sick at heart, that the folly of man should thus burlesque and degrade the beautiful figures of the Bible, in attempting to maintain the dogma of the literal and bodily presence of Christ, in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Such are some of the results of supposing that our Saviour used other than figurative language, in phrases of the same class with that in which he said, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed."

The Cathedral at Barcelona is a vast structure of the Gothic order, and was founded in the thirteenth century, by Raymond Berenger, the patron of the Troubadours. There are in it numerous altars, some of which occupy recesses as large as a country church in New England, and the whole structure within has the vast, sombre, and imposing air which is peculiar to the old Catholic churches. Those I have seen in Europe are less open, and admit far less light, than the Cathedral at Montreal, and others in America. Two parallel rows of lofty fluted pillars of stone, about ten feet in diameter, extend the whole length of the Cathedral at Barcelona. In the centre a large space is inclosed by a partition thirty or forty feet high. Within this, about fifty priests were seated, most of whom were old and quite fat. They were ranged in rows facing each other, each one with a book and candle in his hand, and those on one side responded to those on the other; and thus, with dull and sleepy tones, they chanted forth their evening prayers. The idea of having fifty or one hundred priests attached to a single church, none of whom do any thing for the benefit of the people, is one which does not agree well with Yankee notions of activity and usefulness; and I never enter one of these antique and gloomy structures without feeling, that they were never intended for public instruction, and the cultivation of enlightened piety, but rather for imposing on the senses, and filling with mysterious awe a deluded and ignorant multitude.

My excursions into Spain have extended but a short distance from the seacoast, still, with what may be learned from books, they furnish sufficient data for a general description of the face of the country, and of the more striking features of Spanish landscapes. As you advance into the interior, a succession of mountains and elevated plains everywhere meet the eye, except that on the banks of the rivers in the southern provinces, fertile meadows spread out here and there, which, by the charm of contrast, give increased effect to the more wild and rugged features of the surrounding scenery. Where the soil is properly watered, vegetation, at this season of the year, presents that shade of deep and living green, which is peculiar to warm and fertile climes. But what strikes a stranger, is the almost entire absence of fences and enclosures of every kind, except it may be here and there a solitary hedge. No man is permitted to enclose his fields without a special license from government, and so much expense and trouble are required to obtain it, that few make the effort. This restriction is owing in part to the *Maesta*, a code of laws, by which the right of driving immense flocks of sheep from one extremity of Spain to the other, is granted to an association of nobles, and rich convents, to whom they belong. These flocks have the free use of all the commons, olive grounds, and unenclosed fields, and in the two tracts in which they pass through the country, no enclosures can be made, without leaving a space of twenty-five rods in width for their accommodation. In the most cultivated districts, they have the right of using the pasturage at a low price. The shepherds have also certain privileges as to cutting wood. More than five million of sheep, with twenty-five thousand shepherds, as many dogs, and a large number of horses, thus lay waste the finest provinces of Spain.

War has likewise exerted its blighting and desolating influence, forcing the inhabitants to collect together in cities for mutual defence, while the robbery resulting from the ignorance and poverty, and the low state of morals of the common people, and the oppression exercised by the nobility and clergy, has rendered a residence in the country, in many places, extremely insecure. Large tracts of country are also destitute of population, from their being owned by the nobles, convents, and other wealthy proprietors. Thus, as in Ireland, the soil has to sustain not only the cultivator, and the indolent and spendthrift owner, but likewise all the intermediate grades

of overseers and stewards. The taxes, too, are very heavy, while the restrictions on foreign commerce deprive the country of any sufficient outlet for its surplus produce; and the bad state of the roads, and the different dialects of the various provinces, prevent free intercourse, and internal trade. The contempt of labor arising from warlike pursuits, and chivalrous feeling, which has come down from feudal times, and the inducements there have been for the enterprising to emigrate to Mexico and South America, for the purpose of acquiring fortunes, have likewise done much to lessen the prosperity of Spain. The motives for effort in acquiring wealth must, of course, be small, where the people have no voice in the public councils of the nation, and their property, and their lives, may be taken from them, at the beck of lawless and irresponsible power. The people are also extremely ignorant, and as the few public journals have formerly been entirely under the control of government, there has been no possible means of making public the abuses of rulers, and thus the salutary check of a fear of exposure has not exerted its restraining and correcting influence. The Inquisition, too, acting with a wanton and reckless disregard of the principles of justice, and with bloodthirsty cruelty, has destroyed her half a million of victims; and as her deadly shafts were so often aimed at the wealthy, for the sake of the spoil, and the children, and children's children of those who suffered, were deprived of their civil and religious rights, and branded with deep and hopeless infamy; not only were many thus prevented from making efforts for acquiring property, but much of the wealth of the country was kept in concealment, or not invested in such a way as to benefit the public, for fear that it might be seized upon by those greedy vampires, who, under the holy garb of religion, drew forth the life-blood of the nation. It was by the influence and efficiency of the Inquisition, also, that the Jews and Moors, who had done so much to enrich and fertilize Spain, were, in open violation of national faith, cruelly expelled from what was to them their native land. The corruption, bribery, and smuggling, in which so many of all classes are either directly or indirectly engaged, or at which they connive for the sake of personal benefit, have likewise done much, not only to injure the morals of the people, but also to prevent the acquisition of either wealth or office, by honest and upright means.

The following is one of many examples which might be

given, of the corruption which prevails at the Spanish court. Some years since, the King of Spain sent an order to an ingenious mechanic in Mahon, to make him a pleasure barge. It was finished in the neatest style, was an elegant model, and was fitted out with all the rigging and equipments of a miniature ship of war. When completed, it was taken to pieces, put up in boxes, and carried to Madrid. The King was delighted with it, and asked the price. The man told him, that he charged nothing for it, but would be happy to receive an office, which was then vacant in Mahon. He was put off with promises, and spent a long time in dancing attendance on the court. At length, after having expended about four thousand dollars, which was all his property, he left the city in despair. On his way home, he was telling his story to a fellow passenger, who, after hearing him through, replied thus: "I, Sir, am appointed to the office which you sought, and you might have obtained it, if, instead of spending your money as you have done, you had paid it to one of the king's ministers, as I did."

In a free country like our own, we little realize how great is the privilege of civil and religious liberty, and how bitter is the curse of belonging to a land, where, for mere opinion's sake, a man is exposed to proscription and punishment. A short time since, a Spaniard, who is an industrious mechanic, and a man of property, told me, that he was formerly a constitutionalist, and when the King was restored, he was seized and cast into the common jail, together with nineteen respectable townsmen of his, and thirty-six officers of the army. After having been confined thirteen months, he was set at liberty, by paying six hundred dollars. During this period, his family had been on expense, he had lost his customers, and was wellnigh ruined. All this was merely for differing in his political opinions from the party in power. I did not wonder at the resolution he expressed, of selling his property as soon as he could, and removing to the United States.

But, notwithstanding all that there is dark and revolting in the annals of Spain, still there is much of high and romantic interest in Spanish history, and many noble and redeeming traits in the character of the people. Her natural scenery is also grand and imposing, and she has many towns, and mountains, and rivers, which are rich in classic fame. A few days since, I was sitting at the cabin window, looking out upon the world around. The other ships of the squadron

were, like ourselves, dashing boldly onwards, at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour, while the boiling foam rushed swiftly past us, like a chafed war-horse, bounding beneath his rider. Near us were Saguntum, and the ancient Iberus, by battles on whose banks, the fate of the Roman Empire was twice decided. The mountains and valleys of Spain, too, on which we gazed, were the same which had beheld the contests of the war-armed legions of olden time, who had here fought, fell, and crumbled to dust, to gain a short-lived honor for their leaders, and enrich a soil now trodden underfoot of slaves. Those who have been placed in the midst of such exciting scenes, will not wonder that the rhyming mania should then have seized me. Such was the origin of the following lines.

O, who hath felt the noble bark
Beneath him swiftly glide,
As dashing onward in its course,
It cleaves the foaming tide,
Without emotions wild and free,
Which made his burning soul
On wings of fancy proudly soar
Beyond the earth's control.

Or who hath sailed where classic waves
Beat round the mountain's base,
Whose towering summits have looked down
On many a by-gone race ;
And hath not in his spirit held
Communion with the dead,
Whose manly forms are now the dust,
Which baser mortals tread.

Or who hath floated swiftly by
The green and lovely vale,
Where spring's rich odors, fresh and sweet,
Perfumed the passing gale ;
And hath not thought of Him, who spread
Such beauty o'er the earth ;
Who spake, and by His powerful word,
Gave all creation birth.

Or who hath seen his country's flag
Wave proudly o'er the deep,
Borne onward in his ocean home,
With bold and rapid sweep ;
And hath not turned his soul to Him,
Who on the whirlwind rides,
And by His mighty hand directs
The dark and stormy tides.

If such there be, ne'er let him go
Where waves of ocean roll,
Where untold raptures ever fill
The warm and ardent soul:
But let him rather basely creep
Along his native soil,
Nor seek beyond the foaming deep
For wealth or honor's spoil.

Much may be learned, as to the character and morals of a nation, or of a smaller community, by observing the prevailing fashions as to dress, and the nature and frequency of the changes which these fashions undergo. Look, for example, at the French, and in their gew-gaw finery, and the constant and endless succession of changes in their gay and tawdry modes of adorning their bodies, how correct an image do we see of the vain, thoughtless, airy, and fickle nature of their minds. Observe, too, the index that we have of the morals of this same people, in the styles of female dress which they originate, and which prevail in the fashionable walks of life. What violence is done to nature, in attempting to improve that symmetry which God has given to the human form, by torturing it into an unnatural, disfigured, and wasp-like shape. We shudder at the wanton cruelty of the Chinese, in confining the feet of their female infants in shoes of iron, that they may never exceed the fashionable size. But this custom affects only the extremities of the body, while the other, by compressing the lungs, and preventing the full and healthy action of the heart, aims directly at the seat of life, and often causes gross deformity and premature and lingering death. And here I would barely allude to those indecent exposures of the person, which, of late years, public taste has too often sanctioned, and which, originating with the profligate milliners of Paris, were introduced for an object, and with a moral effect, which need not be mentioned. It is, indeed, true, that the prevalence of such fashions in our own land, is not so much an index of the state of public morals, as a proof of our love of personal distinction, and our proneness to imitate the customs of foreign nations. As we have no permanent aristocracy, and no fixed distinction of ranks, there hence exists a strong desire of wealth, for the standing it confers, and for the means which it furnishes of attracting that attention which is given to superior dress and equipage. Thus it is, that the votaries of fashion in our large cities, eagerly ape any imported style in dress, which is novel and imposing,

without sufficiently regarding the claims of decency and morality. This taste makes our places of public resort, and especially our churches, a kind of Vanity Fair; while the exquisitely fashionable of both sexes, are little else than stalking frames or walking automata, on which to exhibit the latest wares of the tailor and the milliner. These remarks likewise apply, in a greater or less degree, to many of our larger country towns and villages.

But my main object has been to speak of the Spanish modes of dress, and the striking illustration which they furnish, of the fixed and unchanging character of the people. It is true, indeed, that in the larger towns of Spain, some of the higher classes adopt the French fashions, when they visit the theatre, and on some other occasions; but when they appear in public, for a walk or ride, the national costume uniformly prevails. I have before spoken of the universal use of the cloak, by the men. This they wear with peculiar grace, and not only have they done so for hundreds of years, both summer and winter, but when, during the last century, on account of their using this garment so often to conceal the weapons of the assassin, government forbid its being worn; and officers arrested all who used it; a mutiny was the consequence, and it was necessary to repeal the law; so strong is the attachment of the Spaniard to his old national customs.

The dress of the females is almost universally black, and it well comports with their complexion. The prevailing taste as to female beauty in Spain, does not require that violence to be done to the form, which is so common in the United States, and more regard is paid to the soul and expression that beams forth in the countenance, than to regularity of features, and that waxen and lily-like delicacy of complexion, of which so much is thought with us. The most striking peculiarity in the dress of the Spanish ladies, of all classes, is the mantilla. This was originally the same with the veil of the females of eastern countries, and was used to conceal the face. It continues to be worn thus, in some of the smaller towns in the south of Spain, where Moorish customs still prevail. It is frequently made wholly of figured lace, but more commonly of black silk, with a lace border. It is pinned to the hair, just forward of the comb, and, covering the back of the head, the neck, and shoulders, ends in two embroidered points in front. Thus the face, and all of the head forward

of the ears, is exposed to view. Some of the poorer women wear mantillas of black woollen cloth. Thus the only distinction of dress there is among females of all classes, consists in the different quality of the materials used; and whether it be in church, in places of public amusement, or in walking the streets, a lady's hat or bonnet is rarely seen. It has been truly said, that this uniformity of black, in the dress of both women and men, produces a monotony of coloring, unfavorable to effect, so that when the French soldiers first came to Madrid, they used to say, that they had, at length, reached a truly Catholic city, peopled only by monks and nuns. Though this head-dress of the ladies may expose the face more than is befitting, still I am much pleased with the uniformity, and the entire absence of all show, which there is in this national costume of the Spanish. In church, especially, it does away all that finery and that gaudiness of dress, which is too apt to occupy both the eyes and the minds of those who assemble to worship. It seems, also, to reduce to a proper equality of outward appearance, those, who, as children of a common Father, meet together for the worship of a common God.

Though the Spaniards have much of the coolness and stoicism of the Turks, still they have ever been noted for deep and absorbing passion. They love and hate most fervently, and their feelings of revenge are deep and lasting. Their religious and devotional character, also, has ever been strongly marked; and sure I am, that the females of no other nation, would, as I have seen women do in Spain, sit or kneel, by hundreds, on the cold pavement of a church, from ten in the evening until two the next morning, with nothing to engage their attention but the gaudy show of the priesthood, the sound of the organ, and the chanting of prayers in an unknown tongue.

The civil war which now exists in Spain, has called into action the chivalrous feelings of the Spanish ladies, and has led them to measures, which, though opposed to that delicacy and reserve which are proper to the fairer part of creation, still present, in a strong light, the marked and peculiar character of the nation. A love of heroism, either in themselves, or in those to whom they look up as their natural protectors, has ever been one of the strongest passions of the female sex; and we know, from the records of the past, that the fever of knight-errantry, which took its rise amid the

lawless violence of the dark ages, and resulted in making woman the presiding deity of the tournament and the battle-field, and the object of devoted idolatry to those of every grade, from the mere soldier of fortune, to the king on his throne, — we know that this fever raged with its greatest violence, and reached its highest point of extravagance and folly, in Spain. And though the author of *Don Quixote*, by the force of ridicule, did much to lessen this infatuation, still the seeds of the old disease have ever remained in the heart of the nation. The form in which it now exhibits itself is owing to the fact, that the head of the nation is a woman; and, as the ladies have either found a deficiency of heroism in the stronger sex, or from some other cause, they have chosen to become heroines themselves. In other words, in some of the provinces, large numbers of women have organized themselves into military companies and regiments, that, by their prowess and their valor, they may, to use their own words, vindicate and defend the “unsullied purity and spotless innocence of the Queen.” All the officers of the companies are females, except the captains and chaplains, and their names are published in the army list, in the gazettes. They are supplied with arms, and meet for drilling and exercise. A military address, written by one of these heroines, and published in the papers, some time since, is really quite eloquent. Strange warriors, indeed, they must be, but such is the enthusiasm and ardor of the Spanish, when excited, and so strong is their attachment to their native land, fallen as she is, that I doubt not that on the field of battle they would show a valor which might put to shame the self-styled lords of creation. Still, there is something extremely revolting to the better feelings of our nature, in beholding that sex, in whose souls the purer and gentler affections alone should reign, yielding themselves up to the influence of the dark and malignant passions of war and bloodshed, and wielding in their hands the instruments of death. The poet is true to nature in the description which he gives of the feelings of the Corsair, when he saw the stain of blood upon the brow of her, who, by her valor and her devotion to himself, had been the means of saving his life.

“ He had seen battles, — he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
He had been tempted, — chastened, — and the chain,
Yet on his arms, might ever there remain :

But ne'er from strife, captivity, remorse, —
From all his feelings, in their inmost force, —
So thrilled, so shuddered, every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.
That spot of blood, that light, but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek !
Blood he had viewed, — could view, unmoved, — but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men."

CHAPTER V.

NAPLES.

Voyage to Naples. — The Bay. — The City. — Vesuvius. — Eruptions. — Beggars; their Mode of Life, Sufferings, and Character. — Ecclesiastical Reform. — The Jesuits. — Suppression of Convents. — Salaries. — Number of the Clergy; their Income. — Lazaroni; their Number, Character, and Mode of Life; treatment of them by the French. — Hospitals. — Maccaroni. — Massaniello. — A Night Scene. — National Workhouse; its Form, and Expense of erecting it. — Internal Police. — Schools. — Trades. — Catholics; their Doctrines, Ignorance, Religious Rites, Books, Holy-days, Bigotry, Law of Marriage. — Persecution at Gibraltar. — The English; their Character. — Lord W. — Mr. F. — Occurrence at Sienna. — English Chaplains. Rev. Mr. Vallette. Rev. Mr. Paxton. — Street Preaching. — Churches. — Scenery around Naples. — Street of Toledo. — Clergy; their Dress. — Corpus Christi. — Morals of the People. — Grotto of Pausilipo. — Puzzoli. — Cumæ. — Lake Avernus. — Cumæan Sibyl. — Temple of Jupiter. — Amphitheatre. — Solfaterra. — Villa Reale.

FROM Barcelona we sailed to Gibraltar, and from thence to Naples, where we arrived near the close of May. The bay of Naples, and the beautiful scenery around, have been so often described, that there are few superlatives in the language which have not been used by travellers to express the feelings of delight excited by gazing on this richly varied panorama. The bay itself is about thirty miles in circumference, and in addition to the islands which it contains, whose names are connected with the history and the fame of the earliest Roman emperors, every point of the coast has been hallowed by the genius of the Latin historians and poets. As you enter the bay, on the left, and near its head, is the city of Naples, rising as it retires from the water, until the landscape, in that direction, terminates in a range of gentle hills, clothed with gardens, vineyards, and forest trees, except where the hill of St. Elmo, crowned by its mammoth castle, rears its head high above the surrounding region, and overlooks the city, the sea, and the rich and varied scenery, and the numerous towns and villages with which the coast of the bay, and the country inland are covered, as far as the eye can reach. To the right of the city, and seven miles distant from it, is Mount Vesuvius, for ever sending up from its vast

furnace immense clouds of smoke, which now cover the whole face of the heavens with a dark and frowning aspect, and then, rising on the wings of the wind, and lighted up by the brightness of the morning sun, assume a thousand brilliant and fantastic forms. Again, you see a lofty and massive column of fleecy cloud, its base resting upon the mountain, and its topmost point far up in the sky, spreading out, as if crowned by a capital, and placed there as an airy and graceful pillar, at once to support and adorn the canopy of heaven. This mountain is thirty miles in circumference at the base, and between three and four thousand feet high. Its summit and its sides are little else than one unbroken mass of lava, stone, and ashes, which have been thrown forth from the crater during its various eruptions. These deposits, in some places, extend miles from the base of the mountain; and their effects, in connexion with the ravages of other volcanos and of earthquakes, traces of whose action may be seen in every direction, — all combined, present a strong, lively, and most deeply impressive picture of the power of God, in so wielding the elements as to awe or to destroy the creatures whom he has made. There is something peculiarly striking in the effect produced upon the mind, by gazing for the first time upon a living, acting volcano. Like a lofty mountain, or a foaming cataract, it is one of those things, with which, however familiar we may be by description, or by solitary reflection, it is still true, that we can form no adequate idea of their impressiveness, or their grandeur, until we have beheld them for ourselves. There is, too, so much that is grand, exciting, and mysterious in the causes, action, and natural history of volcanos, and in the connexion which facts seem to prove as existing between those of different continents, separated as they are from each other by oceans, thousands of miles in extent; and, withal, their early and fearful ravages, over which antiquity has now cast her mantle of dark and misty interest, — all these causes, when reflecting upon them, combine to give the imagination a wider field, and to send her forth on a bolder and more lofty flight, than almost any other subject of mere earthly interest. The mineral waters, the boiling springs, and the tracts of heated earth, in the vicinity of the mountain, which show what a mass of liquid fire there is below, and how thin is the crust which separates myriads of human beings from the flaming billows, together with the earthquakes and the hollow rumbling of the ground,

which ever and anon gives warning that the raging element, like a mighty giant, chafed and fretted with his chains, is tossing and struggling for its release, — all furnish themes of exciting and mysterious interest for the fictions of the novelist and the poet; and while we reflect upon them, we cease to wonder that *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* should have held so prominent a place in the fabled mythology of Greece and Rome.

The first eruption of *Vesuvius*, of which we have any record, was in the year 79, of the Christian era. It was then that *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum* were buried, — the former with stones and ashes, and the latter with flowing lava. Since that time, there have been about fifty eruptions, of various degrees of splendor and violence. The effects of some of these have been perceived hundreds, and even thousands of miles distant. That eruptions must have taken place from the earliest periods, is evident from the fact, that even *Pompeii* and *Herculaneum* are built on strata of lava, which had overspread their site before they were founded.

Further from the shore than *Vesuvius*, other mountains rise in the back-ground, which, though not of sufficient height and grandeur to give the greatest effect to the varied scenery which they enclose, still one forgets this, while gazing upon the rich array of beauty and of splendor, with which both nature and art have clothed this delightful and romantic landscape. But the highest interest of this scene is not upon the surface; for you may move over buried towns and villages, where multitudes have perished, not by slow and lingering disease, but were arrested in the midst of health and vigor, and buried alive in their own dwellings, by the lava and ashes of the raging volcano. What a wide field is here opened for the action of both the imagination and the feelings, and what a train of reflections rush upon the mind, while viewing such striking exhibitions of the justice and power of the Most High.

Having sketched this brief and imperfect outline of the scenery around the bay of *Naples*, let us now return to the city. On first landing at the wharf, one is struck with the number of wretched and importunate beggars, who beset him on every side. Here is a drove of ragged urchins, whose tattered garments are a mere apology for clothes, while some of them have nothing but a scanty shirt. There, is a number of women, some bowed with age, decrepitude, and dis-

ease; while others, wan and haggard themselves, are bearing about wretched and half-starved infants, who look as if they were denied that sustenance which nature craves. Then come the blind, the poor helpless blind, each led by a little boy or girl, and, raising their dead and sightless eyeballs to heaven, plead for charity, with tones sad enough to break one's heart. And yet you cannot give them aught. Why? Because the moment that you do it, you are known as one who gives, and then they all besiege you, so that you cannot walk the streets in peace. A friend of mine, who had permitted his better feelings to triumph over his judgment, was once so beset that he could escape only by retreating to a baker's shop, where giving a dollar to the woman who kept it, he fled, while the bread which he thus bought, was being distributed to the crowd of hungry beggars.

The following dialogue is one of many which I have had with these poor wretches, in the cities of Southern Europe. "Will you give me a penny for some bread, Sir? I am hungry," said a ragged boy, without hat, shoes, or coat, as he approached me. "Have you had nothing to eat to-day?" I asked. "No, Sir, only this piece of bread, which this little boy gave me." "And where did he get it?" "His brother, who works there, Sir, gave it to him; and he is a good boy, and when he gets any thing to eat he gives me half of it." "But why do you not work, and get some money to buy bread with?" "I do when I can, Sir; and sometimes I go and dig up roots, to sell for wood; but now I can get nothing to do, Sir, and it is very cold, too." And sure enough, those children of the sun, with only a scanty covering of rags, and without sufficient food to give any warmth or vigor to the system, wilt down directly, when the cold winds of winter blow upon them. "But where do you sleep at night?" "On a stone door-step, Sir." "Do many others sleep so?" "Yes, Sir, there are seven other boys who sleep on the pavement, close by where I do." And sure enough, you may see them, a dozen together, sleeping at night on the stone steps of a church or other public building. "But I should think you would take cold." "I have a very bad one, Sir." And so he had; for he coughed, and was quite hoarse. "I wish you would give me a penny, Sir, for some bread; I wish I was dead, Sir, for I get very hungry, and have nothing to eat." Such are one class of beggars, whose tale of suffering is full of sad and wretched reality, and they

deeply feel the bitterness of their state. Others there are, poor and ragged enough it is true, but knavish and reckless of the future. With assumed tones of sorrow, they will tell you a fictitious tale of woe, and, when they gain your charity, will gather their brother beggars around them, and gamble with it. Such thoughtless vagabonds would hardly change their condition if they could, and many of them do not deserve any thing better than they have. They are all most expert physiognomists, and when one, to rid himself of them, turns fiercely upon them with a cane, they will tell in a moment whether he means them harm, or whether in his heart he pities them, and would, if he could, give them relief. The beggars in Naples far exceed any that I have met with elsewhere, in the use of signs as a means of expressing their ideas. I could converse with them in this way, on common subjects, as readily as with the deaf and dumb. The lively nations of the south of Europe use this language much more than we do, and in Naples the people are often obliged to resort to it, from the fact, that those in some districts of that vast city, speak a dialect which is not understood by those who live in other districts.

About a century since, a Spanish prince ascended the throne of Naples; and, having chosen as his minister the Marquis Tanucci, who had been a lecturer on public law in the University of Pisa, and had shown himself a bold and uncompromising enemy of ecclesiastical abuses, the work of reform was vigorously commenced. Tanucci, in 1737, presented a statement of the rents of the clergy, and proposed to appropriate the revenues of all monastic institutions to the crown, giving, as a means of support, forty cents a day to each monk and nun, and sixty to each superior. The right of asylum was abolished in all civil and religious sanctuaries, and thus a great obstacle to justice, and stimulus to crime, was removed. In 1741, the clergy were first assessed a fair proportion of land, and other taxes. In 1746, the Inquisition was for ever abolished, and such was the gratitude of the people for this important act, that they made a present of three hundred thousand dollars to the king. The number and powers of the clergy were limited, the decrees of the Pope declared to be of no force unless sanctioned by the king, and appeals to the Court of Rome were forbidden. In 1769, the Jesuits were expelled from the kingdom, and their property seized by the state. This step, it is claimed,

was greatly to the injury of the interests of education, though it is well known that the Jesuits everywhere abused, for selfish and ambitious ends, the immense influence they acquired by means of instructing the young. In 1772, eighty-eight monasteries in Sicily were suppressed by a single edict, and divorce was declared to be only a matter of civil law, and not subject to the control of the Pope. Persons of religious communities were also forbidden to obey their generals who resided in foreign countries. As these officers commonly resided in Rome, and were appointed by the popes, the direct control of the head of the church over these communities was thus ended. About this time, two and a half millions of confiscated church property was sold.

In 1816, an arrangement was made between the Pope and the king of Naples, by which his Holiness and the clergy were deprived of no small amount of the income, as well as of the power, which they had previously enjoyed. Every bishopric, from that time forward, was to be endowed with revenues amounting to not less than \$2,475, and curates of parishes were to receive salaries, varying from \$82 to \$163, according to the number of their parishioners. The Pope engaged that the possessors of church property, which had been alienated and sold, should not be molested in future by the Court of Rome. The Pope was to receive a yearly income of \$9,900 on certain bishoprics and abbeys of the kingdom. To the king was granted for ever the right of nominating all archbishops in his realms, and bishops and archbishops were to take a strict and solemn oath of allegiance to the king.

The great change which has taken place in the condition of the Catholic church in the kingdom of Naples, may be seen by comparing the number and income of the clergy, in the two years 1786 and 1819. In the former year, the whole number of ecclesiastics, of every class, was 99,781; of whom 21 were archbishops, 215 bishops and abbots, 15,674 monks, 26,659 nuns, and 9,725 mendicant friars, besides the priests and other orders of clergy. Their whole income amounted to \$937,766, being equal to a tax of about \$1.86 on each individual in the kingdom. In 1819, the whole number of ecclesiastical persons was only 23,000, and all their incomes \$577,000. Thus, not only have more than \$8,000,000 of income been saved to the state, but more than 60,000 persons have been turned from a life of indolence, or

unproductive effort, to more active and useful habits. One great reason of the general confiscation of the property of convents and hospitals in Italy, has been the fact, that they were so generally perverted from their original purpose, and their funds employed in supporting a host of lazy monks and friars, instead of supplying the wants of the poor, and relieving the hungry and way-worn traveller.

The word Lazaroni, or Laceroni, is said to have been derived from the Latin word Lacer or Laceri, ragged; and is applied to the street beggars and other vagabonds who abound in the city of Naples. The wretched state of the city police, and other causes, in former times led great numbers of fugitives from justice, and of the poor from the surrounding mountains, to herd together in Naples, where by begging, by petty thefts, and by such casual employment as they might obtain, they gained a scanty subsistence. Their number is said at one time to have been as great as 40,000, and, wearing only a shirt and trowsers, sleeping often in the open air, and living on raw turnips, fruit, fish, iced water, and macaroni, they were as reckless and worthless a race of vagabonds, as one would wish to meet with.

When the French came into possession of Naples, however, by enlisting into the army such of the Lazaroni as were fitted to bear arms, by sending others to the work-house, by establishing a vigilant police, and resorting to public whipping, and other summary modes of punishment for baser crimes, and by transporting more flagrant criminals, they greatly reduced the number of this abandoned class. Hence we find that in 1818, while the whole population of the city was near 400,000, there were but 3,970 vagabonds, or regular Lazaroni, — a number not greater, in proportion to the whole mass of the inhabitants, than may be met with in most cities of Europe. There were, at the same time, 15,000 persons in all the hospitals, and other buildings of public charity in the city, and 1,920 children in foundling hospitals.

The expenses of each patient in the hospitals of Naples for medical and other attendance, medicine, food, washing, &c., is about thirty cents a day. This does not include the cost of beds, mattresses, bedsteads, and bed linen. The average period passed in hospitals, is from thirty-two to thirty-seven days, and about one in seven die. The expenses of each person in poor-houses, are about seventeen cents a day, and

the mortality is greater than in hospitals, from the fact, that they contain a greater number of aged people.

The Lazaroni can supply themselves with necessary food, for five cents a day. Macaroni is their favorite dish, and, though the common sort costs but three cents a pound, yet many of them are unable to indulge in it, except on Sundays and festivals. It is manufactured from a small, hard kind of wheat, which grows in certain parts of Italy, Sicily, and Greece; which, when ground, and thoroughly sifted, is made into dough, and kneaded about an hour with an iron bar, nine or ten feet long, worked by four or five men, and is then forced by a screw through small holes in a copper plate. It then resembles twine, or small cords, and is hung up in the open air to dry, and then wound up into rolls and bunches. It is prepared for use by boiling or frying, and is a common ingredient in soups. Of the 3,500,000 bushels of grain used annually in Naples, only 260,000 are made into macaroni.

From what I can learn, there is reason to believe, that travellers have often overrated the numbers of the Lazaroni. This has been owing to the fact, that they do not beg of Neapolitans, and hence they collect their whole force in a few of the principal streets and public squares, where foreigners resort, and are not often met with in other parts of the city. From what I had before heard, and from knowing that Naples had a population of from four to five hundred thousand, I was surprised to find so few street-beggars. While Murat was king, he did much to diminish their number, by employing them in making excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, in constructing roads, and in other public works. Many of the more indolent of them have also been driven from their trade of begging, through fear of being confined in the National Workhouse, and compelled to labor. Most of them live wholly in the streets, both eating and sleeping there, and scores of them may be seen at night, snoring away upon the stone steps of the principal churches. Those who have families, however, live in caves and cabins, in the outskirts of the city. In times past, the Lazaroni have been very dangerous and troublesome, in insurrections. In the year 1647, owing to a tax laid on fruit, and other grievances, they rose *en masse*, and, under the command of Massaniello, a fisherman of the neighbourhood, took the government into their hands, and directed every thing according to their own will. It is said, that even now, they have one of their own number whom

they look up to as a kind of king, and that, by paying him a handsome bribe, a foreigner who visits Naples may free himself from being troubled by beggars. There is also what is called a Neapolitan sign, which is made by placing the ends of the fingers under the chin, with the palm of the hand down, and then withdrawing it in a direct line forward, and letting it fall down again by the side. This signifies that you belong to the city, and if one, who is not certainly known to be a foreigner, makes this sign, a beggar will leave him instantly.

The Lazaroni live almost wholly on macaroni, and drink very freely of iced water. Macaroni, in its best estate, is a kind of paste, made of flour, water, eggs, almonds, and sugar, and dressed with butter and spices. But the trash on which these poor wretches feed, is mere flour and water, drawn out into strings of the size of large twine, and two or three yards in length. A quantity of them are put into boiling water, and thus a kind of apology for soup is made. It is dipped out into small earthen dishes, when, taking the long strings of macaroni in their fingers, they hold them up at arm's length above the head, and let them drop into the mouth as fast as they can consume them. Portable stoves and furnaces are placed for the purpose of preparing it, in long rows, on a public square, which faces the water, and rude tables and stands are erected for the use of customers. Here, great numbers of beggars collect in the morning, and again between nine and ten in the evening; and a right droll and jolly crew they are too. I have been extremely amused in passing around among these fantastic groups, their dark faces, — their long untrimmed hair of jetty black, — their slouching and tattered hats and caps, and their ragged robes, flaunting loosely about them, — all seen under the dim and flaring light of the fires where their food was preparing; — this, with the noisy mirth and revelry of some, the diverting tricks of others, the strife of tongues, like the jargon of Babel, — the clamor of women and children, and the recklessness, alike of the past and the future, with which all of them seemed to act, made one almost fancy that he saw before him a train of wild, unearthly spirits, from the vasty deep, or that old Pluto's realms were opened to his view. At such times, the beggars seem to forget their troubles, and to feel and act in the spirit of the old English ballad, in which they say,

“ Hang sorrow, and cast away care,
For the parish is bound to find us.”

It may be well here to speak of the *Albergo Reale de Poveri*, commonly called the *Recluserio*. It is a kind of national poor-house, or workhouse, and was first commenced in 1751, by order of Charles the Third, after a design by the Chevalier Fuga. Poor persons are received here, and taught a variety of trades. The building is four stories high, and contains four courts, 1630 feet in length, in the centre of which is a large church. The front upon the street is 1072 feet long. It has a noble appearance, and is adorned with a portico of three arches, to which is attached a fine double flight of steps. The centre arch forms an entrance to the church, which has five naves, with an altar in the centre, so that the reading of the mass can be *seen* from every side. Yes, *seen*, for where the service of God is in an unknown tongue, and consists mainly in prostrations, waving of incense, and showing off the robes of the priesthood, it is only to be *seen*, thus feeding the eyes at the expense of the soul. I have been in a vast cathedral, where two boys, sixteen or eighteen years old, were going through with their motions, as priests, and muttering their prayers in tones so low and inarticulate, that though I stood close by the railing of the altar, and carefully listened, yet I could not distinguish a single word. Still there was a large number of people in all parts of the church, looking on, or amusing themselves as best they might.

Of the five divisions of which the *Recluserio* is to consist, three only are yet finished. These have cost about \$ 800,000, and the institution has an annual income of near \$ 200,000, of which more than \$ 30,000 is given from the public treasury, and the rest proceeds from lands and other properties given by the late king Ferdinand, or bequeathed by private benefactions. It is under military discipline, and a note from Mr. F., a very wealthy, respectable, and pious English resident at Naples, introduced us to the commandant. He was a colonel in Bonaparte's armies, and wears the star of the Legion of Honor, conferred upon him as a mark of his bravery in battle, in the year 1809. He is a man of the most astonishing energy and force of character, and has business talents of the highest order. Every thing is done with perfect system, and the utmost neatness prevails in all parts of the establishment. Sentries are placed at such points as are required, in order instantly to detect and check any disorder, and the institu-

tion is one of the largest and best conducted in Europe. Every attention was shown us, both as to seeing the buildings, schools, workshops, &c., and also as to giving us all desirable information. It was delightful to witness the vigor and despatch with which every thing was done, especially in the office of the commandant. He would talk with us, and still keep everybody about him in motion, in writing what he dictated, and in executing his orders; and when two or three young men were brought in, who had been guilty of some fault, such a reprimand as he gave them I certainly never heard before, nor do I expect to hear again. It was by far the most striking exhibition of physical power, as far as voice and manner were concerned, that I ever witnessed; and still his eye was perfectly calm and cool, and so free was he from all passion, that he instantly turned from it to converse with us, just as if nothing had occurred, and he had made no effort. It was the scathing of the lightning, and the blasting of the thunderbolt, without either their light or their heat.

There are seven or eight thousand inmates of the Reclusorio, of whom a small majority are males. More than two thousand of these are under age, and were taken in as poor children. They are in school two hours each day, and work at some trade eight hours. They rise at four, eat breakfast at eleven A. M., and dinner at eight, P. M., and go to bed at half past nine. The boys wear a kind of military cap and undress, and from six to seven in the evening are drilled in marching, and martial exercises. They have small guns, and a large and fine band of music. Thus it is a kind of military school, and all the musicians of the king's army are trained there. They have also their hours of recreation, when they assemble in large rooms, and both there, and in the schools and workshops, it was truly delightful to see so many cheerful and happy beings, who, but for the hand of enlightened charity, had been beggars, outcasts, and vagabonds in the earth. The Report of the institution, now before me, gives the following classification and numbers of those who are in the schools, and who are learning different trades and arts. In the various schools of Belles-lettres, including the common branches of education, 700. There is also a large school on the Lancasterian plan, for the younger children. Besides these, there is a school for the Deaf and Dumb, who are taught partly by pictures and signs; but the slow, tedious, and comparatively useless mode of teaching them to articu-

late, is also pursued. There are more than fifty of them, of whom thirty-seven are males. But neither here, nor at Rome, are the schools conducted with much system or science, compared with those in the United States. There are 114 engaged in works of design, including painting and engraving. Of the musicians there are 290; of whom thirty are vocal, and the rest instrumental. Architects of various kinds, 210. Tailors, 130. Shoemakers, 110. Pinmakers, 104. Cloth manufacturers, 200. Armourers, 60. Smiths, 30. Weavers, 100. There is also a type foundery, printing-office, glass factory, and a variety of other arts and trades. The bedsteads are of iron, with a hinge in the middle, so that by day they occupy but half of their full length. At the head of each, the name and number of the occupant is placed. I have been thus particular in hopes of furnishing some facts which may be useful to those at home, who are connected with the numerous institutions for the benefit of the poor, and also because it is truly cheering to the soul to meet such a fair and verdant oasis in the midst of such a moral desert of oppression, ignorance, and want.

In the war of our Revolution, the ground of our revolt was not the weight of our burdens; it was not that a tax of a few pence on tea was like to crush us; nor was it because we were entirely deprived of civil liberty; for the charters granted by the English sovereigns to the different States, were in some cases their only constitution of government, for half a century after our independence was secured; nor was it because we supposed that the king and people of Great Britain were, like so many vampires, thirsting for our blood. On the other hand, the ties of respect, affection, and sympathy, which bound us to our mother-land, were peculiarly strong. Why, then, should we contend? I answer, that it was purely a war of principle. It was because political doctrines were avowed and enforced, which were opposed to liberty, and which, if admitted, might be used by ambitious and tyrannical men as engines of deep and bitter oppression.

I have presented the case above as an illustration of my views and feelings, as to the principles avowed, and the system of policy pursued, by the Roman Catholic church. In the United States, for instance, there can be little danger from Catholic influence, so long as the large and ascendant sects of Protestants are vigilant and active in promoting education, and especially in establishing Sabbath Schools, and circu-

lating the Bible. Nor have I ever seen reason to believe, that (if we except immigration) the Catholics are increasing faster, or even as fast as other denominations; so that, be their principles what they may, there is no immediate danger to our liberties from their influence. It is further true, that none but the most ignorant and bigoted think that the Catholic, as such, is deficient in the warmer sympathies, and in the higher, and purer social feelings of our nature; or that, as a matter of course, he wishes to persecute and destroy the Protestant and the heretic. And here it is with pleasure that I record the fact, that some of my best and most intelligent friends, and those, too, whom I highly esteem for their social and moral worth, are Catholics. And yet I have ever had most strong and decided objections to their creed; and these objections have acquired a tenfold force, since I have been on purely Catholic ground, and there seen the full and perfect operation of the system. It is true, that the views of Augustine, and other early pillars of the church, as to the leading doctrines of the Bible, were sound and correct, and were in the main clearly explained, and ably defended. But it is equally true, that the prominence that has since been given to the Virgin Mary, to the mediation of saints, and other kindred matters, have so obscured and brought into disrepute the doctrine of the merits of Christ, and of justification by faith, as almost entirely to have destroyed their practical influence. Indeed, for a long series of years, the Jansenists were bitterly reproached and persecuted, and were finally denounced, and suppressed as dangerous heretics, more from their zeal in holding and defending the peculiar views of Augustine, than from any other cause. As to the influence of the doctrines of absolution, and of indulgences on the morals of a community, I shall speak at some future time, in connexion with many important facts, which have come to my knowledge since leaving the United States.

It cannot be denied, that the practical influence of the Catholic system is, to keep men in a state of deplorable ignorance, as to their personal rights and duties, and also to prevent enlightened and independent views of their relations to God, and to their fellow-men. A church which is burdened with a large mass of rules, rites, and ceremonies, is much in the same condition, as to efficient action, with the soldiers of the old Romans; each of whom, in marching, carried a heavy load upon his back. On the other hand, a

church with a simple creed, and few rites, resembles a body of cavalry, or of light-armed infantry, who can act with rapidity and vigor, upon any assailable point, and have nothing to do but to wage a constant warfare with the enemy. In other words, there are in the Catholic church so many internal regulations, as to rites and ceremonies, which need to be explained and enforced, that the clergy have little or no time to spare for the purpose of defending the doctrines and truths of the Bible, and urging them home upon the hearts and consciences of their hearers. The Bible is also withheld from the people, and their catechisms and systems of theology are mostly occupied with explanations of the external rites of religion, and with discussions of mere questions of casuistry, showing what sins are mortal, and what are venial, and pointing out how far a man may go in the ways of transgression, and still receive the pardon of the church. Where such things take the place of the weightier matters of the law, — and the mint, anise, and cummin of the self-righteous Pharisee, instead of judgment and mercy, instead of the claims of God, and the warnings and invitations of His Word, are presented to those who are hungering for the bread of life, — the result must be, that religion, instead of that deep and abiding principle which it becomes where the truth is given line upon line, and precept upon precept, will, if it exist at all, be a mere sentiment only, and not a living and efficient source of feeling and of action.

It has been my practice, at different ports which we have visited, to purchase copies of such almanacs as were to be met with, in order that I might correctly learn the number of saints' days, which the clergy require the people to keep, each year. Not but that each of the three hundred and sixty-five days is allotted to some saint, — indeed, there are far more saints in the Calendar than there are days in the year, but in these almanacs the holydays on which the shops are to be shut, and the people are to abstain from all work, have opposite to them a cross, or some other distinctive mark. These days, in the Pope's dominions, amount to seventy, each year, besides Sabbaths. In addition to these, there are many other days, when it is a matter of choice whether people work or not, which the indolent will, of course, consider as holy time; and then there are the name-days, that is, the day of the saint whose name one may chance to bear, which are commonly kept by the whole family. Thus, if a child is

called Anthony, St. Anthony's day must be kept; and, as all the children are named after some saint, it gives the lucky urchins many a holyday. I hardly need allude to the effect of this, as in a great degree defeating all attempts at system, regularity, and improvement, in schools, — as checking honest industry, and introducing indolence, beggary, and crime, and destroying the personal independence of the lower classes, by compelling them to look up for their bread to the clergy, and others who have wealth. This evil is a subject of grievous complaint, among master mechanics, and other men of business. A Spanish merchant, while speaking to me one day about their numerous holydays, said, "You, in your country, follow the laws of God Almighty in this matter, — but we, those of the friars."

But the main objection, which I would now urge against the Catholic system, is the high-toned and exclusive nature of its claims, both as to religious and political rights and powers. Men, especially the ignorant, are quite apt enough to be bigoted, without its being taught them as a duty; but where it is made an indispensable condition of salvation, and of freedom from the pains of purgatory, that they should pray for the extirpation of all heretics, — including, of course, Lutherans, Calvinists, and others, then the poison enters the very soul. Leaving this general view, however, let us take their creed upon a particular point. Marriage with them is a sacrament, and therefore, to be valid, must be performed by a priest of the only true church. All other marriages not being valid, the children of them are illegitimate, and therefore not entitled to inherit property. All the world, then, belongs of course to the children of the Holy Catholic Church, and to them only. This has been avowed as sound doctrine, by a Pope, during the present century. Now we do not charge Catholics, as a body, with wishing to enforce this abominable dogma; still, the principle itself is extremely dangerous to civil liberty, and there are never wanting, in any party, corrupt and ambitious men, who will push their power as far as their creed will let them.

It has been shrewdly remarked, that it has ever been the policy of the Catholics never to persecute when they cannot, and always to do it when they can. Still, I have known one exception to this; that is, they tried to persecute where they could not well succeed. During Lent, last year, my friend, the Rev. Mr. R., of Gibraltar, attended the sermons in the

Catholic church there, and took notes of what was said, and delivered a course of evening lectures in Spanish, on the same subjects, in his own chapel. As these attracted some attention, the Pope's Vicar was highly incensed, and wrote him a threatening letter, telling him that if he did not desist, there was danger that the people would rise upon him. Mr. R. replied that he saw no indications of such a step, and that, as he was under the protection of British laws, he had no fears. The next sermon he attended, as he began to take notes, both his arms were seized by two men placed near him for the purpose, and thus he was held fast. Complaint of this outrage was made to the town major, who ordered some police officers to be present during the next sermon. The same scene was then repeated, save that the villains who seized Mr. R. were politely waited on by the police. The Pope's Vicar seeing his plans thus defeated, rose up while the preacher was in the midst of his sermon, and, with five or six priests at his heels, came down from the altar, and opening a pathway through the dense crowd until he came where Mr. R. stood, commenced a pompous and inflammatory harangue. Mr. R. replied, that he did not come there for a public dispute, and this was neither a proper time nor place for such an object. His Highness then lifting up his voice, cried, "Out with him;" whereupon some ruffians, armed with clubs, rushed upon him, but his friends surrounded him, and carried him safely off. A prosecution was commenced by Mr. R.; but, as much excitement resulted, it was withdrawn, and the Catholics made a law that none but their own people should enter the church.

Among such a population as there is in the south of Europe, it is always pleasant to meet an intelligent and well-educated Englishman. This is not merely owing to the fact, that he has a common language and a common origin with ourselves, but it is because he has a character so prominent and so strongly marked, and is comparatively so noble and independent a being, and, withal, so different in every respect from the conceited and revengeful, and at the same time mean, cringing, and hollow-hearted race, who in many places vegetate around you. True, he has his failings. He is often proud and self-willed, but then there is commonly no deceit about it, and you know where to find him. As to his pride, too, there is some reason in that, for there is much in the history and character of his nation, and in the efforts

which they make for the good of mankind, of which he may justly be proud. But what I would mainly speak of now, is the marked nationality of character which the English show in religious matters. Though as an American directly opposed to a union of church and state, as an unholy alliance, which has inflicted untold evils upon mankind, and covered Christianity with shame and disgrace, still much may be said in its favor. With the Englishman, his religion is a component part, not only of his education, but also of his character as an individual, and a citizen or officer of the British Empire. Now, although the signing of religious tests may lead to much hypocrisy, still, in the army and navy, and elsewhere, the fact, that a national faith exists, leads to a much more respectful and rigid observance of those outward forms of religion which the law requires, than there is with us. So, too, where Englishmen settle in foreign countries, they are commonly as jealous of their religious as of their civil rights; and, where their numbers will warrant it, they almost uniformly establish their national forms of worship. This fact, together with the wealth and independence of character of the English, have done much to give Protestantism a foothold, and to gain for it no small degree of respect in many of the cities of southern Europe.

Among those who were often on board our ship while lying at Naples, was Lord W., a pious Irish nobleman. He recognised one of the crew as a former tenant of his; and, in addition to other acts of kindness, he furnished us with a supply of religious tracts, for distribution among the men. Another of our visitors was Mr. F., a pious and wealthy Englishman, who resides at Naples. He is a man of remarkably fine address and personal appearance, and fully devoted to the work of doing good. He was formerly a resident of Sienna, in Tuscany; where, in opposition to the wishes of his friends, he acted as Consul, because a wider field of usefulness was thus opened to him. While there, he used to open his house for divine service regularly every Sabbath, and for two years the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, formerly of Boston, Massachusetts, officiated. This was indeed directly opposed to the law, but Mr. F. was on good terms with the Archbishop and Governor, and told them that as long as he continued there, he should on the Sabbath keep open doors for all who would come, but that they knew his character as a citizen, and that, whenever they wished him to do so, he would leave

the kingdom. About one hundred English residents, and a number of the natives used to attend this service.

On one occasion, a Jew brought a quantity of Bibles to Sienna for sale, which were purchased by the citizens and the English residents. The Governor compelled the citizens to give up those which they had bought, and then went to Mr. F., and told him that he did not like to interfere with the affairs of the English, but wished him to use his influence with them, to give up the Bibles which they had. Mr. F. told him that he would go to each one of them and state the case, and then report their answers. Some said that, if the Governor wished their Bibles, he must come and take them by force; others said, that sooner than give them up they would leave the kingdom. These answers were faithfully reported by Mr. F., who said for himself that, whenever his religious rights were interfered with, he should seek a residence elsewhere. At his request, a full account of the matter was forwarded to the government of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, and thus the matter ended. When about leaving the country, however, after a residence there of nine years, the government sent him a highly complimentary certificate, as to his character and conduct while resident there.

At Naples there is a chaplain connected with the English Embassy, but he was on a visit to England when we were there. Service is held in a private room, which will accommodate about three hundred. But in the winter there would be twice that number, were there room for them. During the last year, the English residents obtained, through their minister at this Court, verbal permission of the king of Naples to build a chapel, provided there should be nothing in its outward appearance to designate it as a church, and also that the citizens of Naples should not be permitted to enter it. The ground for this purpose was bought, the English minister laid the corner-stone himself, and the work was going on well, when, in an evil hour, some friars visited the spot, — surveyed the ground, — and, going to those who pull the wires, the king's permission was withdrawn, and there the matter rests. It is thought that, if the minister were a man of more energy of character, the affair might yet be favorably adjusted.

At Rome the English have a chapel just without the walls, and a chaplain officiates there, from October to May, to a

congregation of three or four hundred English residents and travellers. Indeed, the English do so much by their wealth, and by their patronage of the fine arts, to keep Rome from a state of utter stagnation and death, that it is policy to use them well. It is said, that a great excitement was produced in the Papal Court by an affair which occurred during Holy Week this year. One of the Pope's Swiss Guard was guilty of rudeness in repelling an English lady from some place under his care, whereupon the gentleman who attended her, without any ceremony, knocked him down. For this he was seized and confined by the soldiers. The matter was reported forthwith to the English Consul, who interfered with such spirit as to make His Holiness and his Cardinals look rather blue.

A very pious, active, and excellent man with whom I became acquainted at Naples, is the Rev. Mr. Vallette, chaplain of the Prussian Embassy. Mr. V. has now been at Naples nine years, and preaches in French every Sabbath in the house of the Prussian Ambassador, to two or three hundred persons, and also labors among the Swiss soldiers, in the barracks. He sometimes preaches in German, when his colleague, who labors with that class of residents, is absent, and also in Albanian. On each of two days in the week he spends five or six hours in instructing the children of his parish. He used to visit some of the hospitals and prisons, but the Jesuits have cut him off from this means of doing good. He is a fine scholar, and a very amiable and useful man.

We had the pleasure of meeting, at Naples, the Rev. J. D. Paxton, for some years pastor of the Presbyterian church in Norfolk, Virginia, and afterwards of the church connected with Hampden-Sidney College, and the Union Theological Seminary, in Prince Edward county, in the same State. He took passage with us to Malta, and it was very pleasant to have the company and aid of a man of so much piety and modest worth. One needs to be severed from Christian society, and placed where those around him watch for his halting, fully to feel the strength and value of those delightful ties, those cords of love, by which the hearts of Christians are united to each other.

There are many in the south of Europe, especially among the higher classes, who have no respect for the Catholic religion, and freely avow it; but still say, that they are so watched by the priests, that if they do not comply with the

outward forms of religion, they are forthwith marked, and their political interests suffer. If the union between church and state in Catholic countries were once dissolved, a death-blow would thus be struck at the whole system.

The prevalence of street and field-preaching in Catholic countries may greatly aid the cause of truth, should Protestantism ever be tolerated there. In these mild climates, it has always been practised by certain classes of friars; and they may be seen with a crowd around them, on public squares, and at the corners of the streets, with a man beside them holding a large image of Christ on the cross, to which they often point in their preaching. A smaller cross hangs behind the preacher in churches, which, at the close of a sermon, he takes down and kisses, and often has a dialogue like this. "Here," says he to the people, "is your God (holding up the cross). Don't you hear what your God says to you? He says so and so. Listen to him." And thus they go on with this almost blasphemous familiarity, apparently directing such reverence as there may be, to the image instead of Him in the heavens, whom it represents.

There are in Naples numerous convents, monasteries, and churches, some of which are quite large and splendid. But most of the old Catholic churches and cathedrals are so covered with dirt and dust; and the walls, pillars, pictures, and images, have become of so dark and dingy a color, from the smoke of the numerous torches burned there; that whatever beauty they might have had is gone, and they owe their whole effect to their size, and the merits there may be in their architecture. There is one church in Naples, however, which is a striking exception to the description given above. It is that of San Martino, and is situated on the hill of St. Elmo, adjoining the castle. Its site was formerly occupied by a country house of the king of Naples, and surely a more delightful spot for such a building could not have been selected. The church was erected in 1325, and remodelled on a new plan two centuries afterwards. It is kept extremely clean, and is ornamented with paintings of a high order, by Spagnoletto, Michael Angelo, and other artists of the first class. There is a picture of Jesus Christ dead, which is much admired, and for which it is said that an English nobleman offered 20,000 pounds. But one hears similar stories with regard to so many paintings, at Rome and elsewhere, that he is led to think them all mere fictions. The roof of this church

is covered with fine fresco paintings, and the floor and the walls are composed of the richest mosaics, inwrought with lapis lazuli, Egyptian agate, and other kinds of precious stones. The choir and the sacristy are entirely covered with mosaics, worked in Brazil wood, representing scenes and passages of history taken from the Old Testament. Some idea can be formed of the richness and magnificence of every thing within, from the fact, that the railing of the altar alone, which is not more than two feet high and twenty in length, cost \$ 16,000. The size of the church is not such as to be imposing, but its perfect neatness, together with the fine pictures and statues, and the rich and gorgeous mosaics which adorn it, give it a striking and peculiar interest. The wealth that has been wasted on Catholic churches is truly astonishing. I say wasted, for so we may consider what has been expended in gilding the walls, in adorning the rich and gorgeous altars, in procuring costly paintings and statues, and in every thing which has for its object merely, that show and parade, which impose upon the senses without affecting the heart. Were there taken from these vast show-boxes only what should leave to them all that is truly needful to a church as a place of religious worship and instruction, the wealth thus saved would be sufficient to send the gospel through the world. To be convinced of this, one needs but to travel through the south of Europe, and, if he choose, he may take into account South America and Mexico. In the latter country, in one cathedral, whose interior is adorned with the lustre of the richest gems and precious stones, he may see a single lamp before the altar, which cost \$ 100,000, and in another a pulpit of ivory, which cost \$ 600,000.

From the hill of St. Elmo, where are the castle and the church of St. Martin, the prospect is most striking and beautiful. It embraces Baia and Puzzoli, with their scenes of classic interest, — the wide-spread bay of Naples, with its islands, — Vesuvius, sending up its clouds of smoke to heaven, while round its base lie, in buried towns and villages, the ruins of many generations. Further back, until the hills and far off mountains stop the view, all is one rich and verdant array of vineyards and gardens, of fruit and forest trees, and waving fields of grain; while at your feet, and far beneath you, is the city, with its lofty houses, its numerous churches and convents, and the hum of its vast and busy population, rising in one united and indistinct murmur, and falling upon

the ear like the noise of many waters, — the faint and distant echo of the conflicting waves of passion, interest, and pleasure, which agitate the ocean of existence which lies below.

The principal street in Naples is the Strada Toledo. It extends from the foot of the hill of St. Elmo, in a straight line, the whole length of the city, and is one of the finest in Europe. The houses are five or six stories high, with balconies in front of all the windows; and when large and imposing processions are passing, their whole fronts are covered with human beings, mostly females, all life and motion; and, as those who are wont to describe such matters would say, presenting a splendid array of beauty and fashion. On such occasions, many of the balconies are hung with rich coverings of scarlet or yellow silk. There is much that is imposing, in beholding the multitude thus suspended in the air, and the mighty throng who fill the streets all silently kneeling, when the Host, or the image of a saint, is borne along; or waving their handkerchiefs, and rending the heavens with their shouts, when the king is passing by.

In addition to other shows and fiestas, when splendid illuminations took place, we were at Naples on the festival of Corpus Christi. The object of this is, to celebrate the first establishment of the Lord's Supper. The procession was very long, and the number of the military, with their fine bands of music, and of the priests, was immense. And well it might be so, for the king of Naples has some 30,000 or 40,000 soldiers; and, in addition to the multitude of priests connected with the numerous churches, there are in the city 149 convents. These priests make a singular figure as they move about. In Spain you see them with hats, having round crowns, and with brims some two or three feet in diameter, rolled up at the sides, so as to meet on the top of the head, and pointing fore and aft, like stove pipes, to which they have been aptly compared. In Italy, however, the priests commonly have three-cornered hats, the brims of which, instead of being bound closely to the crown, rise up in a jaunty way, and give them a kind of airy and fantastic look. All have small-clothes and stockings of black, with large shoe-buckles; nor are they, like the Spanish clergy, for ever wrapped up in the national cloak. But then the priestlings, the poor little fellows, what odd looking fish they are. You may see them of all ages, from eight or ten upwards, with their small-clothes on, and moving about under huge, wide-spread hats. They look like

so many dwarfish and shrivelled pigmies, personating the ghosts of a former generation, or as if they were thus robed in mockery of the dress of the priesthood. One may also see little stripling friars, with their heads shaved and bare, with their coarse, woollen gowns and hoods, and a cord, or broad leather strap round the waist, and the ends hanging down to the ground. The wild and rakish conduct of many of these youth, who have nothing of the clergyman about them but their dress, brings much reproach not only upon the priesthood but also upon religion itself.

But let us return to the festival of Corpus Christi. Mass was performed in one or two churches, and immense crowds thronged the streets to witness the splendid procession, while the balconies, as far as the eye could reach, were filled with ladies in their holyday dresses. But the centre of attraction, and the object alike of curiosity and devout adoration, was the Host, the consecrated elements of the Holy Supper, and, as Catholics believe, the real body and blood of Christ, — that body which died upon the cross and ascended to heaven. Yes, parts of that same body are claimed to be present in all parts of the world where the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered. In this case, the Host was carried under a rich canopy of white silk, supported by four bearers, and was immediately followed by the king and other members of the royal family, with their heads uncovered, and on foot. Behind them came their empty coaches, each drawn by six superb horses, and with footmen and outriders in the richest and most gorgeous livery. The soldiers presented their arms, — the clangor of martial music rent the heavens, — the crowd looked on with wonder and awe, — and the gaudy pageant passed away. And this, thought I, is religion, — the religion of the Prince of Peace, — of Him, who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," — "of Him, who had not where to lay his head," and who foretold of his true followers, that they should be poor and despised, and strangers alike to the wealth and the honors of this world.

That the morals of the people in the south of Italy are very low and corrupt, is what is often said, but no idea can be formed of the sad reality but by being in the midst of them. It is enough to make one sick, and feel ashamed to call himself a man, to witness the knavery, the hollow-hearted meanness, the duplicity and deceit, which everywhere meets him in Italy. You are uniformly charged double or treble the

value of articles, and one is so constantly driven to banter with, and be harassed by those with whom he deals, that he becomes degraded in his own esteem, and almost fancies that he himself is a jockey.

One of our most interesting excursions from Naples, was to Baia, Cumæ, and Puzzoli, and the interesting places in their vicinity. Passing near what many suppose to be the tomb of Virgil, we entered the grotto of Pausilypo. This is a tunnel, cut through the solid rock of which the hill is composed, and resembles those which we sometimes meet with in our own country, on the routes of railroads and canals. It is from half a mile to a mile in length, fifty or sixty feet high, and wide enough for two carriages to pass. Two shafts open upwards from the roof, but it is mainly lighted by lamps, suspended along the sides. The region which meets the eye on leaving the grotto, is one of high interest, both in a physical and moral point of view. Puzzoli, formerly Puteoli, was, in early times, one of the most extensive seaports and places of trade, in the world. There, immense quantities of grain, raised on the fertile banks of the Nile, and other costly productions of the East, were landed. In one of the ships engaged in the vast commerce carried on between this port and Alexandria, in Egypt, St. Paul was shipwrecked at Malta; while in another of them, he took his passage thence, by the way of Syracuse and Rhegium, to Puteoli, where, finding Christians, he spent seven days with them before leaving for Rome. Beyond this is Baia, once crowded with the villas of the nobility and Emperors of Rome. Here the wealthy encroached upon the sea, in their eagerness to have a dwelling in a place combining so much of the beauty and highest magnificence, both of nature and of art. Next to this lies Cumæ, founded before the Trojan war, and one of the oldest and most populous cities of ancient Italy. The furthest point of this landscape, is Cape Misenus, a bold promontory, washed by the waves, and round whose base the fleet of the Roman Emperors used to anchor. These points command a view of the rich and varied beauties with which the bay of Naples is surrounded; while near them are the Elysian Fields, the fabled abodes of the blessed, and Lake Avernus, with its dark and mysterious interest, and the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, the entrance to the world below; places which the genius of Virgil and of Homer have clothed with the rich and splendid drapery of religious poetry and romance. I

need not pause to describe the Baths of Nero, and the numerous other mineral springs and wells, in some of which the water has been boiling for thousands of years, by means of volcanic heat. Nor need we notice, in detail, the villas of Cicero, and other distinguished Romans; nor the temples of Mars, and Jupiter; of Mercury, Venus, and Diana: but let us rather ask, — Where is now all this more than regal splendor and magnificence? What now remains of Roman pomp and grandeur, and of Roman vice, profligacy, and corruption? The earthquake and volcano have been busy there, — a mountain, hundreds of feet in height, has risen from the famous Lucrine lake, — temples, with their firm and massive pillars, have been overthrown, — splendid mansions and costly villas have sunk beneath the waves, — squalid filth, indolence, and beggary, now hold their sway where once rose the busy mart, crowded with the commerce of the world, — and the whole coast around is broken and seared, presenting, in every direction, the marks of convulsion, desolation, and death. Indeed, the evidence of the just vengeance of Heaven, thus inflicted on a place so notorious for corruption and vice, is here stamped upon the face of nature, in characters more plain and palpable than those in which we read the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, as reflected from the dark and murky waves of that sea of death which now rolls over them.

Lake Avernus is surrounded by high banks, covered with wild vines and forest trees, and, like many other lakes of Italy, seems to occupy the crater of an extinguished volcano. Its breadth may be half a mile, but its depth is unknown. It no longer sends forth those volcanic effluviæ, which, if we may credit ancient writers, caused death to birds which attempted to fly over its surface, and which induced the poets to fix upon it as the mouth of Hell. The thick forests which enclosed it, and which led Homer to speak of it as shrouded in eternal night, were cut down by order of the Emperor Augustus; and Lake Avernus, like a thousand other objects of classic interest which I have witnessed, seemed strangely different, when lying directly before me, from what it appeared to be when viewed at a distance, through the wild and exaggerated medium of high-wrought poetic imagery.

The entrance to the Grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, like that of almost every temple and other place of curiosity in Italy, is secured by a gate, that thus a fee may be extorted from

travellers, for the privilege of visiting them. We were lighted by two large torches, and thus passed along the "Facilis descensus Averni." This passage, which is ten or twelve feet high, and as many broad, was probably made at first to shorten the distance between Lake Avernus and Cumæ. Even now the light can be seen glimmering through, at the end opposite that which we entered. The thought that Ulysses and Æneas had descended there before us, produced some symptoms of the classic fever; but though we did not bear for a defence the mystic golden bough, yet we saw no signs of grim old Cerberus, nor of Charon with his boat, nor Minos, the Inquisitor-General, nor the Furies with their hair of twisted snakes. At the distance of twenty or thirty rods from the entrance, a narrow passage turns to the right; and there, mounting on the shoulders of men, we passed through the dark waters of the lower regions, and were shown the niche from which the Sibyl used to utter her responses. Then it was that all our classic feelings forsook us; for though the sulphureous fumes of our torches, with which we were wellnigh suffocated, might strongly remind us of old Pluto's realms, yet the ludicrous figure which we made, thus mounted on our guides, threw us into fits of laughter. What made the matter worse, was, that the heaviest man of our party, beneath whose weight even a donkey would bend, was carried by the smallest of the guides. The poor fellow crippled beneath his load; and, as the water was higher than his knees, he let down the feet of his rider into it; and what with the wheezing of the one, and the reeling and gasping of the other, it was a scene worthy of the pencil of Hogarth, or the pen of Cervantes.

The temple of Jupiter Serapis, at Puzzoli, presents ruins of uncommon interest. It was disinterred about eighty years since, and is one hundred and fifty feet long, and more than one hundred feet in breadth. It was surrounded by porticos composed of columns of red Egyptian marble, of which three only are now standing. They are sixty feet high, and eighteen in circumference. The pavement, with its mosaics, is now covered, to the depth of a few inches, with water, and parts of the splendid columns which supported the circular shrine in the centre, are still standing.

Ascending the hill in the rear of Puzzoli, we came to an amphitheatre, older than the Coliseum, at Rome, and nearly as large. Though the upper part is in ruins, yet the

arches below are, many of them, perfect. It is regarded with great sanctity, from the fact that St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, here performed many miracles, and was at length torn in pieces by wild beasts. The fable of the liquefaction of the blood of this saint, on a given day each year, and also that he still performs many miracles, is religiously believed by great multitudes in Naples.

Solfaterra is on a hill more than a mile from Puzzoli. It is the crater of a volcano, which is still burning. The basin is of a circular form, and half a mile in diameter. It is enclosed by banks from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and its surface is covered with marl of a brown color, and so hot as quickly to burn the naked skin. Smoke issues from a number of orifices, which, at night, becomes a blue and lambent flame. Murat commenced obtaining materials for gunpowder here. The earth, which is highly charged with sulphur, is put into large boilers, where the sulphur, being fused by heat, sinks, and is drawn off by an orifice at the bottom. The earth reverberates with a hollow sound, when a large stone is thrown upon it. At the further end of the crater a number of large iron pots, for the preparation of alum, were placed near each other, and the liquid in them is kept constantly boiling, from the natural heat below. It was evident, that but a thin covering separated us from the tossing lake of fire and brimstone which rolled under our feet; and that but a slight convulsion of nature would fully disclose the flaming depth beneath. Such a scene could hardly fail of bringing vividly to mind, that strong and spirited imagery which is used in Scripture, in order to give us an idea of the sufferings of the lost. Our own situation, too, bore no slight analogy to the moral condition of those, who, reckless of the future, eagerly pursue the gay and airy phantoms of wealth and pleasure, while fiery billows roll beneath their feet.

Solfaterra excites peculiar interest from the fact, that Milton is supposed to have derived from it some of the most splendid imagery which he employs in describing the infernal regions. Thus was suggested what he says of the firm brimstone which filled all the plain: "The burning marl, o'er which, with unblest feet, the arch-fiend held his way," — "The plain, which underneath, had veins of liquid fire."

We returned from this excursion just at evening, and entered the city by the way of the Villa Reale. This is a long and broad street, where an immense number of carriages may

be seen for two or three hours every pleasant afternoon, passing along in solid columns, and freighted with the wealth, nobility, and fashion of Naples. On one side of this street is a row of lofty houses, while on the other, for near a mile in extent, it is separated from the sea by a beautiful park, adorned with shaded walks, flower-gardens, fountains, and statues, which, united with the cool and beautiful sea breeze, make it a most delightful place for an evening promenade.

CHAPTER VI.

PÆSTUM — POMPEII — VESUVIUS.

Natural Scenery. — Vines. — Horses. — Bells. — Beggars. — La Cava. — Salerno. — Buffaloes. — Pæstum. — Banditti. — Crosses. — Murders in Spain. — Walls of Pæstum. — Tombs. — Temples. — Its Present State. — Reflections. — Volcanic Eruption. — Pompeii. — Amphitheatre. — Herculaneum. — Skeletons in Pompeii. — Temple. — Houses. — Articles found there. — Morals of the Inhabitants. — Pickpockets. — Puppy Auction. — Vesuvius. — Ascent by Night. — A Warm Bed. — Scene at Sunrise. — Eruptions. — Crater. — Manuscripts at Herculaneum. — Skeletons. — Shops. — Eruptions. — Minerals. — Fertility. — Sorrento. — Madam Starke. — Ruins. — Villa of Vedius Pollio. — Tasso. — The Piano. — Mountain Scenery. — Amalfi. — Artists. — Mountains. — Snow-pits. — Scenery. — A singular Ride and a pleasant Acquaintance.

“ Around are banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these.
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.”

OUR excursions from Naples were made at that season of the year when the whole face of nature is clothed with the richest and most gorgeous covering. The forest trees, the fields of waving grain, the vine and the olive, all presented the rank luxuriance, and that shade of deep and living green which they wear in early summer, and which, too, are far more striking in these glad and sunny climes than in the colder regions of the north. The shrubs and plants are also decked with a greater variety and profusion of blossoms, and they have deeper and more brilliant hues than in less genial climes. The clover of Spain and Italy, when in bloom, instead of the round, compact, and pale red top which it has in the United States, is decked with what looks more like a spiral cluster of distinct flowers than a single blossom. Its color is that of blood, or rather a light and brilliant crimson; and fields of it, scattered here and there, give a delightful variety to a widely-extended landscape. Another plant,

everywhere seen, is the wild poppy. Its bright scarlet blossoms, resting on a slender stem, and gently waving before the slightest breeze, may be seen in all directions, thickly covering the hillside and the plain, and adding another shade of beauty to the rich and variegated scenery of these southern lands.

The numerous vineyards, and the different ways in which vines are trained, also form an important item when speaking of the rich variety there is, in the features of an Italian landscape. To support young vines a kind of reed or cane is used, which grows to the height of ten or fifteen feet. These, when dry, are firm and very durable; and, for vines during their first year's growth, a reed three or four feet high, or three or four of them, separated from each other at the bottom, and tied together at the top, are placed at each vine or cluster of vines. These are planted about two or three feet apart. Larger vines are either permitted to ascend trees, or are supported by poles resting on stakes driven in the ground, and six or seven feet high. Often, however, poplar trees, which grow tall and very slender, are planted ten or twelve feet apart, and the vines run on poles which pass from one of these trees to another. Thus, large tracts of country are divided into little squares by wreaths of vines, while the slender and graceful poplars above, and the waving fields of cotton, grass, and grain below, form a picturesque and peculiar landscape. The olive, too, with its various shades, from the lightest to the deepest green, is not without its claim to beauty. But its appearance is most pleasing when seen, as in the neighbourhood of Salerno, covering conical hills, and with parallel rows, like so many verdant wreaths, extending quite around the circumference, and rising one above another, from the base to the summit. This general description of some prominent points in the rural scenery of Italy, has been given to avoid the necessity of future digressions for this object.

The day on which we left Naples to visit Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Pæstum, was a truly delightful one. Every thing around us had the charm of novelty, and our pleasure was increased by the fact, that we had just broken loose from the confinement of a cruise, and of quarantine. A recent rain had cooled the air, laid the dust, and given to the face of nature an air of freshness and of fragrance. Our party, consisting of Commodore P. and his family, and a number of offi-

cers, started off in true Italian style. Each carriage was drawn by three horses, ranged abreast, two of which were attached to the shaft, and the third drew by a rope tied to the fore-spring of the carriage. They were all ornamented with ribands, and the head-stalls of their bridles were set off with the skin and hair of some wild animal; while a crest of feathers, a foot in height, rose from between the ears, and twenty or thirty little tinkling sleigh-bells, scarcely larger than a walnut, were stuck all over the head. These bells are not used, as with us, to warn those on foot of the approach of danger, for the noise of the carriage does that; but there was an old idea among the pagans, that the sound of bells had a peculiar effect in driving away demons, and in freeing one from other evil influences. Hence, has been derived the Catholic custom of ringing bells frequently, when saying mass for the souls of the dead, and also during thunder-storms and fires. Bells were also used as charms to protect horses, and other animals, from all those diseases and other ills which were brought upon them by the agency of evil spirits. This historical fact was confirmed by finding bells on the harnesses and around the necks of the skeletons of horses disinterred at Pompeii. A similar superstition leads Catholics, on St. Anthony's day, to take their horses, asses, and other animals, to the priest for a blessing and a sprinkling with holy water, and also to have a small bag of meal wet with holy water, and stirred up with a bone of St. Anthony, to be used as a medicine in all possible diseases which may befall these brutes.

After leaving Naples, we passed through the beautiful suburbs, with the sea on one side, and mountains on the other, and fruitful gardens and vineyards all around us. In a short time we were riding through the village, which is built upon the solid lava which now covers Herculaneum. There, in every direction, were the ruins caused by the successive eruptions of the mighty volcano above us. In one place, we noticed the steeple of a church, rising a few feet above the surface, all other parts of the building being buried in the lava. Here and there a blind man, led by a little boy or girl, or a ragged, woe-begone wretch, with a child on his shoulders, horribly deformed, would leave his station by the roadside, and pursue us at the top of his speed, crying aloud with doleful tones for charity. Then there would come on the same errand a troop of bronze-colored urchins, naked, or

nearly so, and hardy and active, and fleet as the wind. Some of them would imitate the sound of a trumpet, while others would turn rapidly over on their hands and feet, like a wheel, and play all sorts of antics and monkey tricks, to amuse us and draw out our coppers. They were droll vagabonds, — one moment full of their waggery, and the next, with a long face and a kind of mock gravity, they cried, "Fame, fame, mort a fame." (I am hungry, hungry, dead with hunger.)

Leaving Pompeii to be visited when we returned, soon after passing it we left the sea, and entered a broad and lovely valley, covered with vineyards and fruitful fields, and enclosed on each side by a range of picturesque and beautiful mountains. Here and there, upon their lofty crags and top-most peaks, rose the ruins of some old castle or fortress of early times, while in romantic nooks upon their sunny sides, convents and monasteries, robed in the gray and sombre livery of antiquity, were snugly seated, forming a truly delightful seclusion, from which to look out upon the quiet loveliness of the vales below. Just before sunset we passed La Cava, a town which has its principal street through its whole extent, lined on both sides with an open-arched passage, like the cloisters of a monastery. Leaving this place, we began to descend, when there opened to our view a landscape presenting a combination of hill and dale, of mountain and valley, of the grand, the lofty, and sublime, with the lovely, the picturesque, and the beautiful, grouped with a splendor and effect surpassing all description. Suffice it to say, that we all instinctively paused to admire it, and feast our eyes on its surpassing beauties, and though a number of our party had passed through the far-famed vale of the Arno, had beheld the luxuriant scenery of Mexico and South America, had visited the pyramids of Egypt, and wandered over the mountains and valleys of Syria and Palestine, yet all admitted that never before had their eyes rested on so delightful a landscape.

We spent the night at Salerno, at the head of the gulf of the same name, which is quite deep. It is enclosed by wild and rugged mountains, with here and there a village or a convent perched among the cliffs. The town has sixteen churches, a university, and a cathedral, which is ornamented with pillars and other antiques, brought from Pæstum. Horace, in one of his epistles, makes inquiries as to the beauties and luxuries of Salerno, and he could hardly have found a spot so well fitted to delight one possessed of such a gifted

poetic genius, and of so much taste for the charms of rural scenery. Salvator Rosa resided for some time in this region, where, in the mountains around, and in the dress of the Calabrian peasantry, he found the subjects of his wildest and most striking landscape paintings. The medical school of Salerno had a brilliant reputation during the reign of the last of the Lombard princes, owing to the fact that the Saracens, who were then distinguished for their knowledge of the sciences, resorted there in great numbers. In the year 1100 the physicians of this school published a celebrated work in Latin verse, which has since been translated into numerous other languages.

Salerno is twenty-seven miles south of Naples, and Pæstum more than fifty miles. We left for the latter place early in the morning, and passed through a fertile and highly cultivated country, until within a few miles of the end of our journey, when we found a wide and untilled plain, looking like a fit nursery of the Malaria. There was scarce a house upon it, and the only living beings to be seen were, here and there, a flock of sheep or swine, or a herd of domestic buffaloes. These last are black, with thin coarse hair, short ugly horns, and are altogether the most uncouth and misshapen libels on the animal creation that my eyes ever beheld. In this region are extensive hunting-grounds, belonging to the king of Naples, while on our left, extended the mountains of Calabria, notorious for robbers, and also for the bloody warfare which Murat waged against those who had taken refuge there, — many of whom, rather than surrender, perished of hunger in the caves and wilds of their mountain fastnesses.

Just before entering the *town* of Pæstum, or rather the imposing ruins of what was once a town, we saw, on the right, a cross, rising above the wall. It marked the spot, where, a few years since, an English gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, were murdered by banditti. They had been married but a short time, and had left England for a tour of pleasure on the continent. They were stopped by robbers, just after leaving Pæstum, and the same ball which passed through his body, entered that of his wife, and proved fatal to both. They survived but a short time, and were carried to Naples, and buried in the same grave. The murderers, when fleeing, left a bundle in the care of an old woman, with the promise of calling for it the next day. She had the

curiosity to examine its contents, and being thus led to suspect that all was not right, she informed the police, who secreted themselves in her house, and when the villains came for their spoil, seized them. They were soon after tried and executed. The practice of erecting a cross by the wayside, wherever a murder has been committed, is, I believe, universal in Catholic countries, and, from the number of them which you see, especially in Spain, one forms no very favorable idea of the morals of the people, and the system of religious faith which prevails there. Sometimes a large smooth stone is inserted in a wall, and the cross is painted or cut on that. In other cases it is made of iron, and the foot of it rests in a socket, made for the purpose, in the top of the wall, or of a stone monument erected for the purpose. But by far the most common way, is to erect a cross of wood, painted black. These decay in a few years, and thus one is actually apprized of only a small proportion of the whole number of murders committed in a given region, during a long period of years. Still, he may see enough to make him shudder, and fill his soul with sadness, at the thought that there should be so many against whom the blood of their brethren cries from the ground, to God, for vengeance. Such is the state of society and morals in Spain, that many crimes are never brought to trial. Still, in 1826, there were 1,233 men convicted of murder; 1,773 of attempts to murder, and 1,620 of robbery. This was in a population less than that of the United States. Still, if I mistake not, fifty or one hundred murders in a single year, would excite great interest in our country, as showing a change in our morals and a prevalence of crime truly deplorable.

But let us return from this visit to Spain, to the point from which we took our flight. The ancient name of Pæstum was Posidonia, or Neptunia. It was founded at a very early period, by a colony of Dorians, and is spoken of by Homer, and other ancient writers, as having been visited by Jason, Ulysses, Phyrrius, and Hercules. The Romans conquered it, and gave it its present name, about three hundred years before the Christian era. After suffering from the invasions of the Romans, it was finally destroyed by the Saracens, in the tenth century. The circumference of the town, as marked out by the ruins of the walls, was two miles and a half. There were four gates, opening towards the four points of the compass, the arch of only one of which is now entire.

The walls were twenty feet broad, fifty feet in height, and fortified by eight towers, twenty-four feet square within. Just without the walls are some ancient tombs, each of which is covered with two large slabs of stone, meeting at the top, like the roof of a house. These abodes of the dead, like all others of an early date, which one meets with in Europe, have been opened and plundered. They were lined with stucco, and painted, and in them were found Grecian armor, and beautiful vases, with Greek inscriptions. But the objects of the highest interest, at Pæstum, are the temples of Ceres and Neptune, and the Basilica. The situation of these is such that they do not meet the eye until you are quite near them. Then, at once, they open to the view, in all their stern and solitary grandeur, ancient, and time-worn, indeed, but still firm and durable, and teaching man alike his frailty and his folly, by showing him how less than nothing is his own existence here, when compared with the duration of these works of his hands; and how vain are his efforts to transmit to distant generations his name and his glory, by means of the proud and imposing structures which he rears. For, alas! these venerable relics of the olden time have left far behind them, in the mystic darkness of remote antiquity, all sure and certain proof of the age and race to which they owe their origin, as well as of the deities to whose worship they were consecrated.

The ends of these structures, in which is the main entrance, are in a range, and front towards the East. They are thirty or forty rods from each other, and were probably on the main street of the town. I noticed, parallel to them, the foundations and divisions of a compact row of houses, extending along for some distance. And here, without entering into those minute scientific details, which would be understood only by the architect, suffice it to say, that these buildings are all of the old rude Doric order, such as it was before it attained its highest perfection and finish. The stone of which they are made, was probably formed in the immediate vicinity, by the water of the river Salso, acting on vegetable earth, roots, and plants, for their petrified tubes and leaves can now be easily distinguished. Pliny speaks of this effect of the river, as known in his own time. This stone is somewhat porous, or rather cellular, yet adamant itself is scarcely harder or more durable. The long rows of columns have stood there for thousands of years, and still the chan-

nelings first made by the hand of the artist who wrought them, and even the projecting lines which divide these channelings, are almost as perfect and distinct as when the temples were first reared.

There is no certainty as to which of the gods these temples were respectively dedicated. That called the temple of Neptune, is about two hundred feet in length, and eighty in breadth. Three large steps lead up to the platform on which it stands. Each end has six immense fluted columns, and there are twelve of the same size on each side, making thirty-six in all. They are about seven feet in diameter at the base, slightly tapering towards the top, and twenty-seven feet high. The space between one column and that next to it, is eight feet, and the cornices, friezes, architraves, and pediments, or, to speak in common language, the plates, eaves, and gables, or gable ends, are all entire. It has no roof, and the walls between the columns have been removed, thus you take in the whole structure at a single view, and its effect is far more striking and impressive than it would be if the walls were entire. Within the temple are fourteen columns, in a double row, which rest upon a base three feet higher than the outer columns. They are about five feet in diameter, and sixteen feet high, and support an immense architrave, on which rests another row of pillars, eleven feet high. Traces of the high altar, and also of the green and dark blue mosaics, which adorned the temple in the days of its splendor, still remain. Along the summits of the outer parts of all these buildings, wild plants and flowers have sprung up in the crevices, which, waving in the wind, add another feature of wildness and of beauty to these imposing and venerable ruins.

The temple of Ceres and the Basilica, or Court of Justice, bear a general resemblance to the temple of Neptune, except that their size is somewhat less, and the style of their architecture lighter and more graceful. There are also the remains of a theatre and amphitheatre, made in the old Grecian mode, by an excavation in the ground, and circular rows of seats rising one above another, to the surface. Many fragments have been found here, showing a high degree of improvement in the art of sculpture. The amphitheatre was of an oval form, one hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and twenty wide.

The only houses that remain at Pæstum, are two or three

old dilapidated buildings, around which linger a few of the most wretched, squalid, deformed, and woe-begone beings that I ever beheld. They look like the haggard and shrivelled mummies of some former generation; and wan and ghost-like, the scanty pittance which they obtain in the way of charity, from those who visit the place, scarce serves to keep soul and body together. Yet even these poor wretches, little as they have to lose, still cling to life, and during part of the summer and fall, retire to the mountains to escape the deadly poison of the Malaria.

Such, now, is Pæstum. Those massive temples, which, more than eighteen centuries ago, were visited by Augustus Cæsar, as venerable relics of antiquity, still remain, and bid fair to do so, as long as the earth shall stand. For thousands of years they have survived the shock of earthquakes, and the beating of the tempest, and *there* are still those massive columns, as firm and unshaken, and almost as undecayed, as when they were first erected. Standing thus before those grand and massive structures which had sternly bid defiance to the ravages of time, and which, although the oldest in the world, might yet remain until that grand convulsion when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and its works be consumed, — standing thus, it were scarce idolatry to feel that the ground beneath one's feet is holy, and that, for a time, the soul should wholly give itself up to those impressive and sublime emotions of awe and reverence which such a scene is fitted to inspire. And yet what are these structures, reared by the puny arm of man, when compared with the works of Him, who, by the word of His power, spake into being the earth and the mighty deep, — who fixed the barriers of the sea, which its raging waves should not pass, and reared the rock-ribbed mountains, and the everlasting hills. Such art Thou, O God, Most High, as seen in Thy works below; and we need not behold Thee, as Thou shinest in the heavens, to exclaim, “What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?”

On our return from Pæstum, we spent some hours at Pompeii. Before reaching there, however, we left the main road, and turned to the right, for the purpose of visiting a village which was buried by lava from Vesuvius, during the last autumn. It lay near the foot of the mountain, on the side opposite Naples, and the black and broken mass which flowed

from the crater down a dark chasm, had covered a large extent of surface below, to the depth of from eight or ten, to thirty or forty feet. In one place, a house, standing just at the edge of the stream of lava, was enclosed on two sides, up to the eaves, while the others were left open. The whole space presented loose, broken masses of every shape and size, and at a distance it resembled a field of rich, black mould, turned up by a deep ploughing. This had been exposed to the weather, and was the mere froth or foam of what was once a mass of liquid fire. All below was firm and solid rock. It gave us a better idea of the nature and immediate effects of an eruption, than we could have had in any other way, except by seeing one.

But let us proceed to Pompeii. This city, and Herculaneum, are supposed to have been founded 1342 years before Christ, so that when destroyed they had stood 1400 years. They were much injured by an earthquake A. D. 63; and on the twenty-fourth of August, in the year 79, were entirely buried by an eruption of Vesuvius. Dion Cassius thus describes their destruction. "An incredible quantity of ashes carried by the wind, filled air, earth, and sea; suffocating men, cattle, birds, and fishes, and burying two entire cities, namely, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while their inhabitants were seated in the theatres." Very few skeletons, however, have been found in the theatres, and hence it is supposed, that most of the people took timely warning and escaped. The Coliseum at Rome, and other places where public shows were held in ancient times, were so constructed, and had so many outlets, that they could be emptied almost instantly. The Amphitheatre at Pompeii has ninety-seven places of egress, and so judiciously are they arranged, that 20,000 persons might safely pass out through them in two minutes and a half. It is probable, therefore, that the people, being warned of what was coming, fled for safety to the adjoining river and seacoast, and hastily embarked in such vessels as they could find. Pliny the elder, while approaching Vesuvius, observed an immense number of boats which fled from the coast; yet, impelled by fatal curiosity, and the hope of relieving the sufferers, advanced and landed. There he spent the night, admiring the grandeur and sublimity of the scene; and the next day, when he would have returned to the Roman fleet, at Misenum, of which he was then commander-in-chief, an opposite wind prevented him. Thus, unable to escape, he

was overwhelmed and suffocated by the fiery mass which rolled forth from the mountain, and fell a victim to his own curiosity, and love of natural science.

Herculaneum, being near the foot of Vesuvius, is covered with solid lava, and successive eruptions, which have overflowed it, have buried it to the depth of from twenty to a hundred feet. Thus, most that has been done there, is by excavations, and one must pass under this immense bed of lava to see the parts of the city which have been explored. The first discovery of the place in modern times, was made by a peasant at Portici, A. D. 1713. While digging a well, he came to some pieces of mosaic, and further researches brought to light valuable statues and other curiosities. Little was effected, however, until 1736, when the king of Naples took the matter in hand, and all done since has been under the direction of government.

The distance of Pompeii from the base of the mountain is such, that the streams of lava did not reach it. A bed, or rather a succession of distinct layers, of pumice stone, ashes, and cinder, buried the city to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet. The fact that substances were found there, either burned or melted, shows that in some parts of the city there must have been fires, caused probably by the red-hot stones that fell. Pompeii was discovered about 1750, by some peasants who were at work in a vineyard. It is evident, however, that some places, containing articles of the greatest value, had been examined long before this, and probably soon after they were buried. The walls of the city are four miles in circumference, and though the French, while in power here, prosecuted the work of disinterring with much vigor, still less than half of the place has been uncovered. It is computed, that in twelve months a thousand men would clear the whole remaining space within the walls. At present, a few laborers only are at work, and the highest and most interesting portion of the city still remains to be explored. Just before our visit, a human skeleton was found, which, when we were there, was lying in one of the walled enclosures. The whole number of skeletons found is about three hundred, of which sixty-three were in what is called the Forum Nundinanium, or more commonly the Barracks. Thirty-four were in a single group, and the rest scattered here and there. It is supposed, from the armour near and upon them, that these were soldiers, who, knowing that by the Roman law death was the penalty of leaving their stations, died at their posts.

The temple of Isis is a place of much interest, not only from its perfect preservation, but also from the numerous distinct relics found there of its former occupants, and the religious rites which they practised. It is well known that the Romans adopted the gods of all the nations whom they conquered, but those brought from Egypt far exceeded those from any other country, except Greece, as may be seen by examining the museums and other collections of ancient statuary at Rome, Naples, and elsewhere. This was in a great degree owing to the extensive commerce carried on between Alexandria and Rome. The temple referred to above is much smaller and less imposing than others at Pompeii, being but little more than sixty feet in diameter, each way; but then upon the walls were paintings of the priests, with their shaven crowns, white robes, and woven shoes, just like the friars of the present day. There too were the boys who assisted them, with just such short white tunics as are worn by those who attend the Catholic priests, when ministering at the altar. The presiding deity also occupied a niche like those of the saints at the present day, while on the altar, instead of the *sacrifice* of the mass, — the real body and blood of Christ, — there were the cinders and burnt bones of the animals offered there. The priests were probably dining when the eruption occurred, as in one of the apartments a table was found, with a human skeleton near it, and the bones of fowls and fish, a faded garland of flowers, eating utensils, and the remains of eggs, bread, and wine. Another skeleton was leaning against the wall, with the axe used in sacrifices in his hand, while others near had the same instrument, probably with the design of cutting through the door, that thus they might escape. One of these priests seems to have attempted to carry off the treasures of the temple, but was overwhelmed near the Tragic Theatre. Beside his skeleton were found three hundred and sixty coins of silver, forty-two of bronze, and eight of gold, all secured in a cloth so strong as to have sustained no injury during the seventeen centuries which they had been there.

In one place were four skeletons embracing each other, supposed to be those of a mother and her three children, who clung to each other for security in that wild and fearful hour of sudden and awful destruction. In another place were the bones of a lady, who had perished with her rings and other ornaments upon her, while scattered around were her costly

mirrors, and various other articles of luxury and pride, which she used in gratifying her taste and adorning her person. It were easy to fill a volume in pursuing the mournful detail of what was found in this City of the Dead ; but suffice it to say, as to those who perished, many of them doubtless preferred the chance of safety there was in continuing in their houses, to the imminent danger there was in exposing themselves during the awful darkness which prevailed, to the deadly sulphureous vapors, and the destructive showers of red-hot stones and boiling water, which ever and anon were pouring down.

The houses of Pompeii were from one to four stories high, built of stone, which was covered with plaster and painted. The roofs were flat, and were broken in by the weight of stones and ashes which fell upon them. The lower stories had small windows, with shutters of wood, while in the second story there was glass in thick, small panes. In some of the baths and public buildings, however, there were large squares of glass, of a fine quality. Most of the paintings, statues, household furniture, ornaments, coins, domestic and religious utensils, surgeon's instruments, and other articles without number, found in these buried cities, may be seen in the vast Museum at Naples, called the Studii. Between five and six hundred manuscripts have also been discovered, many of which were in a single small room at Herculaneum. They are unrolled by means of numerous silk threads, passed between the folds of the burnt parchment or papyrus. These are moved by a screw, and as fast as a fold is parted from the mass, it is secured by paper and gum Arabic. The English have, in times past, done much at this business, and though some works of interest have been brought to light, yet I am not aware that any thing of high importance, that is new, has been discovered. I have not time here to describe the spacious Forum and the costly temples of the gods, with their massive columns, and the altars of pagan sacrifice, just as they were seventeen centuries ago. Nor can we pause to examine the shops and houses, showing, as they do most fully, the habits and domestic economy of the old Romans. A light is thus thrown upon the darkness of the past, such as no other means could supply, and it is with emotions of no common interest, that one wanders through this City of the Dead, and marks the traces of those who once were there. He sees the pavements of the streets deeply worn with wheels, as if it had been done but yesterday. The basins of the fountains, and

the mouths of stone from which the water poured, are all in their places. He enters the court of a private dwelling, and, raising a small flat slab of marble, he sees the pipes of iron branching off, by which water was carried to the various apartments, and lying by them is the key by which the pipes were opened, and which even now fits well to its place. He wanders through the halls and sleeping apartments of the houses, all unchanged, even to the paintings on the walls, the mosaics of the floors, and the shrines where the household gods were worshipped. In the shops, too, he sees the oven of the bakers, the large earthen jars for oil and wine, the places where food was prepared, and even marks of the cups from which liquors were drank. But what are all these to the train of moral reflections excited in the mind; and how aptly does the language of our Saviour, in which he speaks of the cities of the plain, apply to Pompeii and Herculaneum. "They did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded. But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all." But in this case there was also another mournful point of analogy. I will give it in the language of one of our own countrymen, only premising that his recollections are such as are forced upon the mind of every virtuous man, by beholding the scenes to which he refers. When speaking of the subject in question, he says, "Some of the decorations, if such they may be called, found in the dwelling-houses of the two buried cities, manifest a degree of licentiousness of morals and grossness of vice, to which modern society, in the lowest depths of degradation, can probably furnish no parallel. There is reason to believe, that these depravations of mind and taste were not confined to particular classes of the community, or concealed from public view. The picture of the corruptions of the age, which is drawn in a passage of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, is forcibly illustrated by the contents of one of the rooms in the Studii at Naples. Sodom and Gomorrah, when, like Pompeii and Herculaneum, they were deluged with fire and overwhelmed in ruin, could not have sunk to greater depths of depravity, or have presented vice under more brutal and disgusting forms."

During our cruise in the Mediterranean, we spent, at different times, about two months and a half at Naples, and many an amusing or exciting scene arises to my memory, when revert-

ing to what transpired there, and to incidents connected with numerous interesting excursions in the surrounding region. Now I think of the groups of ragged young Lazaroni, who, for a few coppers, would play a thousand antic tricks, with such glee and humor, as, for the time, to lead one to feel that poverty and mirth are next door neighbours. Then comes up a rencontre with some of the numerous pickpockets who infest the city, and with the utmost adroitness extract pocket-handkerchiefs from the skirt pockets of those who are so unwarly as to carry them there. The shoulders of some of these knaves could testify to an intimate acquaintance with a heavy bamboo cane, which was repeatedly used in giving them their deserts, but which, at length, like many a faithful minister of justice, fell a victim to lawless violence, and was borne off in triumph by a troop of banditti.

One day, when strolling about the city, viewing the thousand and one objects of curiosity to be met with there, my attention was attracted by an eager and excited group at the corner of one of the streets. The actors, and most of the lookers-on, were but a single grade above the Lazaroni, and were most earnestly engaged in a puppy auction! I had thought before, that I had seen almost every odd kind of business transaction, from a Spanish hog lottery upwards, but here was something new under the sun, and so I stopped to moralize. The vagabond auctioneer was holding up their little dogships as high as he could reach, and shouting rapidly, and at the top of his voice, the successive bids and bidders, and all seemed as much absorbed in what was going on, as their more deluded betters, when, in times of mad speculation, they eagerly bid their thousands for stock in wild-cat banks, and wooden railroads, and for western city-lots. These puppy buyers had something real placed before them, in which they took a lively interest, for

“ Little things are great to little minds.”

They may, too, have thus secured the kind companionship of an attached and faithful dog, to protect and cheer them in their loneliness and poverty; or, if what they bought was worthless, it cost them but little, and they could easily rid themselves of it. Such, however, is not the lot of him, who, lured by eager thirst for gain, bids away his all for what is worse than worthless to him, and in a moment brings himself, and those dependent on him, down from affluence to

poverty. Thus may he who sells, and he who buys a worthless puppy, be wiser far than he who squanders thousands on objects of imaginary wealth; and, by closely observing the humbler walks of life, we may acquire such lessons of practical wisdom, and of right judging, as shall lead us to feel a sincere and lively interest in the little joys and sorrows of the poor, and at the same time to feel far more pity for those who, by reckless folly, cast themselves headlong down from the heights of affluence to deep and hopeless poverty, than for those whose whole history has been "the short and simple annals of the poor." Thus much, gentle reader, for the moral of our story; and surely, if we may learn lessons of industry from the busy ant, and of confidence in God from the falling sparrow, why may we not, instead of merely turning away with a laugh or a sneer, be taught some useful truth by such a scene as that described above.

It was near sunset when I turned away from the performance just referred to, and feeling more like a stroll in the country than a berth on shipboard, I shaped my course for Mount Vesuvius. A succession of villages line the road most of the way, and, with observing what was passing on either hand, stopping here and there to talk with those I met, and musing on the world of wonders above, around, and beneath me, I whiled away the time until late in the evening, when, after a walk of nine miles, I found myself at the house of Salvadore, the celebrated mountain guide. At midnight I was awaked by the young man who was to be my attendant in ascending the mountain. We each of us mounted a horse, and, save here and there the crying of a child or the barking of a dog, as we left the village at the foot of the mountain, no sound but the trampling of our horses on the lava, broke in upon the silence of night. The horse on which my guide rode had not been trained to climbing the mountain, and being refractory, I rode on by myself, with nothing to divert me from my solitary musings. The road was along a dark ravine, deeply worn and washed in the decaying lava, with vineyards, or a dense growth of wild plants and shrubs, on either side.

The very darkness of the night, and the seclusion of our way, by veiling from the view surrounding objects, caused the mind to turn in upon itself, and to draw more freely than it would otherwise have done, from the storehouse of fancy and of memory, the materials of excited thought and feeling,

treasured there. Around and beneath us were the ruins of ages, while above rose, in solemn grandeur, the frowning mountain, sending up its wreathed smoke to heaven, like a mighty giant, musing over the wide-spread ruin he had wrought, and, by repose, regaining strength for other deeds of desolation and of death. In moving over such ground, how vividly do past scenes rise to the mind, how intensely does one feel and live, and with what emotions of sublimity and awe, do we, with the fallen spirit, inwardly exclaim, —

“ What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awaked, should blow them into seven fold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames ; or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us ! ”

On a high ridge, about half way up the mountain, stands the Hermitage, with trees in front, and inhabited by a single monk, who supplies travellers with refreshments. Before reaching this point, and soon after leaving it, we crossed wide fields of rough, broken lava, rising in black irregular masses, of from a few inches, to five or six feet in height. We tied our horses to some stakes planted in the lava near the foot of the cone, which rises at an angle of forty-five degrees, and is composed, at the surface, of light, loose ashes, mingled with cinders and stones. The ascent is extremely fatiguing, as one sinks to the ankle in the yielding mass, every step he takes. On reaching the summit, however, fatigue is soon forgotten. Every thing around leads one to feel that but a narrow, brittle crust of lava separates him from the flaming, raging depths below, and he knows not how soon the boiling fires beneath his feet may burst forth from their prison-house, or, by a sudden and mighty effort, hurl upwards to the face of heaven, the heated mass on which he stands. All around him, heated vapor and pungent gases are rushing forth from the fissures in the lava, and in one place, before reaching the brim of the crater, the guide placed a handful of dry herbage on the surface of the lava, and it was instantly in flames. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we reached the summit of the cone, and as we had only starlight to guide us, we deferred descending into the crater until day should dawn.

One object in ascending Vesuvius by night, is to witness from its summit the dawn of day, and the rising sun, as, dispelling the shades of night, they seem, as it were, to

call into being, in rapid succession, the richness and beauty of the city and country, — the leafy hill-side, and the fertile plain, — the hoary mountain, and the rolling sea. As three hours or more must elapse, before sunrise, my next inquiry was, how to protect myself from the chilling vapors of the night, and at the same time, secure a little quiet sleep. These were matters of some urgency, owing to the fatigue and violent perspiration caused by ascending the cone, as also to the fact that we had no overcoat with us. Making a virtue of necessity, therefore, I selected a resting-place directly over one of the numerous fissures, from which heated vapor, strongly charged with muriatic or sulphuric acid gas, rushes forth as from the chimney of a furnace, and there composed myself to sleep. My only pillow was my cloth cap, laid upon a broken piece of cinder; and though my bed was none of the softest, and it was, withal, necessary so to place my head that the pungent gasses might not be inhaled, causing as they did the inner surface of the nostrils to feel as if a thousand heated cambric needles were shot into them, still, thus warmed by the volcano's breath, my quiet and luxurious sleep was such as kings might envy. Gentle reader, was it not a most romantic resting-place?

It were in vain to attempt a description of the varied and intense emotions excited by gazing on the splendid panorama, which the morning light opened to the view. First the classic heights around, and far beyond us, as if rising from the bosom of primeval chaos, shadowed forth their rugged outline on the morning sky. Then rose the woody hills; and soon the rising sun, as it drew up the fleecy vapor which rested alike on the land and the sea, disclosed at once to the view, the quiet village and the crowded city, the wide-spread vales, laden with the olive and the vine, and the azure waters of the quiet bay, studded with islands known to classic fame; and, as the morning mist soared upwards, the stately ship of war, with its fair proportions, and its tapering beauty, was seen, as if, like the seaborne Venus, rising from the bosom of the deep. We were above the raging fires and boiling lava of the burning mount, clad in the sable covering of its own desolation, and standing there, as a living monument of the buried cities below; as if its heated breathing were the deep-drawn sigh of anguish, and its inward quaking, the convulsive heavings of remorse, for deeds of desolation, and of death.

In October, 1822, an eruption, with violent explosions, which continued more than twenty days, left an immense chasm at the summit of the mountain, about three miles in circumference. The depth of this abyss has been constantly decreasing since, by the falling in of its sides. It measured, at first, from one to two thousand feet, but at the time of my visit, the edge or brim of the cone, was not more than two or three hundred feet above the open vent of the volcano. More than 800 feet of the summit of the mountain has been carried away by explosions, so that its height has been reduced from 4200, to 3400 feet.

By clambering over the masses of broken lava, we descended the inner surface of the crater, until we were within a few feet of the open chimney of this mighty subterranean furnace. The smoke and heated vapor, with a loud roaring sound, rushed wildly up from a chasm some fifty feet in diameter, into which we cast large masses of lava, and could hear them, after a minute or more, drop into the boiling depths below, when, with a louder roaring, a denser cloud of smoke, filled with glowing sparks, rolled upwards to the face of heaven. Emotions of peculiar sublimity and awe were excited, as, enclosed by the rugged cliffs of lava, with the heavens above darkened by the smoke of the volcano, while beneath me were the fiery-heaving billows, bellowing forth their rage, as if impatient of restraint, and gathering strength to rise again above the walls of their mountain prison, and rush, with fury, down upon the plains below. It seemed like standing on the verge of the pit of woe, where the wailings of the lost were ascending, mingled with the smoke of their torments, going up for ever and ever. What a stupendous and overwhelming display of the fearful power of the Most High are the raging fires of a volcano; now resting to regain their strength, and then, with mighty convulsions, heaving the earth, causing the sea to retire far back from its wonted limits, and then sending high up in the heavens, massive rocks, and columns of glowing, liquid fire, which, in their descent, roll their desolating torrent, like the river of death, over the fertile plains below. With feelings of no slight, or transient interest, I climbed to the brim of the crater, rapidly descended to the Hermitage, and from thence, having taken needful refreshments, to the base of the mountain.

Before leaving Vesuvius, it may not be amiss to state some

facts connected with its past history. At the time of our earliest accounts of it, the cone was regular in its form, with the remains of an ancient crater nearly filled at its summit, covered within by wild vines, and with a barren plain at the bottom. It was within this ancient and extinct crater, that Spartacus, the rebel gladiator, encamped his army of 10,000 men. The sides of the mountain were clothed with fertile fields, highly cultivated, and at its base were the populous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In the year 63 there was an earthquake by which these cities were much injured, and, in 79, they were buried by an eruption of Vesuvius.

We have no evidence that any lava flowed from the mountain in the year 79, as the buildings, both in Pompeii and Herculaneum, were filled with small stones, sand, ashes, and fragments of older lava. Pompeii has never been overflowed with lava, though the town stands on a bed of it composed of several layers, which were thrown out at a period earlier than any of which we have a history. As Herculaneum is directly at the base of the mountain, it has often been covered, not only as at first with showers of mud and ashes, but also with streams of lava. Above the lowest stratum is the matter of six eruptions, with veins of good soil between each, all of them of a depth of from 70 to 112 feet. Both these cities were seaports, and Herculaneum is still near the sea, but Pompeii is now a mile from the shore, the intervening space having been filled up with volcanic matter. Of the manuscripts found at Herculaneum, about 400 of those least injured have been read. A few are in Latin, but most of them are Greek, and though to us entirely new yet are they unimportant. They relate mostly to music, rhetoric, and cookery.

In the barracks at Pompeii, were the skeletons of two soldiers chained to the stocks, and in the vaults of a country house near the city were the bones of seventeen persons, who seem to have fled there to escape from danger. They were found enclosed in an indurated tufa, and in the same way was preserved a perfect cast of a woman, with an infant in her arms. Although the rock fully retained the outline of her form, the bones alone remained: attached to these was a chain of gold, and on her fingers were rings, set with jewels. Thus was she adorned for the embrace of Death, and though near a score of centuries have passed since she

was buried there, yet how distinctly does the record of this scene present before the mind, like a thing of yesterday, that dying mother's fond affection for her dying child.

Fishing nets were very abundant in both cities, and are often quite entire. Linen, with the texture well defined, has been found at Herculaneum, and in a fruit shop, there were vessels full of almonds, chestnuts, walnuts, and other fruit, all retaining their shape. A loaf of bread was also found in a baker's shop with his name stamped upon it. On the counter of an apothecary, was a box of pills, changed into a fine earthy substance, and by the side of it a small roll, apparently prepared to be cut into pills. They may be seen in the Studii at Naples. After descending from the mountain, I visited Herculaneum by torchlight, the large theatre alone being open; the Forum, the temple of Jupiter, and other buildings having been filled with the rubbish removed from the theatre, owing to the difficulty of raising it from so great a depth to the surface of the ground.

We have no certain account of the flowing of lava from Vesuvius until the year 1036, which was the seventh eruption after that in 79. In 1049, there was another eruption, after which there were none for 168 years. During this period there was an eruption at Solfaterra, in 1198, and another at the island of Ischia, in the bay of Naples, in 1302. This last volcano had then been quiet about seventeen centuries. There were eruptions of Vesuvius in the years 1138, 1306, 1500, and 1631.

During the night of September 29th, 1538, a large fissure approached the town of Tripergola, near Solfaterra, and about fourteen miles from Vesuvius. It advanced with a tremendous noise, emitting flame, and throwing forth volcanic substances. The sea retired suddenly 200 yards, the coast for some distance was raised many feet above the sea, and remains so still, and, during a day and a night, a hill was thrown up 440 feet high, with a base 8000 feet, or nearly a mile and a half in circumference, and a crater 421 feet deep. Such was the origin of Monte Nuovo, or the New Mountain, which we visited when on an excursion to Baia.

After the rise of this mountain, for near a century, Vesuvius was quiet. Previous to the eruption of 1631, the crater was five miles in circumference, and about 1000 paces deep. Its sides were covered with bushes, and at the bottom was a plain, on which cattle grazed. In December, 1631,

seven streams of lava poured, at once, from the crater, and overflowed several villages. In 1666, there was another eruption, and from that time to the present, there has rarely been a period of ten years, in which the mountain has remained tranquil. During these 300 years, other volcanos in the region have been quiet, while on the other hand, during the three centuries preceding 1631, when Vesuvius was at rest, Etna was so active as to favor the idea of a connexion between the two volcanos, although they are more than 200 miles distant from each other.

It is said that during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1779, jets of liquid lava, mixed with stones and cinders, were thrown up to the height of at least 10,000 feet, having the appearance of a column of fire. Some of them falling, still red-hot and liquid, on Vesuvius, covered its whole cone, part of the mountain of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter vividly enflamed, together with that issuing fresh from the crater, formed one complete body of fire, of at least two and a half miles in breadth, and casting a heat to the distance of six miles around. The consistency of running lava is such, that rocks of sixty or eighty pounds weight, float upon its surface, while those weighing 300 pounds, gradually sink beneath it.

Minerals, in great variety, are found in the lavas of Vesuvius. Of these, felspar, mica, olivine, augite, leucite, and sulphur, are most frequent. Of the 350 species of minerals described by Haüy, as all that were known to him, 82 have been found in an area of three square miles around Vesuvius, a larger number than have been met with in any other equal space, on the face of the earth. Many of these have not been found elsewhere. Salvadore, the guide to the mountain, collects and labels these minerals, and sells boxes of them, containing about 500 specimens, for five or six dollars each. Several of our officers purchased boxes of them, as presents to scientific friends, or college cabinets, at home.

It is computed that about 15,000 persons have been destroyed by the different eruptions of Vesuvius, which is only one third of the number that perished in the town of Catania, during an eruption of Mount Etna. Vesuvius is an object of peculiar pride and pleasure to the inhabitants of Naples, as the grandest and most attractive object, in the beautiful and richly-varied landscape which surrounds them.

On its sides and around its base, a population of 80,000 souls are sustained by the teeming fertility given to the soil, by the matter thrown forth from the volcano, which is at least twenty times the number that could have lived there, had the original limestone of the Apennines remained uncovered. Hence it is not strange, that when the lava has buried towns and villages, other towns should be built, and fields planted on the richly fertile mass thus thrown forth from the bowels of the earth.

Sorrento is on the seacoast, about 16 miles southeast of Naples. Availing myself of two or three days of leisure, I made an excursion there, and to Amalfi. I reached Sorrento just at sunset in one of the large market-boats, which daily ply between there and Naples. Having secured lodgings for the night, I forthwith repaired to the residence of that veteran cruiser, Madam Mariana Starke, whose "Travels in Europe" has been the guide-book of travellers during most of the present century. The eighth Paris edition, published in 1833, is now before me, and numerous other editions have been published elsewhere in Europe. She was a native of England, a maiden lady, and for nearly half a century was engaged in repeatedly visiting every portion of Europe, with the exception of Poland and Turkey, and has embodied in her books a large amount of useful and interesting information, as to objects of curiosity, modes of conveyance, the best hotels, expense of living, and various other matters. Sorrento has been a favorite residence of hers for many years. I found her a very intelligent lady, and she imparted much useful information to me. She has since died at Milan, aged about 80 years.

The next day after my visit to the Queen of Sorrento, as Madam Starke is styled in that region, I sallied forth to view the wonders of the place. From the peculiar beauty of its scenery, Sorrento was anciently called Syrentum, or the abode of the Syrens. The tradition is, that it was founded by Ulysses, but it is more probable that it was of Phœnician origin. In the days of Augustus and Tiberius, it is supposed to have been more extensive than Naples, and, as illustrating what Homer and Thucydides say of giants in this region, we may notice the fact, that in the ancient tombs there, skeletons upwards of eight feet long have been found, with skulls proportionably large.

In addition to the ruins of numerous arches, baths, and

temples, there are still traces of some of the splendid villas of the old Romans. In that of Veditius Pollio may be seen the kitchen, with its stoves and fireplace entire, as also several other rooms, and near the ruins are two salt-water reservoirs for fishes, into one of which flows a rill of spring water. This last is supposed to have been used for the *morunna*, a species of fish which were thought to thrive best in a mixture of fresh and salt water. It is said that when the Emperor Augustus was feasting with Veditius Pollio, a slave broke by accident a crystal vase, belonging to a costly set, on account of which Pollio condemned him to be thrown into the reservoir, as food for the fishes. Augustus, indignant at this cruel order, forbade its execution, commanded the whole set of crystal to be broken and thrown into the sea, and the reservoir to be rendered useless.

The ancient public burial-ground, where gigantic skeletons have been found, is just without the town; and besides Phœnician tombs, Carthaginian, Greek, and Roman coins, lamps, and vases have been discovered there. The fortifications of the city, though modern, were the first erected in Italy, for the purpose of having cannon placed upon them.

The place of greatest interest to travellers, at Sorrento, is the house in which Torquato Tasso, one of the most persecuted and unfortunate men, and one of the greatest epic poets of any age, was born. The house is on a cliff, supposed to have been the site of an ancient temple, but the room in which the poet was born has fallen into the sea. There are, in and around the mansion, busts, and other relics of the family of Tasso, and until recently it was occupied by a descendant of Cornelia, the favorite sister of the poet, whose name and virtues his verse has immortalized. The family of Tasso were peculiarly unfortunate. Louis, his maternal uncle, and the guardian of his father, was assassinated by banditti. Bernardo, his father, who was himself no mean poet, was driven by political proscription from Bergamo, his native place, and, delighted with the mildness of the climate, the peculiar courtesy of the inhabitants, and the splendor and beauty of the natural scenery of Sorrento, fixed his abode there. His house, placed as it was on the promontory which divides the bay of Naples from the larger bay of Salerno, surrounded by scenes of the highest classic interest, and near the point where the lofty Apennines meet the sea, and with frowning grandeur overlook the quiet

waters which wash their base, — such a place was indeed —

“ A home befitting fancy’s wayward child ; ”

and, when standing there, one ceases to wonder that he, whose childhood was spent amid such scenes, should have taken his place as one of the first epic poets in the world, and, by the efforts of his genius, have cast a halo of glory over the wars of the Crusaders, for regaining the Holy City, such as rests only on those deeds of noble and heroic daring, which the strains of Homer and Virgil, of Dante and Milton, have made immortal. Though, during his lifetime, Tasso was the victim of untiring and deadly persecution and abuse, — now immured in a prison, and then fleeing before the jealous rage of his enemies, — yet, since his death, marble monuments have been raised to his memory, and portions of his manuscripts are preserved and shown as precious relics, in many of the large public libraries of Italy. Such has too often been the history of genius, where, amid surrounding darkness, she has dared to breathe forth her noble aspirations, and to burst the galling chains with which civil and religious bigotry and oppression had vainly striven to bind her.

The Piano, or plain of Sorrento, seems to have been the mouth of an extinct volcano, as it rests on volcanic rocks, while the surrounding mountains are all of limestone. It is about three miles in length, and one in breadth, rising gradually to the height of one thousand feet above the level of the sea, and covered with a beautiful and luxuriant growth of the pomegranate, the aloe, the acacia, the apricot, the vine, the olive, the fig, and numerous other fruit and forest trees. The plain is bounded on the east by the Lactarii mountains, beyond which Mount St. Angelo rises to the height of five thousand feet. Thus defended from the cold and piercing winds of winter, and shielded from the scorching suns of summer, the thermometer rarely rises above seventy-six, or sinks below sixty degrees, during the year. Such was the opinion of the ancients of this delightful climate, that Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians of antiquity, advised all his patients who required invigorating air, to visit this plain. When his illustrious patient, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, was there, such was his interest in the place, that he caused the artificial reservoirs for fish, at Sorrento, to be repaired.

From Sorrento, I climbed, by a wild and romantic path, over a spur of the mountains, and, descending to the bay of Salerno, hired a large fishing-boat, with four stout rowers, to take me to Amalfi, a distance of six or eight miles. This portion of the coast of Calabria presents by far the boldest, most magnificent, and richly varied mountain and water scenery I have ever beheld. Surely no picture of poetry or romance has ever placed before my mind any thing to be compared with this sublime and gorgeous array of the beauties of nature. Here the towering mountains overhang the sea, and, reflected from the depths below, other mountains seem suspended from their base. Here the hut of a fisherman, and there a mountain village, with its humble church, are perched among the cliffs, where one would think the eagle could scarcely hang her nest. Now, we gazed with delight on these mountain homes, their walls of purest white presenting a striking contrast to the dark green foliage of the shrubs and plants around them, and then, entering a deep ravine, we found ourselves in a cool and quiet basin, with the mountain walls on either side, rising till they seemed to reach the heavens, while before us, far up as we could see, a foaming torrent, with its silvery spray, was rushing down its wild and rocky channel. Here and there, upon a lofty beetling crag, were the ruins of a feudal tower, or the walls and turrets of some rude and time-worn convent or abbey.

Amalfi was one of the most powerful republics of the middle ages, and celebrated as the place where the mariner's compass was so improved as first to make it truly useful, as also for preserving the only copy of the Pandects of Justinian which survived the fall of the Roman empire. During the ninth century, Amalfi, with her numerous galleys, fitted alike for war and commerce, monopolized most of the trade of the East. The city had fifty thousand inhabitants, who styled themselves "Monarchs of the Ocean," and for four centuries the commercial code of Amalfi was the maritime law of Europe. The republic was conquered by Roger, Duke of Calabria, and afterwards twice pillaged by the Pisans, who, in 1137, ruined the city.

It has been truly said, that "the situation of Amalfi is picturesque beyond the power of words to describe." It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, the upper part of the town hanging on the side of a lofty mountain, on one of whose

towering cliffs is a Roman fort, and higher still, are the ruins of an ancient church. In the midst of the town is a deep winding ravine, penetrating into the bosom of the overhanging mountain, from which two beautiful cascades descend. In this ravine are fourteen paper mills, and an iron foundery, in which metal brought from the island of Elba is worked.

The Cathedral at Amalfi is large and handsome, occupying the site of an ancient heathen temple, and, connected with it, are vases, columns, and other relics of antiquity, of more than ordinary interest.

At the hotel where I dined, there were an English and three German artists, who had come thousands of miles, with no other object than to take sketches of the richly varied and romantic scenery in the regions of Amalfi, with a view to placing them on canvass, or engraving them. The Englishman was a real John Bull, who had nothing but abuse for any thing out of England. He strongly maintained, that the rich and mellow fruits of southern Italy, and even those tender and delicious grapes which almost melt in one's mouth, were not to be compared with the forced hot-house growth of sunless and foggy old England. But what amused me most was, that he claimed that the sublime and beautiful scenery around us was far from equalling what might be met with on the seacoast of England and Wales; and this, too, though he had come all the way to Italy, merely to take sketches of this indifferent scenery. I honor a devoted and enlightened attachment to one's native land; still, when one seriously urges that the proud and noble war-horse has less grace and beauty than the mean and shrivelled donkey, though I may not dispute the point with him, yet may the thought rise in the mind, that such an one is more akin to the latter animal than the former. It is not strange, that such striking specimens of dogmatism and prejudice incarnate, as that just referred to, should have led the more gifted English writers severely to satirize the travelled cockneys of their own land, and earnestly to desire to reach some point in their foreign wanderings, where nothing English might meet the eye, or harshly grate upon the ear.

My course, on leaving Amalfi, was by a steep winding path up the side of the mountain, rising five thousand feet, in a distance of five or six miles, and then an equal descent to Castellamar, on the bay of Naples. The weather was excessively hot, and much of the way the ascent was by steps cut

in the solid rock. My only relief under copious perspiration, was most liberal draughts of ice, or rather snow water, furnished me by parties of peasants whom I met, as they were carrying the snow from the pits in which it is preserved, at the top of the mountains, down to the towns below. These pits are about fifty feet deep, and twenty-five broad at the top, in the form of a sugar-loaf. About three feet from the bottom is a wooden grate, which serves for a drain for any of the snow which melts. In the winter, before the pits are filled, they are lined with straw and small branches of trees, and the snow, when thrown in, is beaten down, so as to form a solid mass. The pits are then covered with a low conical roof of straw and boughs of trees, and thus is snow preserved for the daily use of all in the cities of southern Italy, beggars not excepted.

The views from various points on the sides and the summit of the mountain, were most romantic and exciting. Here was a shepherd, with his faithful dog, tending a herd of goats, far up among the rocks, and there a single cottage, or a mountain hamlet, perched, like an eagle's nest, among the airy cliffs. Now the path overhung a deep and dark ravine, lighted only by the sparkling foam of a wild cascade, and then, high up in the mountains, a fertile valley opened to the view, with its lovely village, and its waving fields, where once, perchance, had been the red volcano's flaming mouth. The summit of the mountain, too, instead of a stinted growth of firs, was crowned with lofty beech and other forest trees, while far below, on either hand, were wide-spread scenes, of glowing and romantic beauty, and of the highest classic and historic interest.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, though it was past sunset, and I was sixteen miles from Naples, I still walked on, undecided whether to seek lodgings for the night, and make a second visit to Pompeii the next day, or to press on to Naples. After reaching the great road which leads from Naples to Salerno, I resolved, if possible, to secure a ride in the first carriage which should pass in the direction of Naples. Soon I heard one, and though the night was dark, and the driving by no means slow, still, after a short run, I seized hold of it, and climbed up behind. It was a Calesa, a kind of two-wheeled carriage, common in the south of Italy, with a seat like that of a chaise, but without a top, and having a cross-board behind, on which the driver, and sometimes

others with him, stand. In this case, however, the gentleman himself was driving, and his servant, beside whom I took my station, was perched up behind. Soon the horses were checked, and the gentleman, on turning round, from seeing my spectacles, or from some other cause, thinking, perhaps, that I might be respectable, instead of shooting me as a robber, or upbraiding me for my impudence, very politely invited me to take a seat beside him. The road was excellent, the horses extremely fleet, and we flew, Jehu-like, over the ground. We were soon on excellent terms, and, stopping at the first village we came to, he sent in his servant and ordered two tumblers of iced coffee, which was truly refreshing. On reaching Naples he reined up at the door of his palace, called his porter, exchanged cards with me, invited me to call and see him, ordered his servant to drive me to the lower part of the city, where I was going, and thus we parted. Such was the result of my impudence, and such the acquaintance I formed with the Marquis of C., a young Neapolitan nobleman.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPUA AND ROME.

A Sleeping City.—Leave Naples.—Carriages.—Conductor.—Aversa.—Hospital.—Capua.—Amphitheatre.—The Liris.—Mola.—Cicero.—Robbers.—Countess of Fondi.—Terracina.—Promontory of Circe.—Pontine Marshes.—Appii Forum.—The Three Taverns.—Velletri.—Lake Nemi.—Mount Albano.—View of Rome.—Reflections.—Lake Albano.—American Coffee-house.—Campagna Romana.—Malaria.—Aqueducts.—Walls of Rome.—Feelings on entering the City.—Gibbon.—Hotel.—Appearance of Rome.—The Seven Hills.—Villas.—Fountains.—Obelisks.—Triumphal Columns.—Bridges.—Public Squares.—Palaces.—St. Peter's Church; Vestibule, Interior, High Altar.—St. Peter's Chair.—The Dome.—Reflections.—Brazen Ball.—The Ancient Church.—Public Devotions.—Vatican Palace.—Specimens of the Fine Arts.—Classic Interest.—Statuary.—Sculpture.—Vatican Library.—Popes of Rome; their History, Claims, and Power; their Humiliation.—Etiquette of the Papal Court.—Interview with the Pope; his Dress, and Personal Appearance.

With smiles the rising morn had come,
 When, sallying forth, we left for Rome.
 First at Aversa we alight,
 With dust o'erspread in doleful plight:
 Then on to Capua held our way,
 Where wide-spread fields and vineyards lay.
 On Formia next a glance we cast,
 And saw where Tully breathed his last.
 Ne'er be his deathless name forgot,
 Whose blood bedewed that sacred spot.

WE left Naples for Rome early in the morning, just as the first signs of life and motion began to appear. The people in these warm climes sleep two or three hours after mid-day, during the heat of summer, and make it up by crowding the coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, from early in the evening until after midnight. Hence they sleep late in the morning; and it were well worth one's while who has never done it, to wander through the streets of such a city as Naples, between daylight and sunrise. The shops and houses are closed, and all around is silent as the grave. You hear no more the busy hum of the myriads of her population, nor the wild and confused murmuring of a thousand conflicting streams of feeling, interest, and passion. The contrast of the surrounding stillness with the giddy whirl of business and of

pleasure, which there had been during the previous day, is most striking and impressive. You almost fancy, that with the shades of midnight darkness, the breath of the pestilence, like the besom of destruction, swept over the place, sending all to their final repose; and where so lately there was nought but activity and life, leaving only a city of the dreamless dead. One does not then feel as when wandering through the streets of Pompeii, that the wheels of time have rolled back through a score of centuries, and that he himself has awaked amid the classic scenes and manners of ancient Rome. The emotions excited rather resemble those which one has, when reading in the wild and romantic tales of the Arabian Nights, of the changes wrought by the magic wands of the Genii, or the fabled lamp of Aladdin.

We travelled in Italian post carriages, a strange kind of vehicle, made like one of our coaches, with the addition of a seat for two in front, which is covered with a top like a chaise, and forward of this, a seat for the conductor. This *dignitary* has nothing to do with guiding the horses, but goes through the whole distance of one hundred and fifty miles perched up in his little box, and doing little else than sleep. At the stopping places, however, he looks to the baggage, orders the postilions about, and aids the police and soldiers in fleecing travellers. For this last act of official knavery, he receives as a reward a portion of the spoil. One of these villains, by sheer brazen-faced impudence, cheated us out of eight or ten dollars, which, however, was repaid to us by his employer, when we returned to Naples. Four poor old hacks of horses were attached to each carriage, those forward being two or three rods in advance of those behind, and tied to them by long ropes. The near horse of each span was mounted by a postilion, with huge jack-boots reaching above the knees, a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, velvet breeches, and a quizzical looking coat, with scarlet cuffs and trimmings, the body of it ending just below the armpits, and the skirts so short, that he would not sit on them when mounted. In the right hand, they carried a short whip, with a long lash, which they cracked around their horses' ears most furiously. By doing this, and ever and anon beating their heads, they passed over their short stages of seven or eight miles at a good speed. Still I could not help thinking what a different affair from all this, is a stage concern in the United States. There, with carriages more comfortable, and which would carry a larger

number, one man would do the business of the conductor and his two postilions; and with such fine, level roads as there are in the south of Italy, four good horses might be kept much cheaper, and would travel the same distance in less time than eight poor ones now do. Such is the difference between the people of an old country and a new. The former resemble the Dutchman, who, when going to mill, put a stone in one end of the bag to balance the wheat in the other, and went by an old road through the mud, instead of a new one on dry ground, merely because his father before him had done so.

On leaving the suburbs of Naples, we entered a fertile region, covered with vineyards and waving fields of grain. The first town to which we came was Aversa, which was founded by the Normans during the time of their wild and knightly adventures in that region. It has an excellent asylum for the insane, which was founded by Murat. It accommodates five hundred patients, each of whom pays twelve dollars a month. The buildings are spacious and neat, and have a large garden and a handsome church connected with them. The patients are treated with great kindness and indulgence, and, in order to please the eye, the grates of every window are shaped and painted so as to represent flower-pots filled with flowers. It is not singular, that one who himself conducted so much like a madman as Murat, should be led by sympathy for those who had wholly lost their reason, to provide for their relief and comfort.

About fifteen miles from Naples, we entered modern Capua. It is surrounded by a strong wall, and also by a broad ditch, except where the walls are washed by the ancient Vulturis. The Cathedral is neat, and has some pretensions to elegance; but, as in all the other towns between Naples and Rome, the beggars are so numerous and importunate as to be quite annoying. Ancient Capua is about a mile from the present city, and it is but recently that its buried ruins were partially uncovered. It was the capital of Campania, and had walls between five and six miles in circumference, with seven gates. The amphitheatre was similar, in form and size, to the Coliseum, at Rome, and, according to Cicero, would hold one hundred thousand spectators. The same author says, that there were usually forty thousand pupils in the gladiatorial school of Capua. Its public buildings vied in splendor with those of Rome and Carthage, and it had three

hundred thousand inhabitants. It was attacked and taken by the Romans, and greatly reduced, because it espoused the cause of Hannibal; but, in the time of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, regained its former magnificence. During the middle ages, the Goths, Vandals, and Lombards, entirely destroyed it, and, until recently, all traces of the site and the ruins of this once splendid city, were lost in entire oblivion. The plain on which Capua is situated, and which we crossed on our way to Rome, is very extensive and fertile. On each side the view was bounded by distant mountains, and all the intervening valley was richly laden with vineyards, and fields of grain and clover. It was at Capua that Hannibal and his army fixed themselves after the battle of Cannæ, and no one, who looks out upon the wide-spread and fertile plain around, is at any loss to perceive whence were derived those means of luxurious indulgence which produced such a corrupting and enervating influence on those once hardy and warlike soldiers.

Passing the broad plain of Capua, we came to the river Liris, the boundary between the ancient kingdoms of Latium and Campania. Over this river the king of Naples has built a strong and elegant bridge, with high piers of hewn stone, over which pass long chains, on which the bridge rests. Near the point where we crossed the river are the ruins of Minturnæ, and the marsh in which the Roman Consul, Marius, was found, sunk in the mud, when fleeing from his enemies. Sad indeed was his downfall, and no wonder that after this the stern old General, when wandering amid the ruins of Carthage, felt a pleasure at the thought that, in its prostrate walls and broken columns, there was a sympathy with his own fallen greatness. From Mola, the ancient Formiæ, we saw the beautiful town and promontory of Gaeta, or Caieta, so named from the nurse of Æneas, who was buried there. Beyond this we passed the Mausoleum of Cicero, erected on the very spot where he was murdered, when, borne on a litter, he was attempting to reach the sea, then only a mile distant. The Mausoleum is a large ruinous structure of stone, two stories high, with a column within reaching to the roof. It was with feelings of no common interest that I gazed upon the spot where the blood of the greatest orator, philosopher, and theologian of ancient Rome, was shed, and from whence his right hand and his head were borne to the capital, and suspended in that very Forum which

so often had rung with the peals of his eloquence, and the thunder of applause which followed it. I speak of him as a theologian, because his treatise concerning the nature of the gods, his *Tusculan Questions*, and other works, fully entitle him to this appellation. His history and his writings present the melancholy spectacle of one possessing a great and gifted mind, eager in the pursuit of truth, but which, from being shrouded in that moral darkness which the corruption of the heart casts over the intellect, and guided by the dim light of nature alone, was able to gain but distant and imperfect views of those great facts and principles which give to erring man the only sure and certain safeguard of the soul. Had the Bible been but placed within his reach, we feel most sure that he would have embraced the religion which it teaches, the influence of which he peculiarly needed, to give the highest finish to his character. With all his noble greatness, he would have thus become far greater; and the Christian cannot but reflect with interest on what he might have been and done, had his vain, restless, and truckling ambition been exchanged for the humble, ardent, devoted, and consistent zeal and energy of such a man as Paul. Then not his country alone, but the world had been his debtor; while his splendid eloquence, instead of a vain oblation on the altar of self-aggrandizement and fame, had been at once a high and holy offering to God, and the means of untold blessings to his fellow-men.

After leaving Mola, on our way to Rome, as evening was approaching, we had a number of soldiers mounted on the back of our carriages, to defend us from robbers. Our party was so armed that we had not much to fear; still, the region is a dangerous one, and the wild mountain gorges and cliffs, near which the road passes, offer every facility for the sudden attack, and the safe and hasty retreat, of the numerous banditti there, whose deeds of violence have long been notorious. The last town in the kingdom of Naples is Fondi. It was pillaged and destroyed in 1535, by that daring and successful freebooter, *Hariaden Barbarossa*. This was owing to the failure of an attempt which he made to seize, by night, the beautiful *Julia Gonzaga*, Countess of Fondi, with a view of presenting her to the Grand Seignior. She, being roused from sleep by the clamors of her people, at the approach of the Turks, leaped out of a window and fled to the mountains.

Between Fondi and Terracina, is the narrow pass, where, in the second war with Carthage, Fabius Maximus attempted to prevent Hannibal's advance. Terracina, the ancient Anxur, occupies a narrow space between an abrupt mountain and the sea, or rather, Anxur was on the cliffs above the present town. Its situation is peculiarly romantic, and in the time of the Romans it was an important port. The form of the ancient harbour, made by Antoninus Pius, and the rings to which vessels were moored, may still be seen. Here, and in the neighbouring mountains, are the head-quarters of the banditti; and here, too, some years since, Cardinal Gonsalvo, the Pope's Secretary of State, held a conference with the leaders of the various bands of robbers. The result was, that many of the villains surrendered themselves, on condition of receiving a certain sum each day, being confined six months, and then pardoned and set at liberty. They were imprisoned at Rome, in the Castle of St. Angelo, where many visited them and made them presents. They were not however liberated at the stipulated time, and what has since been done with them, I know not.

On the coast beyond Terracina, is the promontory of Circe, of which Homer and Virgil relate so many fabled wonders. Still, though we often fixed our eyes upon it, we saw no voluptuous Goddess, wasting her days in joyous songs, reëchoed by the resounding rocks; nor did we hear

———“re-bellowing to the main,
The roar of lions, that refuse the chain
The grunts of bristled boars and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves, that stun the sailor's ears.”

Nor saw we aught of those

———“whom Circe's power,
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had altered, and in brutal shapes confined.”

There is much truth and good sense concealed beneath this fable of Circe, the pleasure-loving Goddess, who, by luxury and dissipation, and decoctions drawn from poisonous herbs, changed into swine all who visited her voluptuous retreat. Under the veil of fiction it presents the fact, that the votaries of intemperance, sensuality, and pleasure, degrade and stupefy the mind, and reduce themselves to the level of the lowest and most offensive of the brute creation. Nor is it strange, that, when sailing by night, superstitious sailors

should mistake the wild surging of the waves, and the sighing of the winds among the rocks, and the caverns of a lofty sea-beaten shore, for the roaring of lions and the howling of wolves, and raging beasts of prey.

Leaving Terracina at midnight, we entered the Pontine Marshes. They are twenty-four miles in length, and vary from six to twelve miles in breadth. Composed as they are, of a deep, rich vegetable mould, saturated with water, and covered with a rank and luxuriant growth of wild plants and grass, they have ever been the abodes of pestilence and death. Appius Cæcus began to drain them, and the Roman Emperors and the Popes have pursued the work. Vestiges of one of the ancient canals, nineteen miles in length, may still be seen along the road. It was made by Augustus Cæsar, and enlarged by Nero. The great defect in these works has been, that instead of digging ditches at the foot of the surrounding mountains, thus conveying away the waters which descend, each one has labored near the road, that thus his works, and the monuments on which were inscribed his name and his glory, might not be concealed from public view. In the midst of these marshes, we passed the wretched villages of Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns, where the Christians from Rome came to meet Paul, when on his first journey thither. The former is nearly fifty, and the latter forty miles from the city, and their coming such a distance to meet and to comfort him, though wearing the chains of a criminal, shows how high was his reputation, and how widely his fame was diffused abroad. No wonder that when the venerable Apostle saw the brethren who had come thus far on an errand of kindness and love, he "thanked God and took courage." At the Three Taverns, a church and a convent have been built to commemorate this visit of Paul, but they are now in a state of decay.

I will not here stop to describe a number of romantic towns, known to classic fame, which lay among the mountains on our right, but, leaving the marshes behind us and ascending the hills beyond, let us enter Velletri. This town was one of the capitals of the ancient Volsci, and boasts of having been the birth-place of the Emperor Augustus. Some authors say, indeed, that he was a native of Rome, but, be this as it may, his family once resided at Velletri, and a painting of his head now graces the sign-board of one of the village hotels. From the hills which the road crosses, there were

beautiful views of the distant sea, of mountains shaded with forest trees, and hill-sides, and valleys richly covered with vineyards and fields of grain. The people, too, had the healthy hue, and the wild, free air of mountaineers, thus presenting a striking contrast to the sallow, listless, and indolent wretches who vegetate in the lowland towns and villages, through which we had just before passed.

At a short distance from Genzano, the next place at which we stopped, is Lake Nemi. Like lakes Avernus, Albano, and others in the south of Italy, it seems to occupy the crater of an extinct volcano. In some cases, the entire banks are more than 100 feet high, and they have no natural outlet. On Lake Nemi, the Emperor Trajan built a splendid floating palace. It was five hundred feet in length, three hundred in breadth, and two hundred in height. The materials were wood, fastened with iron clamps, with an outside covering of lead, and lined within with marble. It was moored in the centre of the lake, and supplied with water by conduits from the fountain of Egeria, which gushes from the side of the adjacent hill. The shores around were adorned with walks, and thus was formed a romantic and elegant retreat. It was permitted to sink, and when examined two or three centuries ago, by means of a diving-bell, was found to be in a good state of preservation.

On Mount Albano, I visited the lake of the same name. It reposes in a basin more than 100 feet in depth, and all its banks are overhung with wild plants, vines, and forest trees. In the beautiful solitude of the surrounding summits, are a number of convents, the tinkling of whose bells is almost the only sound which breaks in upon the sacred stillness of the scene. The situation of one or two of these abodes of luxurious indolence, is most enchanting. Below sleeps the quiet lake, enclosed by romantic heights, on one of which, was that temple of Jupiter, where Rome and her allies used to meet for worship, and to which so many a victorious general had marched, in proud triumphal procession. Beyond, in the distance, lay what once was Rome: yes, proud Imperial Rome, the mistress of the world, now Rome no more. Around her desolation reigns. The wreck of empire, and the mouldering ruins of other and far nobler days, now meet the eye, wherever it turns. To one at home in history, there were enough within the view to teach him wisdom, and give him food for thought and feeling for

years, nay, ages. There was pagan Rome, the heart of all the world, from whence there flowed those healthful or corrupting streams, whose influence was felt in the extremest parts of distant empires. There, too, was Christian Rome, the thunder of whose power had made the mightiest monarchs tremble on their thrones, and brought them from afar, as humble suppliants, for favor and forgiveness. There, had mighty armies fought and conquered; or, being vanquished and subdued, were trampled in the dust, and wore the chains of slavery. There had marched triumphant generals, and kings, and emperors, with long processions, and with proud and gorgeous show. But now, alas, all, all had passed away, and sunk to rise no more. And all had been forgotten too, but for the lasting monuments of art, and those, more noble and enduring far, which genius rears to give undying fame to great and godlike men. Beholding scenes like these, I almost wished to spend my days within those still retreats, which rise beneath the lofty oaks, and there learn wisdom and improve the heart, by musing on the brief and sad estate of man, and all the vanity of human greatness. But then I thought, that man was made for action; and he but half fulfils his being's end, who does not labor to improve his fellow-men. None should desert the post of active duty but such as cannot work, or those whom deadly peril drives to flight. That weak and sickly piety, which needs the shade, and will not bear the frown of power, nor dare the wild and angry waves of human passion, as seen in those who hate their God, will never do for such a world as this, where every soldier of the Cross should gird his armour on, and fight till death overtakes him.

Lake Albano is seven miles in circumference. Its Emisarium, or artificial outlet, is one of the noblest works of ancient Rome. It is a tunnel cut through a mountain of solid rock, and is five or six feet broad, ten or twelve high, and more than a mile in length. The whole was completed in a single year. After tracing its course on the surface, pits of one or two hundred feet deep were sunk, at given distances from each other, by which means several parties of laborers were able to work at the same time. The massive stone work at the entrance and outlet of this canal, and the whole interior walls, though they were erected more than two thousand years ago, are as firm and perfect as when first completed.

In the village of Albano is a "Caffe Americano," (Ameri-

can Coffee House,) so called in honor of our country, or rather to secure the custom of Americans who pass that way. From thence, as from every point within sight of Rome, the dome of St. Peter's is the most prominent object, and may often be seen as a far off landmark, to guide the traveller, while the city below is concealed from the view by the smoke and mists which rest upon it. As we passed along the gradual descent of Mount Albano, the wide-spread Romana Campagna lay before us, in the centre of which rise the Seven Hills on which the "Eternal City" was built. This large space, which is more than one hundred miles in circumference, and covers an area of fifteen thousand square miles, is now little else than one vast and melancholy desert, retaining barely enough of the ruins of its former magnificence to remind one that he is moving amid the wreck of a mighty empire. Here and there a low and filthy post-house, forced into existence by the wants of those who travel; together with scattered herds of goats, swine, and domestic buffaloes, present almost the only exceptions to the deathlike solitude and desolation, which reign everywhere around. A few fields of grain dot the surface of this verdant desert, but most of it is covered with grass, and with wild plants and weeds, growing in all their untamed and native luxuriance. And yet, in beholding this scene, how often is one forced to exclaim, Whence is all this mighty change? Once, upon every little mound and hillock, rose the splendid villa of some old Roman, surrounded by its park, and pleasure-grounds; and gardens, and the wealth and industry of assembled millions, made what is now a lone and wide-spread desert, to bloom and blossom like the rose. And still the soil is deep and fertile, and everywhere there rise those gentle waves and swells which fit it, in perfection, for easy and successful cultivation. The whole area, too, except where the ocean washes it, is enclosed by a beautiful amphitheatre of hills and mountains, which shut out the cold and chilling breeze. Cattle may graze there throughout the year, and the snow and ice, which there used to be at Rome in the days of Horace and Lucretius, are rarely seen there now. The soil is rather dry than moist, and surely I have never seen such a large and fertile tract of country so free from those marshes, lakes, and stagnant pools, which are apt to engender disease. The prevalence of the deadly malaria in a region so well fitted to become the garden of the world, was a matter of mystery to us; and though we often speculated

and conversed upon the subject, yet the medical gentlemen of our party, as well as the rest, were wholly at a loss as to any adequate natural cause for the fact. It seems, indeed, as if the Almighty, in order to effect his purposes, had spread over it the breath of the pestilence, like the besom of destruction; thus, by a silent and resistless influence, sweeping away man from the face of the earth, and changing what was once a crowded city, into a lone and unpeopled solitude. The malaria has for a long time been advancing to the very heart of Rome itself, and often great numbers die of it in a single season. So well defined are its ravages, that in some cases a part of a block of buildings, or the lower story of a house, have been unsafe, while the other parts were healthy. Rome, and portions of the country around, have suffered so much from earthquakes, volcanos, the inundations of the Tiber, and the ravages of invading armies, that the surface has been greatly changed, so that in digging, columns, statues, fragments of edifices, and even pavements of the ancient city, are often found twenty or thirty feet beneath the present level of the soil. If Rome is indeed to perish, one who visits her is at no loss to perceive the traces of those elements of destruction which, though now slumbering beneath the surface of the earth, need but the breath of the Almighty to kindle them, in order to present the scene of which the prophet speaks, when he says, "The streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof into burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever."

The most prominent objects in the Campagna di Roma are the tombs and the aqueducts. These aqueducts were employed to convey water from the mountains, for the use of the city. They are commonly ten or fifteen feet high, three or four feet in diameter, and supported by a succession of stone piers and arches. The aqueducts of ancient Rome were eleven in number, and were sufficient to convey to the city 800,000 tons of water every day. Of these the ruins of the Claudian, Tepulan, and Martial are most extensive and magnificent. The Claudian aqueduct conveyed three streams of water to Rome; two from a distance of forty-five miles, and the third more than sixty miles. One of its arches is now used as a gate of the city. There are three principal aque-

ducts by which Rome is now supplied with water for her hundred fountains, and for private use. These are old ones, which have been repaired from time to time by the Popes. The longest is that built by Trajan, and repaired by Pope Paul the Fifth. It extends thirty-five miles from the city.

The present walls of Rome have been erected at different periods, almost from the first foundation of the city. From the time of Romulus, when they were little more than the enclosures of a fortress, they continued to be enlarged, until, in the reign of Valerian, they are said to have been fifty miles in circumference. These, of course, embraced the suburbs, in which were the splendid villas of the wealthy and the noble. Dionysius says, that it was difficult to tell where Rome ended, as all the great roads branching off from the city were lined with buildings. The present walls are about fifteen miles in extent. Many of the old gates have been walled up, and twelve only are now used.

Though the classic fever was strong upon us as we approached the walls of Rome, yet with some of our party the spirit of sleep was still stronger. We had continued our journey during the whole of the previous night, and the heavy and pestilential air of the Pontine Marshes had produced upon us its usual effect of causing a deathlike drowsiness and slumber to rest, like an incubus, upon us. We entered Rome by the gate of St. John, where the delay and vexation caused us by the custom-house, the thought that we were within the walls of the Eternal City, and the scenes which opened on our view, — all roused us from our stupor, and inspired us with new life and energy. The emotions which rush upon the mind of the scholar when he first finds himself in such a place as Rome, can be more easily conceived than described. Long, long years, it has been the subject of his daily studies, and his nightly dreams. The eloquence of her historians and orators, and the splendid fictions of her poets, have fired his youthful fancy, and roused within him a high and noble admiration of the wisdom and valor of her heroes, statesmen, and philosophers. A halo of glory rests on all around him, and scarce an object on which he fixes his view, but recalls to his mind some passage in history, or some fairy and poetic scene, made sacred by the genius of Virgil or Horace, or some other of the bards of olden time. Perchance he thinks, too, of those in a far off land, the companions of his youthful studies, and all the scenes through which they passed

together. And what within his power would he not give, could he but have some of those congenial spirits to roam with him there. In a few brief hours, the thoughts and feelings of years pass in quick succession through the mind, producing a wild and delightful excitement, resembling, not in kind, indeed, but in vividness and power, that which sometimes cheers the soul of the dying saint, when, as at a single glance, he sees with clear, unclouded vision, the bright scenes of his past enjoyment, and the more brilliant glories of his future bliss. If there be on earth a place where such emotions fill the ardent soul, it is, and must be, Rome; and there is truth and reason in the description which Gibbon gives of his own feelings on first arriving there. He says, — “My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm; and the enthusiasm which I do not feel, I have ever scorned to affect. But, at the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod, with a lofty step, the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye; and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation.”

We took our lodgings in Rome, at the hotel “*Ville de Paris*,” near the Piazza del Popolo, and directly at the foot of the Pincian Mount. It was formerly a palace, and its luxurious apartments, its beautiful garden with its fish-pond, and its statues, and Latin inscriptions, almost made one fancy himself amid the sumptuous splendor of old and classic times. But as we sallied forth and moved about the city, a deathlike apathy and decay seemed everywhere to meet the eye. This impression was owing, in part, to the fact that we were there when most of the foreigners who spend the winter at Rome, and those whom Holy Week convenes, had left the city. But still, much of it was cold and stern reality. Along the streets were scattered broken fragments of statues and fallen columns, the remnants of other and better days, while nothing new or fresh was to be seen. The wealthy citizen, or stranger, rolled along the fashionable rides, in his showy carriage; but excepting this, the only vehicles in motion, were here and there the rude cart of a peasant from the mountains, dragged slowly along by a single tall and gaunt white ox, or a team of buffaloes, or an ox with a little shrivelled donkey

by his side. The tradesman was lounging or sleeping at his shop door, or on his counter, and nothing of the activity and busy hum of commerce was either heard or seen. There was in Rome, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, far less of life and motion than in many a town in the United States, of eight or ten thousand inhabitants. The artists and the poorer classes, depend almost entirely for support, on the wealth from abroad which is lavished there by visitors; and thus we have the singular spectacle of a large and populous city, where there is little else than consumption, and with nothing of that energy and enterprise excited by a vigorous pursuit of trade and commerce. Hence, the listlessness and inactivity within the walls well comports with the wide-spread solitude and desolation without.

A large part of the modern city is surrounded by the Seven Hills, and is built upon the Campus Martius, or Field of Mars. In ancient times this was an open place, without the walls, adorned with statues and porticos, where the people met for public elections and some of the games, and where the Roman youth engaged in warlike and athletic sports and exercises. The Palatine, Aventine, and Cœlian hills are almost entirely destitute of buildings, while the Esquiline, Capitoline, Viminal, and Quirinal, are either wholly or in part occupied by the modern city. The most prominent object on the Pincian Mount, is the Villa Medici; — the Pope's palace is on the Quirinal; and the Esquiline, Cœlian, and Vatican are crowned with the three principal churches of Rome. These hills are all much lower now than in ancient times. This is owing to the fact, that their summits have been removed by tillage, by levelling them for the purpose of building, and by the rain, which has swept down the soil to the valleys below. By these and other causes, the present surface between the hills has been elevated twenty, thirty, and even forty feet above the pavements of the ancient city. The Aventine hill, which rises from the banks of the Tiber, is the highest, and has most of the rough and untamed grandeur of nature.

There is much in the immediate vicinity of Rome, which gives it quite a rural and picturesque appearance. The Pincian Mount, which rises with the abruptness of a precipice, from the very heart of the city, and is covered with beautifully shaded walks, and rides, and pleasure-grounds, together with the large and deeply-wooded park in front of the Villa

Borghese, and the circuit made by going out at the Gate of the People, crossing the Milvian bridge, and passing along the further banks of the Tiber, till you enter the city near the Vatican, — all delight the eye, and tend to divert the mind from the wide-spread solitude and desolation which reign around. There are also a number of villas just without the walls, belonging to the oldest and wealthiest families of Rome. Of these the Dorian Villa has most pretensions to taste and beauty, of any that I saw. The grounds are quite extensive, with broad gravel walks, lined on each side by a thick growth of trees, twenty or thirty feet in height, with the top and sides cut perfectly smooth, thus forming a square and compact wall of green. There are also fine gardens, a park of lofty pines, and a stream passing through a grove, wrought into artificial waterfalls and spouting fountains, and emptying into a smooth and peaceful lake below. These, with numerous statues and other works of art, serve to please the taste indeed, but then they have been so tortured into lines, and angles, and shape, and order, as to lose that air of wildness and of nature which is the highest charm of rural scenery. The effect produced upon the mind by such a scene, was less than nothing, when compared with those emotions which have filled the soul, when, in my early days, I sat or strolled beside some swollen mountain stream, which, shaded by dark and lofty forest trees, and fiercely rushing down its rocky gorge, sent forth upon the winds its wild and spirit-stirring melody.

Rome may not unaptly be styled the City of Fountains, as one or more of these adorn each of her numerous public squares. Some of them are very beautiful, resembling a natural stream pouring over moss-grown rocks, and forming neat and picturesque cascades. Others flow from lions' or from serpents' mouths; or some water-deity or huge monster of the deep spouts the pearly liquid far upwards in the air. It is greatly to be desired, that fountains should become common in the towns, villages, and cities of the United States. They are so useful in promoting cleanliness and health, while at the same time they may be made objects of such taste and beauty, that one who has seen them abroad cannot but wish that they were added to the other numerous delightful objects of nature and of art, whose charms so strongly bind his best affections to his native land.

Another interesting class of objects at Rome, are the

Egyptian obelisks and triumphal pillars which grace the public squares, in various parts of the city. The former are the most numerous, and some of them date back as far as a thousand years before the Christian era. They consist of a long square shaft of solid granite, slightly tapering towards the top, and resting on a pedestal of the same material. Their height varies from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet, and their sides are commonly covered with hieroglyphics. They were brought from Thebes, Heliopolis, and other parts of Egypt, by the Roman generals and emperors, and were used to adorn the amphitheatres and public squares. They were made at first to record the exploits of heroes, and grace their temples and their tombs. The obelisk in front of St. Peter's church was brought from Heliopolis, by order of the Emperor Caligula, in a vessel constructed for the purpose, and placed by Nero in his circus. There it lay buried in ruins for ages, until, by order of Pope Sextus the Fifth, it was raised from the earth by means of forty-one machines, with strong ropes, and iron rollers. The power of all these was applied at once, by means of eight hundred men, and one hundred and sixty horses, and yet eight days were required in effecting it. To transport it three hundred paces, to the place where it now stands, cost four months' labor. It was elevated on its pedestal by means of fifty-two powers, all applied together. It is a single shaft of red Egyptian granite, and is about one hundred and twenty feet in height.

There are two triumphal columns now standing in Rome. The oldest and best executed is that of Trajan. It stands in what was once his Forum, which was the largest and most splendid in Rome, containing, among other things, a Basilica, a temple, a triumphal arch with four fronts, and the celebrated Ulpian library. Part of its site is now occupied by two churches, while around the base of the column are strewed fragments of pillars, and other remains of ancient magnificence. The column, or, as it is commonly called, Trajan's Pillar, is of the Doric order, and composed of thirty-four blocks of white statuary marble, fastened together with bronze cramps. Its diameter is ten feet, its height one hundred and twenty, and it is now surmounted by a statue of St. Peter. The pedestal is twenty feet high, and is covered with figures of trophies, eagles, wreaths of oak, and other similar things. The shaft is covered with figures in bass relief, of warriors, captives, horses, triumphal processions, and battles,

ranged in a spiral form, from the bottom to the top. These represent the victories of Trajan over the Dacians. The column erected by the Roman senate in honor of the victories of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, is similar in plan and size, but inferior in execution, to that of Trajan.

There are four bridges over the Tiber now in use within the walls of Rome. Of these, that of St. Angelo, formerly the Ælian, is most used. It was built by the Emperor Hadrian, to lead to that vast sepulchre which he built for himself, and which is now called the Castle of St. Angelo. The bridge was repaired by Clement the Ninth, and a row of colossal statues of saints are mounted on the balustrades, on each side. Their robes are flying in the wind, and so far from having devout and becoming attitudes, they rather look as if they were contending with the elements, or moving in the wild and mazy dance. I have given this general outline of the city, and of those objects which first strike the eye, in order that I might not, in future, be diverted by them from the regular train of description.

Our starting point, in all our excursions through Rome, was the Piazza del Popolo. This is a large, open area, adjoining the northern gate of the city, with a lofty obelisk in the centre, at the base of which are four lions, hewn from granite, from whose mouths the water is pouring into a spacious marble basin. On the upper side of this same square, is another copious fountain, made from marble, and crowned with colossal statues, while around rise three churches, and other large and imposing structures. From this point the three principal streets diverge as radii, leading in a direct line to the different parts of the city; so that at a single view one may see the numerous stately churches and palaces with which these streets are lined, extending one beyond another, far off in the distance. The street on the right, as you face to the south, leads to the banks of the Tiber, — while that on the left passes through the Piazza di Spagna, to the southern gates of the city. But the Corso, the central street, is by far the most showy and fashionable, and is the place where all who can afford it take their evening ride. It is broad for a European street, has sidewalks, and is well paved. It leads in a direct line through the heart of the city to the capitol, and is adorned with many of the largest palaces and churches. The number of these buildings in Rome is very great. There are about three hundred churches,

— and the palaces, most of which belong to the Pope and his cardinals, are so large and numerous, that they are computed to cover more than half the surface of the modern city. Yes, they belong to those who claim to be the chief accredited agents and vicegerents of Him, who was so poor that he had not where to lay his head, and who, when on earth, declared, — “How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God. It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.”

The great and leading object of interest in Rome is that splendid miracle of architecture, St. Peter's Church. This was the first place of importance we visited. The morning after our arrival in the city, with this object in view, we sallied forth *en masse*, armed with books of reference, and led on by faithful and experienced guides. Passing the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, we turned to the left, through a narrow street which conducted us to the splendid area in front of St. Peter's Church. The Vatican Mount, on which it stands, is a gentle eminence, and was formerly occupied by the palace, gardens, and amphitheatre of Nero. As tradition fixed upon this as the place where St. Peter was beheaded, and his body buried, it was therefore selected as a proper site for the church which now bears his name. In opposition to this, men learned in the early history of the church have maintained, that St. Peter never visited Rome, — while others, who admit that he was there, deny that he was ever bishop. To support their views, they quote Iræneus, bishop of Lyons, who lived during part of the first and second centuries, and states that Linus was ordained as first bishop of Rome by Peter and Paul. But, be that as it may, it is sufficient for our present purpose that we know that St. Peter's Church is there, and that there, too, have been those who claimed to be his lineal successors. The first object next to the lofty dome, which strikes the eye on approaching the church, is the obelisk of which we have spoken, and two splendid fountains. These last, as if fed by a river, are ever throwing large columns of water high in the air, which, spreading and descending on every side, have not unaptly been compared, in size and form, to large weeping willows, sparkling in the sun. The area in front of the church is about one thousand feet long, and eight hundred broad, and is paved with large stones. Commencing at its entrance, there is on each side a splen-

did circular portico extending up towards the church, composed of four rows of enormous Doric pillars, three hundred in all, forming colonnades, which are at sufficient distances to leave three covered avenues between them. Of these, the central one is wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast. From their upper end there are covered galleries, reaching to the church, with arcades opening into the square. The top of these splendid avenues, which are each more than one thousand feet in length, are adorned with pilasters and balustrades, above which rise two hundred statues, ten or twelve feet high. Thus the enclosure of the area in front has an elevation of more than seventy feet, and presents a peculiarly grand and imposing appearance.

The flight of steps leading to the church is about four hundred feet in breadth, and begins slowly to ascend about two hundred feet from its front. The appearance of the church, as one enters the area of which we have spoken, is less striking than fancy would picture it to be. Though its height is near two hundred feet, yet its breadth being double this extent, you thus lose much of the effect of the elevation, while the lofty balustrade above, and the colossal statues of the Twelve Apostles, with which it is surmounted, serve in a great degree to conceal the splendid dome, rising as it does from near the further extremity of the church. Every one complains of the front of St. Peter's. The Grecian style of architecture was never made for windows, and these, with balconies, so divide and deform the whole exterior of the church, as to destroy all simplicity and grandeur of design. A Gothic structure, with its lofty windows and its deep and noble arches, though of but half the size of St. Peter's, would be far more grand and imposing. But on entering the vestibule of the church, the vastness of its proportions begin to be felt. Though but thirty feet in breadth, yet its great length and its gigantic marble pillars, sixty feet in height, the colossal equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, which on either hand limit the view, all prepare the mind to realize the grandeur of the inner temple. And yet in Rome it requires some time for the mind to expand itself to the measure of every thing around. Each day one's ideas and conceptions of magnitude become enlarged, until those words which he had always used, when speaking of the vast and wonderful, seem to have lost their meaning, and wholly fail to shadow forth his feelings. He needs a new class of

epithets, far more strong and powerful than he has ever used before. There is, in this expanding process of the mind, a high-wrought and peculiar pleasure, which, if it do not evaporate in wild, romantic feeling, but is wisely tempered and restrained by Christian wisdom, and right impressions of the vain and fleeting nature of all human greatness, may stamp upon the soul a deep and living impress, which time can never efface.

But leaving behind us the vestibule, with its bass relief, and other ornaments, and its richly gilded ceiling, let us enter the inner sanctuary. And there, how striking and how beautiful is all around. At first, the nave alone is seen, which is more than six hundred feet in length, and two hundred in breadth, while the richly gilded vault is seventy or eighty feet above the head. But still one cannot feel that it is indeed so vast, for everything he sees is in such fine keeping and proportion that there is nothing of a common size, by which to graduate and compare the things around him, in such a way as to convince him how great is his deception. But as he casts his eye along its length, and sees in the distance how small a man appears, and what an insect he becomes when compared with this the proudest of his works, then his mind begins to open to the vastness of the scene. Advancing from the door he sees on either side two highly polished marble statues clinging to the wall, and holding in their hands a vase of holy water. They are infant cherubs, with curling locks and beaming face, and the full form of early days, but as one approaches them, he finds them taller than himself. With both his hands he scarce can span their wrists, and they have arms which might wield with ease the club of Hercules. Then the arches which rise between the lofty pilasters open to the view, with the long and spacious aisles on either hand, and the range of richly furnished chapels and altars connected with them. The most costly and highly finished works of sculpture and of painting are everywhere around. All is rich and durable, and all is showy and magnificent; and yet every thing is chaste and beautiful. There is nothing overdone or tawdry, and, with some slight exceptions, nothing to offend the eye of taste. True, there are those who think that in place of the vast pilasters and arches which sustain the roof, and by which the nave is separated from the aisles, there should be rows of pillars, so as to expose the grandeur of the whole immense interior to the view at once. The

effect in such a case would indeed be most imposing and sublime, but then there could hardly be columns firm and large enough to sustain the mighty mass above, and yet be in keeping and proportion with every thing around.

In advancing towards the upper end of the church, new wonders open to the view. A rich enclosure surrounds a flight of steps and an open area below, with a pavement of brilliant mosaics and walls lined with alabaster, lapis lazuli, and red antique. From it open the brazen doors of what is called St. Peter's Tomb, before which kneels the marble statue of a recent Pope. The balustrade above is hung with a hundred costly lamps, which never cease to burn. How many a poor suffering beggar might be fed and clothed by the useless wealth that has been lavished on this single spot.

The High Altar of St. Peter's rises just beyond the Tomb, and is indeed a proud, and splendid shrine. The Canopy, which is surmounted by statues of angels, with a Cross rising above it, rests upon four spiral columns of bronze, wreathed with garlands, and adorned with cherubim. Although these columns are ninety feet in height, and the cross rises one hundred and thirty feet from the pavement of the church, yet so colossal is every thing around, and so accurate are the proportions, that I could not convince myself, that the whole was more than fifty feet in height. Beyond the Altar, is an open space, and, in the further extremity of the church, rises a kind of pulpit, in the form of a huge chair. It is made of bronze, is seventy feet above the pavement, and rests on the fingers of four colossal statues, of Doctors of the Church. It is called St. Peter's Chair, but what the poor old fisherman of Galilee,—the despised and persecuted preacher of the Cross, could have had to do with such a large and costly toy as this, would be hard to tell. The French, when they were in Rome, had the curiosity closely to examine this chair, and on the back of it they found an Arabic inscription, stating that it once belonged to an eastern prince. Lady Morgan published this fact, and a pamphlet in reply to this assertion is now for sale in the book-stores at Rome. Though the author wrote upon the spot, still, it is singular, that he does not resort to examination and direct testimony, by which he might disprove the statement, if false, but merely trusts himself to a specious general argument on the probability of the thing. On the right of the Chair, as one faces it, is the tomb of Urban the Eighth, and

on the left, are the statues of two ladies, designed by Michael Angelo, and executed by another artist. They represent Justice and Prudence, and though the elder of the two has little beauty to boast of, yet the voluptuous elegance of the younger, is said to have stolen away the heart of a Spanish cavalier, whose passion for the lifeless marble, led the Pope to enclose it in a mantle of bronze, in order to prevent a similar occurrence in future.

But in passing to the upper extremity of the church, we omitted the magnificent Dome which rises from the ceiling of the roof, directly above the High Altar, and the Tomb of St. Peter. Its diameter at the base is one hundred and forty feet, and, with a noble swell, it rises to the height of four hundred feet from the pavement of the church. The walls are lined with splendid mosaics of angels, archangels, and all the heavenly hosts, surrounding the Most High, whose image is dimly shadowed forth in the highest point of the dome, looking in the far off distance, like a beam of effulgence, shining down from the glories of the upper world. Two galleries encircle the interior, one at the height of a hundred and seventy, and the other of two hundred and forty feet from the pavement. In walking round these galleries, and looking down from them upon the splendors below, and seeing what mere dwarfs human beings appear in the midst of so much vastness, thus it is, that one is led to feel more than before the dimensions of every thing around, and beneath. The Dome of St. Peter's is a noble and majestic monument of art and genius, worthy of the fame of Michael Angelo, of whose powers it will be a proud memorial for ages yet to come.

In passing through the aisles and chapels, the walls are everywhere covered with the most splendid paintings in the world, copied in mosaic, with costly statuary, with noble tombs of kings, and popes, and princes, with gems and precious stones, and a thousand other things, which it would take a volume to describe. On first entering the church, and moving round it, the richness, novelty, and splendor of the scene is such, as for the time, to check those feelings of historic interest, which first or last must fill the soul of any one, familiar with the records of the past, who visits a place, where such grand and imposing acts in the great drama of church history have been enacted. The processions of the Popes, with all the show and dignity, which numbers,

wealth, and power could give,—the coronation, and the splendid offerings, of kings and emperors;—To-day, the dazzling glare of greatness, the scarlet robes of more than kingly power, the keys, and triple crown, which gave the right to summon distant monarchs, and absolve their subjects from allegiance;—to-morrow, the wild and angry shout of reckless insurrection, the fury of a mob, or of a foreign army, the deposition, exile, imprisonment or death of God's vicerent. Now the thunders of the Vatican, causing fear and trembling to kings of far off nations, and again the man, whose word of might had shaken these distant thrones, becomes a helpless captive in a foreign land, a pageant and a show, to grace the triumph of a haughty conqueror. Thus empty and short-lived is human pomp and power. The glance of pride, and the flush of exultation is chased away by the cowering look of fear, and the cold, ashy paleness of death. The intoxicating cup of worldly greatness, with a surface bright and sparkling, has below the bitter dregs of deep anxiety and grief, and he who tastes the sweet must drink the poison too.

From the body of the church, we proceeded by a broad side-passage, to the roof. The ascent is so gradual, that donkeys are used to carry up the stone, brick, and other materials, required for repairing the upper part of the church. At the height of two hundred feet, we passed out upon the level roof, paved with hard bricks, and surrounded by a balustrade, which is surmounted by statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles, twenty feet in height. There are eighteen cupolas, which give light to the aisles and chapels of the church. These, together with the shops used by the workmen, for the constant repairs which are necessary, give to the roof the appearance of a little village. From this point, we ascended, by a succession of narrow flights of stairs, to the gallery at the top of the Dome, and from thence, to the interior of the Brazen Ball, from which rises the Cross that crowns the noble structure. This ball is eight feet in diameter, and thirteen persons have been in it at once.

After being roasted to our hearts' content, in the Brazen Ball on the Dome of St. Peter's, and having feasted our eyes on the beauties of the wide-spread landscape around us, we descended to the galleries within the Dome, and from thence took a view of the splendors of the church below. We next visited the original church of St. Peter, which is beneath

the pavement of the present structure. It was built by Constantine, in the fourth century, on the site of the Amphitheatre of Nero, upon the supposition that St. Peter was buried there. But many think it hardly possible, that the Roman Emperor would have permitted a place of public amusement, which was sacred to the gods, to be desecrated by being made the burial-ground of one who was put to death as a criminal. This ancient church, after standing eleven centuries, fell into decay, and Pope Nicholas the Fifth, in 1450, began to rebuild it, or rather to build over it the present magnificent edifice. But little was done, however, until 1506, and the whole was completed in 1621. Many of the mosaics, and the splendid tombs and statuary which adorn the interior, have been added since. The same is true of the Sacristy, which flanks the church on the right. The present height of the subterranean church is about twelve feet, and it occupies much less space than that above. There are scattered through it numerous altars and tombs, and the light of heaven never reaches this abode of the dead. A curious comment on the morals of the people of Rome is furnished by the fact, that this dark retreat was made such a den of licentiousness as to make it necessary to forbid any females visiting it except on a given day of each year, and then no one of the other sex may attend them. Travellers, however, obtain a dispensation of this rule by applying to the Pope.

Such is a brief sketch of the proudest temple of religion that the world has ever known. The expense of its erection has been variously estimated at from sixty to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The latter sum probably does not exceed the truth, even if we say nothing of the expense required for its extensive and constant repairs. Thus, for more than a century, and during the reigns of nearly forty Popes, was this magnificent structure, in passing from its first foundation to its final completion. To erect and adorn it, the wealth of the Catholic world was put in contribution, and artists of the highest genius devoted to it their united powers, during the brightest and proudest periods of their lives. Long will the halo of their fame rest upon the lofty structure, which they helped to rear, and long shall future ages, with admiring wonder and delight, reflect upon the vastness of conception, the grandeur of design, and the perfect execution and completeness, which are there so nobly bodied forth. Still, in looking round upon these wonders,

there was often forced upon my mind such thoughts as these : What has been the object of this vast amount of wealth and labor ? The result indeed has been, that a proud and lasting monument of art and genius has been reared ; but may it not be styled a monument of pride, and folly too ? Look at the splendid tombs of popes and princes, and behold on every side the sculptured marble and the graven tablets, which show the pomp or speak the praises of those who have departed, and you see ambition, strong alike in life and death. St. Peter's is one immense and gorgeous show-box, — an architectural panorama. But what has it to do with any of the high and holy ends for which Christianity exists on earth. It is not surely a place of religious teaching, and the public devotions performed there being in an unknown tongue, and connected with endless movements of the body, and ceremonies of mere outward show, are intended rather to be seen than heard. As to private personal communion with God, if we regard at all the directions of our Saviour respecting it, a church like St. Peter's cannot be the proper place for such an act. The rule he has given to the Christian is, — “ And when thou prayest thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the *synagogues*, and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet ; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye, therefore, like unto them ; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.” How strikingly are these rules presented to one's mind, by the force of contrast, when, as he wanders through the aisles and chapels of St. Peter's, he sees the numerous votaries kneeling before the shrines of their favorite saints, counting by their beads the number of their endless repetitions of the Pater Noster and Ave Maria ; thus computing their piety by the quantity instead of the quality of their prayers, and ever and anon pausing to salute a friend, or to see how many of the passers by notice their devotions. Among the rest a cardinal is seen, with full and flowing robes of brightest scarlet, followed by his retinue of servants, who wait upon him, bear his train, and kneel behind him, when, in passing round the

church, he bows before each altar, there, in presence of a gazing crowd, to send forth his *secret* prayers to God, or rather to those saints whom he regards as special favorites with heaven. The temple in which he worships, too, tends to divert the mind from holy thoughts, and fix it on the works of human art, instead of leaving all its powers and energies to engage in free and unalloyed communion with Him who rules above. The erection of St. Peter's has formed, in its results, an important era in the history of the Catholic church. The liberal sale of indulgences, and other means resorted to for the purpose of realising the vast sum expended in building this costly temple, have done much to injure the credit and lessen the influence of the church of Rome; and wise men have thought that she has thus inflicted a wound upon herself, from the effects of which she will never recover.

But, passing over a train of reflections in which we might here indulge, let us turn to the Vatican. This is a large and splendid palace, or rather collection of palaces, which have been erected, enlarged, and embellished, at various periods, from the time of the Emperor Constantine, or, as some think, of Nero, up to the present. They are about one thousand feet in breadth, twelve hundred in length, and enclose twenty-five courts, or small squares, graced with fountains and other ornaments. Connected with the palace is a large garden, with the plants and shrubbery clipped and squared in the Italian style, so as to lose most of their native variety of form and beauty. The common entrance to the Vatican is by a continuation of the noble flight of steps which extends from the lofty colonnade, on the left of St. Peter's, to its portico. On the arches which rise above this magnificent stair-way, are a number of frescoes, representing historical or other subjects. The first painting is that of Constantine, signing the donation of the church. The second is the Entry of Gregory the Eleventh into Rome, accompanied by St. Catherine, of Siena. It is a well-known fact, that this singular fanatic exerted a great and decided influence in effecting the transfer of the papal power from Avignon, in France, to Rome, — as also in directing the affairs of the Catholic church, from a period previous to her final removal to Rome, at the invitation of Urban the Sixth, up to the time of her death. The other paintings are of a character to show forth the power and greatness of the Popes. The Paoline and Sistine Chapels, and the apartments of the Pope and his attend-

ants, occupy a portion of the Vatican, while the remainder of it is little else than one vast museum, or rather succession of splendid halls and galleries, filled with the largest collection of the most rare, ancient, and valuable specimens of the fine arts, which the world contains. A writer who had travelled through Europe, and seen most that its larger cities contain, thus speaks of the splendid treasures which adorn the sumptuous saloons of the Vatican: "In comparison with this display of papal magnificence, the halls of the Louvre, at Paris, the galleries of Florence, and the Studii, at Naples, are but toy-shops. There are not less than fifty apartments, or more properly superb temples of the arts, of various sizes, and the most beautiful forms; sometimes opening immediately into one another, and at others connected by long corridors, presenting the finest vistas imaginable, with pavements of the richest mosaic, walls lined with pillars of porphyry, alabaster, and Parian marble, and roofs bright with azure and gold, — all filled with the choicest collections of antiquities, sculptures, busts, and statues. Several visits are required to catch even a hasty glance at the innumerable objects which challenge attention, and bewilder the mind of the spectator." In addition to this, the Vatican Library occupies a number of long and richly ornamented halls, containing a large amount of the intellectual treasures of past generations.

Rome is to the scholar, much the same as Jerusalem and Mecca are to the Christian and Mahometan. It is to him, not merely a place once noble alike in learning, in arts, and in arms; a place of ruined grandeur, and of fallen greatness. It has a higher and a stronger claim upon him; for genius has there spread abroad her magic influence, until every river and fountain, every hill-side, mountain, and valley around, seems a living chronicle of the past, recalling to the mind a thousand tales of love and poetry, of war and bloodshed, of joyous transport and subduing anguish, of splendid triumphs, of noble daring, and still nobler sacrifice of property, and all but honor, for a nation's weal. There lived those, who have furnished to the scholar some of his richest and most exciting subjects of thought, thus arousing his mind to effort, and perchance giving shape and coloring to his whole character. The images thus impressed upon the soul, in our early years how they follow us in after life, and how freshly and vividly do they rise again before us, when reviewing the

descriptions, on beholding the objects which first excited them. And well indeed is it for him, who has drank deeply at the fountain of the classics, if he has not drawn from thence the exciting, but bitter draughts of vain and misplaced ambition, leading him so to misjudge respecting his duty, and his talents, as eagerly to engage in pursuing some bright and airy phantom of pleasure or renown, which "leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind," thus neglecting the more solid and useful ends of his being, and reaping, at last, the anguish of blighted prospects and of ruined hopes. Well is it for him, too, if, when studying the character and actions of the heroes of antiquity, the enthusiasm of youthful admiration has not blinded his eyes to their vices, and led him to place a higher value on the daring and chivalrous, yet selfish, haughty, and vindictive prowess and ambition of the hero, than on the humble and self-denying, yet noble and Godlike virtues of the Christian.

But be these things as they may, still I envy not the feelings of that man, who can look without emotion upon the broken aqueducts, the decaying walls, the fallen columns, and the ruined temples of Rome; who can coolly wander amid those lofty tombs, which once held the ashes of royalty, now scattered to the winds, or idly gaze upon those Obelisks of everlasting granite, which, first reared in the land of the pyramids, tell, in mystic characters, of the valor and greatness of those who lived while mankind were yet in their infancy. There is food for thought, too, in watching the rapid flow of the Tiber,—the yellow, or rather the clay-colored Tiber. What untold multitudes, of almost every age and nation since the flood, have stood upon her banks, and viewed her onward course. What streams of human blood have stained her waters, and what endless treasures now enrich her bed. How often has the fate of empire, and of mighty conquerors and monarchs, been there decided. The battle of the Milvian bridge, in which Maxentius was conquered by Constantine, resulted in making Christianity the state religion of the Roman empire, and, by leading her to exchange the two-edged sword of the Spirit, which had ever proved so quick and powerful, for the weak and inefficient weapons of mere human strength and wisdom, robbed her of her former might and glory. Thus her before unsullied purity and splendor was dimmed, and veiled by more

than midnight darkness, and for long, long centuries, she found that civil power was but a broken reed, which, as she leaned upon it, pierced her to the heart.

But here let us turn again for a moment to the Vatican. The collection of sculpture and statuary there is immense. It consists of gods, men, and animals, in every variety of form and attitude of which the mind can conceive, and the productions of every age, from the infancy of Egyptian, Grecian, and Etruscan art, down to the present day. Among the most celebrated of these, are the Apollo Belvidere, and Laocoon, the priest of Troy, and his two sons, writhing in the folds of two huge serpents, who are at once crushing the wretched sufferers, and fixing their deadly fangs in their flesh. It is enough to say of this group, that no one denies that it is the finest statuary in the world; while to the scholar there is peculiar interest in the fact, that Virgil probably derived from it the inspiration which fired his soul, when writing the graphic and animated story which it so finely represents. Pliny says, that it was made by three artists of Rhodes, about four hundred years before the Christian era. He speaks of it as being in the palace of Titus, and it was found in his baths during the popedom of Julius the Second, in the 16th century. The Apollo Belvidere is the vivid personification of manly grace and beauty, and seems instinct with life,—with high intelligence, and noble and heroic feeling. The arrow has just escaped from the bow which he holds in his hand, and he is watching its effect, with form elate and dignified, as if prepared to tread the air beneath his feet, with all the joy of conscious triumph. In looking at this splendid statue, one does not wonder at the story which is told of the maid of France, who gazed upon it till she lost her heart and reason, and then, day after day, she visited it, until, of very sickness of the soul, she pined away and died. Still, many are at first more struck with the Boxers, and the Perseus of Canova. They have more striking attitudes, and a bolder developement of muscle, than the Apollo Belvidere. This, together with the strong expression of excited passions, gives them the advantage of making at once a deep impression on the mind, while the elevated and more intellectual grace and beauty of the god of poesy and light, require a longer time in order to be fully perceived, and to spread the influence of their delightful enchantment alike over the senses and the feelings of the soul. The atti-

tude of the Boxers is extremely fine. One of them has by agreement given the other the advantage of position, and on his countenance is stamped the deep anxiety of a man of intellect and feeling, who is conscious of having committed a fatal error, and that his honor and his life must be the sacrifice. The assailant, on the other hand, is more compact and strongly built, and is a personification of mere brutal force and passion. The statue of Perseus, holding in his hand the head of the Gorgan Medusa, is a noble specimen of the arts. The lines of anguish and of death, so deeply drawn upon the face of the victim, and the mingled air of triumph, deadly hate, and satisfied revenge, which mark the conqueror, is exquisitely done.

But the collection of sculpture in which I was most interested of any in Rome, was that of the numerous marble busts of the philosophers, heroes, poets, kings, and emperors of ancient Greece and Rome, which is placed in the Museum on the Capitoline hill. As these are of high antiquity, and many of them were doubtless taken from real life, they furnish a delightful study to the scholar, and a long time might be spent in tracing out the resemblance, which, upon minute inspection, is more or less striking, between the features and expressions of countenance which distinguish these busts, and the known character of those whom they represent.

And here, if a direct allusion to one's self may be pardoned, I would remark, that such criticism on painting and statuary as this work contains, is not founded on any knowledge of the principles and technicalities of the fine arts, but is the result of some years' intercourse with the deaf and dumb, and experience in teaching them. As in this employment, attitudes, signs, and expressions of countenance, occupy the whole ground of spoken language, with all its variety of inflexions and shades of ideas, one is forced into the habit of closely inspecting and nicely discriminating the evanescent traces of thought and feeling, which are thus shadowed forth. The teacher, too, should examine the results of others' labors, and study well the anatomy of expression,—the framework and the action of those nerves and muscles, which give to man that rich and endless variety of means for making known his thoughts and wishes without the use of speech. Thus one forms an acquired taste, founded, indeed, on nature, but which, neglecting the nice-

ties of style and execution of shade and coloring, fixes mainly on the merits of attitude and expression, and there finds its highest interest and delight.

The most ancient manuscripts in the Vatican Library, are supposed to have been collected by Pope Hilarius in the fifth century, and placed in the Lateran palace. To this collection, Nicolas the Fifth added more than five thousand others, and placed the whole in the Vatican. The superb apartments, now occupied by the library, were built by Sextus the Fifth, and contain forty thousand manuscripts and a large collection of curiosities and of rare and valuable books. There are three lofty halls, or galleries, with noble columns, and the walls and the ceiling of the roof are adorned with frescoes and gilding. A hall, two hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth, leads into another little less than half a mile long, which presents a rare combination of richness, beauty, and splendor. The books are most of them in presses where they cannot be seen, but the more modern works have glass doors in front of the cases which contain them.

The history of the Popes of Rome, from the first origin of their influence as the simple pastors or bishops of a single metropolitan church, down through the days of their more than princely might and power to the present time, has been one of singular and eventful interest. The reflections suggested by visiting St. Peter's and the Vatican, the place of the peculiar presence of the Roman pontiffs, from whence the voice of their authority has issued, and the thunderbolts of their wrath have been hurled, make it proper to give a brief and connected view of those onward strides to greatness, which ended in making them not merely the pretended Vicegerents of the Most High, but, as Paul describes them, exalting themselves above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that, as God, they sat in the temple of God, claiming to be God. Thus a ground-work may be laid for such remarks as may hereafter be made, respecting the present character, opinions, influence, and practices of the Church of Rome, as compared with those of past ages. My impressions on these subjects have been derived from observing and intelligent men in Catholic countries, and also from the works of Catholic writers collected in Rome, Naples, and other parts of Southern Europe.

And here it is not necessary to notice, in detail, the various

opinions which have been held with regard to the lawful rights and powers of the clergy. Suffice it to say, that it is a subject on which men have widely differed; and, while some would make the champions of the faith to be lords over God's heritage, with power to fix the destiny of men, not in this world alone, but also in that which is to come; others claim that Christ, when on earth, not only strongly rebuked the desire of his disciples to rise above each other, but also so far fixed the parity of his ministers, as to allow of no distinction of rank, or office, or title, but only the natural preëminence arising from superior zeal and talents. As to the early centuries of the Christian church, too, some can plainly see a regular succession of bishops, priests, and deacons, and that the inferior grades were appointed, ordained, and governed solely by their diocesan lords; while others claim that different titles are applied to a single individual, and therefore that the terms bishop, elder, &c., as used in the New Testament, cannot be meant to designate different offices, but only the various duties and qualifications belonging to a single office. These last hold with the learned Mosheim, that until near the close of the second century, no minister of religion had charge of more than a single church, of which he was only the teacher and guide, and not the lord; that all churches were on an equality as to power, each one being a little independent republic, governed by its own laws, which were enacted, or at least sanctioned, by the people. But in process of time, in imitation of the confederations of the Grecian cities, it became customary for all the churches in a single province to unite, and form a larger society. The conventions held by these bodies must have some head, and thus arose diocesan bishops. The tendency of power, says an oft-repeated maxim, is to steal from the many to the few, and thus as churches increased in number, and were enlarged, the authority and power of the bishops increased with them.

In the beginning of the fourth century, Constantine ascended the throne, and Christianity became the state religion of the Roman empire. Up to this period, although the equality of all bishops as to rank and authority was held in theory, still "the bishops of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria, as presiding over the primitive and apostolic churches, in the greater divisions of the empire, had precedence of all others, and not only were they often consulted on weighty affairs, but also enjoyed certain prerogatives, peculiar to themselves." Of

these, the bishop of Rome, from his residing at the capital of the empire, was naturally regarded as the first in rank. Constantine, however, removed the imperial court to the banks of the Bosphorus, and there built a city, called by his own name, which he intended should rival Rome in splendor. Hence it was natural, that the bishop of the new metropolis should wish to be equal in rank to the bishop of Rome, and this ambition was encouraged by the successive emperors. Thus arose those long and bitter quarrels between these rival pontiffs, which finally resulted in the separation of the Greek and Latin churches. Pope Gregory the First, in the sixth century, boldly opposed the claims of the Patriarch of Constantinople to the title of Universal Bishop, and his successors followed in his steps. From the time of Constantine onward, the emperors had claimed the exclusive right of directing the external affairs of the church. That is, they were to decide all contests and causes of the ministers of the church of every grade, in all cases which respected property, honors, privileges, and offences against the laws. They therefore assembled councils and presided in them; assigned judges for religious disputes, decided contests between bishops, determined the limits of the episcopal sees, and, by judges, heard and settled the common causes and civil offences of the ministers of the church. The laws relating to religion were enacted either by the emperors, or by councils; and the bishops of Rome and Constantinople were subject to, and obeyed the laws of the empire, just like other citizens. Previous to the fourth century, the bishops had deprived the people of all authority in religious affairs, and greatly encroached upon the power of the lower orders of the clergy. After this, notwithstanding the high claims of the Patriarch of Constantinople, still, from being directly under the eye of the emperor, and the mere echo of his will, he was greatly restrained in the free exercise and increase of his power. He also strove to trample on, and deprive of their rule and revenues, the bishops of Alexandria and Jerusalem. This led them to apply to the bishop of Rome for protection and aid, and thus was his power and influence in the east greatly increased, at the expense of his rival. The bishop of Rome, too, from his immense revenue, and the great number of churches who looked up to him as their head, held the highest seat of power, while his distance from the imperial court, and the exciting and dangerous scenes amid which he was placed, on the one hand, enabled him to act with free-

dom and independence, and, on the other, aroused him to efforts to derive from the confused elements around him, the materials for the increase and defence of his power. He was popular, also, with his own citizens from the fact, that for a number of centuries, the people, as well as the clergy, had a voice in his election. Thus he was led in a measure to regard their feelings and interests, while, at the same time, his high rank and influence often made him the umpire, at first of religious, and at length of civil disputes, in various and remote parts of the Christian world.

Most of the nations of northern and western Europe, who had been converted to Christianity, were, before this change, accustomed to regard their idolatrous priests with the highest veneration. This feeling of awe and reverence which they had for the Druids, as their law-givers, priests, and philosophers, they transferred, on their conversion, to the Christian priests and bishops, who were led by ambition to encourage what was to them so grateful an offering. Thus it was that as the chief Druid was an object of divine worship, the bishop of Rome became so too, and was, and still is, approached with more demonstrations of servility, awe, and reverence, than are shown to God himself; while he, on the other hand, shows far less of condescension, and of favorable notice, to those who thus devoutly bow before him, than the Bible warrants us in expecting from Him, who sits on the throne of the heavens. This, I know full well, is strong language, but statements drawn from Catholic writers, and facts which passed under my own observation, will hereafter be given to sustain it. The same reverence had not been paid by the nations of the East to their heathen priests, and hence the less veneration with which the Christian clergy were there regarded.

Early in the eighth century, the Emperor, Leo the Third, commenced those efforts against the worship of images, which were also vigorously pursued by his successors. In opposition to this, the two Popes, Gregory the Second and Third, rose up in strong and decided opposition. The emperors were deprived by them of the revenue and sovereignty of Italy. They were told, that the successors of St. Peter might lawfully chastise the kings of the earth; the standard of rebellion was reared, the Italians were summoned to arms by the Popes, and thus they became not merely spiritual, but temporal princes. Dread anathemas and threats of defiance were hurled at the emperors, and at last a general excommunica-

tion was pronounced against all those, who, by word or deed, should attack the images of the saints. About this time a fiction was started, by which it was claimed that Pope Sylvester having, by baptism, cured the Emperor Constantine of the leprosy, as a reward for it, received a grant, to the successive Popes, of the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the West. Though all now admit this claim to have been a forgery, still, in that age of darkness, it effected its object. The conquest of Rome by the Lombards, induced the Popes to seek the aid of the king of the Franks; and the efficient assistance afforded by Pepin, the General of the army, led Pope Zachary to decide in favor of his claims to being king, in place of Childeric, his rightful sovereign. Thus the way was opened for the final accession of Charlemagne, at the close of the eighth century, to the throne of the western empire. A splendid crown was placed upon his head by the hands of Pope Leo the Third, and the shouts of the multitude declared him "crowned by God, as the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans."

The act by which the sovereignty of the Romans was transferred from the Emperors at Constantinople, to Charlemagne, was one alike of ambition and interest. The reigning Pope, after four years of power, had become involved in one of those quarrels which had for their object the chair of St. Peter, and by which, during the earlier centuries, Rome was so often drenched in blood. During a public procession, Leo the Third was attacked by a furious band of conspirators, who wished to make another individual Pope, and was left on the ground for dead. Reviving, however, he escaped to the Vatican, and from thence he went, by invitation, to the camp of Charlemagne, in Germany. He returned to Rome with a guard of safety and of honor, and as a reward for the services rendered by Charlemagne, and as a means of securing his future protection, he was crowned Emperor of the Romans, with a voice in the future elections of the Popes. His object in bestowing upon the Popes the gift of several important States and Principalities, was, that thus he might reduce the power of the feudal chiefs who had before possessed them, and who, he knew full well, would be more afraid to set at nought the authority of the Roman Pontiffs, than to rebel against himself.

We need not trace the darkness, corruption, and vice which so often marked the Popedoms of the ninth and tenth

centuries, nor the oppression, insults, and violent deaths which some of the Pontiffs suffered. History records, that during this period, two sister prostitutes, Marozia and Theodora, by the influence of their wealth, beauty, and intrigues, caused the most devoted of their lovers to be created Popes ; and the bastard son, grandson, and great-grandson of Marozia, were seated in the chair of St. Peter. Near the close of the eleventh century, Pope Gregory the Seventh began the reform of the Court of Rome, and commenced those efforts which resulted in fixing in the College of Cardinals the freedom and independence of election of Popes, and in abolishing for ever the right or usurpation of the Emperor and the Roman people. Another effort made by the same ambitious Pontiff was less successful, and has been a matter of contest between the Court of Rome and other powers, up to the present time. He attempted not only to claim and appropriate the Western empire as a benefice of the Church of Rome, but also to extend his temporal dominion over all the kings and kingdoms of the earth. During this same century, too, the Patriarchs of Constantinople, who had relaxed nothing of their claims to superiority over the Popes, were solemnly excommunicated by the Roman Pontiff, who thus attempted to secure for himself and his successors, the spiritual and temporal sovereignty of the whole habitable globe. So much for the divine right and power derived from the poor and humble fisherman of Galilee. A claim to power far exceeding what was ever dreamed of in the wildest visions of ambition which ever filled the brain of any merely earthly monarch. For not only have the Roman Pontiffs claimed the right to rule all monarchs and their subjects, even in the sacred matter of opinion and belief, but they would fain be thought to hold the keys of heaven, and to exert a power of pardoning sins on such conditions as God himself has never claimed that He could do it.

I need not here dwell upon the manner in which the chains of Papal bondage were broken, and the glorious light of the Reformation was shed abroad upon Europe by the efforts of such men as Wickliffe and Huss, and Luther and Calvin. Nor need we notice those measures of Louis the Fourteenth, of Bonaparte, and other monarchs, by which the Popes have been so often humbled, while at the same time a nominal respect has been shown towards them. As to the kings of France, it has been truly remarked, that they are wont to

treat the sovereign Pontiff as the ancient heroes, who descended into the infernal regions, treated the dog Cerberus, that guarded the gate of that dark world, sometimes throwing him a cake when he growled, and sometimes awing him with their brandished swords, as occasion or circumstances demanded; and both for the same object, namely, that they might freely march on in their chosen way. As to the temporal power of the Pope, however, they have, for the most part, assumed the point that he had no just claim to it, on this ground, among others, that Christ has directly asserted that his kingdom is not of this world.

And here it may be well to allude to the manner in which the Pope receives those who approach him, and the reverence which is shown him by his spiritual subjects. This may throw some light on remarks already made, and also help us the more accurately to judge of the true nature of the Catholic faith, and what degree of resemblance it has to the pure and simple forms of worship and of Christian intercourse which are described in the New Testament, and in the works of the early writers of the Christian Church. I have before me a Latin work, entitled "*Sacrarum Cæremoniarum*," which was printed at Venice, A. D. 1582. It contains about four hundred and fifty pages imperial octavo, and is wholly occupied in describing the etiquette and ceremonies of the Court of Rome, — the manner in which Popes and Cardinals are elected and consecrated, — how they are to be approached and saluted, — the order in which they are to move in all public processions, and the respect which is to be shown them, — the honors with which kings and princes, of different grades, are to be received at Rome, — all illustrated with numerous plates of the scenes described. It was written by Christopher Marcel, once a member of the household of Pope Pius the Second, and afterwards Archbishop of Corfu, and is dedicated to Pope Leo the Tenth. Without here stopping to quote from history descriptions of the splendid manner in which Charlemagne, and other monarchs, were received at Rome, and the humility affected by that great conqueror, in devoutly kissing each step, in his ascent to the Vatican, let us turn to the book referred to above, for a general rule of the manner in which the Pope is to treat others; as also the respect which he himself is to receive. It is as follows: "The Roman Pontiff shows no mark of reverence to any human being, either by rising, or by inclining or uncovering his head. To the

Emperor of the Romans, however, after having received him sitting and permitted him to kiss his foot and his hand, he then rises a very little, kindly admitting him to a mutual embrace and kiss of charity. The same is sometimes done with great kings. But all others, both princes and prelates, of whatever dignity they may be, when he admits them to kiss his face, he does not rise, but receives them sitting. The Pontiffs, however, when in private and without their pontifical robes they receive the Cardinals and the greatest princes, incline the head a very little, as if returning the reverence offered them. But this is not a matter of duty, but of praise-worthy courtesy on their part. All mortals, and especially faithful Christians, of whatever dignity and preëminence they may be, when first they approach into the presence of the Pontiff, ought, at proper distances, to kneel thrice before him, and, in honor of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, whose representative on earth the Pope is, to kiss his feet. The Emperor, the greatest kings and princes, or the orators of princes and potentates, are permitted also to kiss his hands and face, others the feet only. Cardinals, indeed, bow profoundly twice, and the third time kneel, and kiss the foot of the Pontiff, when performing sacred rites." Such is the reverence claimed by the Pope of Rome; and how different is it from the spirit of Christ's instruction to his disciples, neither to be themselves, nor to call any other man, Master, because one was their Master, even God, and all they were brethren. And how much more of servility, and of the outward show of worship, is demanded of those who approach the Roman Pontiff, than God requires of those who worship him. True, these forms are not so rigidly exacted now as in former times, but still, we see from them what Popery was in the days of its highest glory.

A short time after our arrival in Rome, arrangements were made by our Consul, to present us to the Pope. I give the details of the visit, not because they are in themselves of much consequence, but merely to gratify the curiosity of those who regard any thing said by one so high in office, as more important than the same remarks made by any other man. At the appointed hour we repaired to the Vatican, and were received in the ante-room of the library, by the learned librarian, a man who speaks some thirty or forty languages. He is sixty or more, and has a most amiable and intelligent countenance. After conversing with him for some

time, we were ushered into the great hall of the library, and there were introduced, *en masse*, to his Holiness. The ladies of the Commodore's family, according to prescribed etiquette, wore veils, which, as they are merely thrown over the back part of the head, must be meant for any thing else rather than to shield the head of the church from the fascination of his fair visitors. The Pope was formerly a Benedictine Monk, from the Venetian States, and when we met him he wore the dress of his order. It was a long white frock, fitting closely to the neck and body, and reaching down to his feet. A small cape was attached to it, and on his crown he had a white cap. His title is Gregory the Sixteenth, and he is said to be a learned theologian, and to devote himself assiduously to the duties of his office. He is above the middling height, of rather a full form, has a large nose, and his forehead and the region of his eyes have the wrinkled and contracted air of thought and study. He is quite active; has the Italian ease of manners, without any thing peculiarly dignified and imposing, and, to judge from his appearance, is about sixty-five years of age. He received us standing, and supported himself by leaning against one of the large granite tables which adorn the library. As most of us were stiff-necked and stiff-kneed republican Protestants, we merely bowed, on being introduced, and were not required to kiss the foot of His Holiness; — a point of etiquette, by the way, which, I fear, would not have succeeded remarkably well with us.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME.

Interview with the Pope. — Conversation. — Homage. — Presents. — Cardinal Fesch. — Paintings. — Mother of Napoleon. — Rival Artists. — Ara Cœli. — Gibbon. — Public Amusements. — Pagan Festivals. — Catholic Paganism. — Palatine Hill. — Amphitheatre. — The Coliseum. — Its Structure, Ornaments, and the Scenes enacted there. — Gladiators. — Wild Animals. — Baths; their Origin and Object. — Baths of Titus, of Diocletian, of Caracalla. — Public Morals. — Idolatry. — The Jews. — Catholics. — Funerals. — The Pope's Guard. — Cardinals. — Popes. — Population of Rome. — The Clergy. — Debts and Income of the Pope. — Police. — Index of Prohibited Books. — Prisons. — Hospitals. — Beggars. — Funerals. — Secret Societies. — Insurgents. — Robbers. — Military Escorts. — Education in Rome. — The Gregorian College. — The University of Rome.

In our interview with the Pope, after complimenting the Commodore on the fine appearance of his officers, he expressed his surprise on learning how extensively the ladies present had travelled by sea, and remarked that he had thought himself quite a sailor, for having gone round to Civita Vecchia in a steamboat. The Commodore told him, that he regretted that he was not at Civita Vecchia at the time of His Holiness's visit there, as he should have been happy to have received him on board his ship. The Pope expressed his wish to have done so, and said that his nephew, who was then at Naples, had visited our ships there, and had written him respecting them. He spoke with much interest of the United States, and inquired respecting Bishops Dubois, England, and others; and, when allusion was made to the number of Catholics there, he quickly remarked, in a manner which had in it somewhat of inquiry, but much more of direct assertion, "They are good subjects." Just before leaving, one of our officers remarked, that three of those present were Catholics, and that they would be happy to pay their respects, in form, to the head of the church. To this the Pope assented, and they accordingly kneeled before him, and kissed his hand. With one of them, however, who was a gentleman of peculiarly sensitive and high-toned feelings, it was a severe struggle, and he afterwards admitted, that when he had approached the Pope, he was on the point of

retreating, without kneeling before him. Every one has, of course, a right to his own opinions in such matters, but I could not help remarking to this Catholic friend, that I did not like to see a republican bend the knee to any one but God. He replied, that with them it was a matter of education, as they were accustomed to kneel to their priests at confession. Some other officers of the squadron, who were not then present, visited the Pope after this, and to one or more of them, who were Catholics, he made presents, and showed other marks of attention. A cane of the cedar of Lebanon was also presented to His Holiness by the lady of the Commodore, and the favor was very politely acknowledged. So much for the scenes of high life, to which there followed an amusing episode. When at breakfast the next morning, our valet informed us that the servants of the Pope were in waiting for a present. We therefore ordered the purser of our party to pay them a few dollars. But lo, the money was sent back with the message, that nothing less than a dollar from each of our number would answer the demand. This was odd enough truly, for beggars to dictate the amount they must receive ; but after discussing the matter freely, and making no small number of sailor speeches on the subject, we sagely concluded that it had furnished us sufficient amusement to warrant our paying the whole sum. We had afterwards a similar call from the servants of the Pope's Secretary of State, to whom we had paid our respects, as also from those of other persons of distinction. We learned that it is a custom at Rome, and elsewhere in Italy, when one attends a party, to receive a call from the servants of the house the next morning, when a dollar is expected. The benefit of this, is either directly or indirectly felt by the master, and surely it is a cheap way of giving parties and paying servants. There is a rich banker in Rome, to whom most travellers have letters, who speculates quite profitably in this kind of stock. He gives frequent parties, at which he supplies his friends with lemonade and some small eatables, which may cost him ten cents to each individual, and thus on the dollar, which his servants are ever prompt to collect, he makes a clear gain of ninety per cent. These things seem strange to us, but custom sanctions any thing, though it may not make it right.

The Admiral of the Egyptian fleet is a Frenchman, and his family reside in Rome. In company with his lady, we

paid a visit to Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon Bonaparte. He occupies the Falconieri Palace, directly on the banks of the Tiber. The palaces in Rome are four stories high, commonly enclosing a court or square, and the windows of the lower story are defended by a strong iron grating, like those of a prison. This, with the thick walls and massive gates, make them good fortresses, and during the feuds of the dark ages, they were often used for this purpose. The ground floor, both in Italy and Spain, is occupied by servants, as rooms for cooking, and often for carriages and stables. From the court there is a flight of steps, and in the palaces of Rome, the second story is occupied by picture galleries and lofty saloons, for entertaining company, while the family live in the upper stories. Thus every arrangement is made, with a regard to show rather than comfort. Cardinal Fesch received us in his study, without the least show or ceremony. He is about seventy years old, though one would judge from his looks, that he was some years younger. He is rather below than above the ordinary height of men, with prominent features, and a form inclining to fulness, without being gross. He wore a plain brown frock coat, and small clothes, with the scarlet stockings of a Cardinal. The expression of his countenance is quite grave and sedate, and though there is nothing imposing in his manners, still he has the air of a man of thought and feeling, — of one who has felt the vanity of earthly hopes and worldly ambition, and who has known, by long and sad experience, the oppressive burden of anxiety and care. And why should it not be so, — for his lively sympathy with the rising and the falling fortunes of his illustrious relatives, during their brilliant and eventful course, connected as was their success with his own prospects of becoming the head of the Catholic church, could not but make his early life one of deep and anxious interest, while the result of all his high-wrought hopes and prospects must have strongly impressed upon his mind the lesson of the wise man, that — “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” He spent two or three hours with us, in strolling around through his galleries of rare and costly paintings, and in examining his large collection of urns, vases, and other antique curiosities. There are several paintings by Titian, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, and others of the first masters, which the conquests of Napoleon enabled him to place in the hands of his uncle; and, though this is one of the largest

collections of paintings in Rome, yet he said that he had a gallery in another palace, which he would be happy to show us, but which we did not visit. In the palace already noticed, there is a painting of Peter, denying Christ, which is most bold and striking, in the attitudes and expressions of countenance of the principal figures. The mixed expression of assumed boldness and resolution, on the one hand, and the first risings of bitter anguish and self-reproach, on the other, which mark the face of the Apostle, while meeting the closely scrutinizing gaze of the damsel, and of others around him, is true to the very life. There is also a fine painting of Lot and his daughters; one of them holds in her hand a large pitcher of wine, from which she has filled a smaller vessel, which the other is holding to the lips of the old and gray-headed man. They are both beautiful; yet such is the glow of unholy passion, which beams from the eye, and lights up the countenance, as they intently watch the approach of insane and beastly intoxication, showing itself on the otherwise venerable face of their father, that it is enough to make one shudder, and turn pale with horror, to behold the scene, — so striking an exhibition is it of depraved and unnatural desire.

The mother of Bonaparte is still living at Rome. She was visited by the ladies of the Commodore's family, who found her confined, as she has been for years, to her bed, and a kind of easy chair, in which she reclines. She is between eighty and ninety years old, extremely emaciated, entirely blind, but still is quite cheerful and sociable. The Prince Borghese, one of the wealthiest noblemen in Italy, was the husband of Pauline, the sister of Napoleon, who in early life was the most beautiful woman in Europe. She died some years since. Of his spacious Park and Villa, just without the walls of Rome, I have spoken in a former letter, and his palace in the city we visited, in order to examine the large and splendid collection of paintings which it contains. The Dorian Palace, however, has by far the greatest display of paintings which there is at Rome, and many pages would be necessary, merely to record their subjects and their authors.

On the two opposite walls of one of the chapels of the Church of St. Gregorio, are two celebrated frescoes; one painted by Guido, the other by Domenichino, in order to prove which was the better artist. That by the latter represents the flagellation of St. Andrew, while that of the former is the same saint,

going to martyrdom. It is said that one who greatly admired these paintings, was at a loss as to which was the best, until he took an ignorant old woman, — a mere child of nature, — to see them; and while she gazed on the work of Guido with indifference, she was thrown into convulsions of pity and grief, by beholding the flagellation. And I verily think that the old lady was in the right; for the forms of the spectators, which seem to stand out from the walls, as they look from behind the lofty pillars in the back-ground, to behold the scene, the undeserved and patient suffering of the good old saint, the lively interest of those around, and the attitude, and the look of fiendish triumph, and of bitter taunting scorn, which the lictor casts upon the object of his punishment, who is prostrate, and in his power, — all form a group, fitted to excite the deepest sympathy in those who witness it. No merit of mere execution and coloring can equal, in effect, this boldness of expression and attitude.

The church of Ara Cœli (Altar of Heaven) derives its name from a tradition, that near where it is, the Emperor Augustus, about the time of our Saviour's birth, erected what he styled — "The Altar of the First begotten God." It stands on or near the site of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, and the ascent to it, from the Campus Martius, is by one hundred and twenty-four marble steps. Julius Cæsar, near two thousand years ago, ascended the steps of the old heathen temple there, upon his knees, at his first triumph, in order to pay his devotions to Jupiter. Just in the same manner, thousands of devout Catholics now perform the same task, that thus they may secure the favor of the "Virgin Mother of God," the "Queen of Heaven," whose altar is now erected in place of that of the former deity. It is this church of which Gibbon speaks, when he says, — "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city, first started to my mind." Thus originated one of the most learned works that was ever written; and when we consider that it took its rise where Christianity and paganism were both present to the mind of the author, in similar forms of dark and revolting superstition, we cease to wonder that he made so powerful, and yet so unavailing an effort, to lower the claims of the pure and elevating religion of the Cross, to an equality with

those of the debasing, corrupt, and sensual systems of faith, which prevailed in the heathen world.

Next to a knowledge of the religious creed and sacred rites of a nation, the surest index we can have of its character, is furnished by learning the nature of its popular festivals and public amusements. In the case of the ancient Romans, however, as their religious system had little or nothing to do, either with checking vice or promoting virtue among the people, and was merely an engine of state policy, used by the priests and the rulers to amuse and to awe the lower classes, hence, most of their public games and theatrical amusements, assumed the character of sacred rites, and were connected with offerings in honor of the gods. Thus, by the united and efficient action of these two causes, was the national character stamped with bold and striking traits, and hence, too, originated those numerous and splendid structures, some of which, in the form of amphitheatres and temples of the gods, still survive the ravages of time, and stand as lasting monuments, alike of the morals, as well as of the civil and religious history of those who erected them.

It is a settled fact in the history of mankind, that when great masses of people are collected together, the tendency to corruption and vice is far more powerful, than when the same number of individuals are more widely separated from each other. Most persons, when they are placed where they are subject to the excitement, and may avail themselves of the concealment, of a crowd, will yield to temptations and be guilty of conduct of which they would scarcely have thought, in the midst of a smaller and more quiet community. This tendency to excitement and vice, is, too, the fruitful source of discontent and rebellion. Hence, rulers of large and thickly peopled countries have ever found it necessary either to be much engaged in war, thus soothing the populace by hopes of wealth, glory, and renown, or else to establish numerous festivals and public games, as a means of amusing, and keeping in quiet contentment, those who were subject to their sway. The only exception to this rule of necessity, exists in the case of those free communities, which are sufficiently enlightened, intelligent, and virtuous, to select wise and able rulers for themselves. A people educated and supplied with books, like those in parts of Scotland and New England, find sufficient employment for their minds, within their own houses, or neighbourhood. They need not, therefore, go abroad for

the sake of amusement, or collect together in such masses, as to expose themselves, by contact with others, to the loss of those social and domestic virtues, which cast such a sweet and hallowed influence over the quiet seclusion of the family circle. It is true, indeed, that knowledge is not virtue; but yet, so intimate is the connexion of the two, that we cannot suppose it possible for a large and dense community to continue virtuous, unless they are well educated, and have within their own dwellings, or in their places of public resort, the means of spending their leisure hours in intellectual pursuits and recreations. Thus we see, that in those countries where the Sabbath is made a holyday, and the people receive no solid instruction to interest and employ their minds, and have no books to occupy their attention and engage their thoughts, they are driven abroad for that amusement which they cannot find at home, and thus, not only is virtue often sacrificed and lost by mingling with the corrupt mass, but the first day of the week becomes a time of more reckless dissipation, shameless profligacy, and abandoned vice, than all the other six days united.

But, returning from this digression, let us notice again the sacred rites and public amusements of ancient Rome, bearing as they do, in many respects, a marked and striking analogy to those of Catholic countries at the present day. In both cases, religion has been used as an engine of the state, and the priests and the rulers have combined for the purpose of effecting the same general objects. In ancient Rome, the religion of the state, the sanctioned forms of idolatry extended their influence and the strong arm of their power over all classes, from the cottage to the throne. It was interwoven with business and with pleasure, with every important transaction of public and of private life. In the public sacrifices all were obliged to participate, and multitudes of the early Christians suffered torture, imprisonment, and death for refusing to do so. The Roman senate and the public games and festivals, were held in places consecrated to the gods, and were connected with solemn offerings to the various deities. The higher orders of the priesthood, had their robes of purple and their chariots of state, and were supported in sumptuous splendor, from the public revenue. They were companions of the Sovereign, and Cicero and Pliny, and others of the first men of Rome, after receiving all their other honors, still sought the rank of pontiff, or

of augur, as the highest point of their ambition. We scarce need notice here, the strong attachment of the common people to their public games and festivals, and the vast numbers of both sexes, who as priests and vestal virgins, or nuns, were connected with the temples and the sacred rites. The hills and the fountains were the favorite seats of these temples and shrines of the gods, and their former sites, on the heights of Anxur, the Alban Mount, at the fountain of Egeria, and numerous other places, are now occupied by chapels and convents, erected to the honor, and bearing the names, not indeed of the deified heroes and demigods of antiquity, but of their lineal successors in rank and reverence,—the saints of the Catholic church. These heathen chapels were so numerous, even in the fields adjoining Rome, that the poet Ovid speaks as if there was danger of mistaking them for sheepfolds. He says, —

“Forgive the crime, if, midst the wintry train,
My flock I’ve sheltered in the rustic fane.”

We learn from history, that in the three hundred and eightieth year after the birth of Christ, when, for successive centuries, Christianity had been lessening the number of pagan worshippers, and for sixty years had been the established religion of the empire, there still remained in Rome alone, four hundred and twenty-four temples and chapels of idol worship. How numerous then must these same places have been, when Paganism saw the period of her brightest glory. And what vast numbers of persons were there, who derived their support from laboring in the erection of these temples, and from making or selling shrines, images, and statues, and the incense, and the numerous beasts, required for the frequent and costly sacrifices to the gods.

And now we ask, what was the influence, upon the character and morals of the people, of all this mighty and combined machinery of church and state? The reply is obvious. Like other systems of paganism, the religion of ancient Rome, in the days of its highest glory, had a direct and powerful effect in corrupting and degrading its votaries, by promoting and enforcing the practice of many gross and debasing crimes. And here, I need not shock your feelings, by describing those filthy and licentious rites, connected with the worship of some of the principal gods. Paul, when alluding to these things, said truly, that “it is a shame so

much as to speak of those things which are done of them in secret." Indeed, the histories of Jupiter and Juno, of Bacchus, Mercury, and Venus, taught little else than drunkenness and lewdness, and theft and fraud. And if such was the character of the gods themselves, what better could be expected of their worshippers. I have already spoken of the light which was thrown upon the deep and dark corruption of Roman manners and morals, by the discoveries recently made at Herculaneum and Pompeii. These, however, serve only to confirm the truth of what the works of early writers had before made but too obvious.

But here, turning from the Pantheon and the numerous other splendid temples of the ancient faith, which, entire or in ruins, still greet the eye of the traveller, let us look for a moment at the Coliseum and those other gigantic structures, which were erected as places of public amusement. When speaking of these, how freshly does there rise to the mind the scene which presented itself when visiting the wide-spread ruins of the Palatine hill at Rome. It was the spot where the thatched cottage of Romulus, the founder of the city, was built, and this was succeeded by the structures of following sovereigns, each surpassing in splendor the one that preceded it, until the acme of magnificence was reached by the golden house of Nero. The entrance of this edifice was more than one hundred and twenty feet high; the galleries were each a mile long, and the whole was covered with gold. The roofs of the dining-halls represented the firmament in motion, as well as in figure, and continually turned round, night and day, showering down all sorts of perfumes and sweet waters. The whole palace was profusely adorned with gold and precious stones, and enclosed spacious fields, and artificial lakes, woods, gardens, orchards, and whatever could exhibit beauty and grandeur. We strolled amid the damp and broken arches which now are all that remain of the palace of the Cæsars, until, rising above them, we threaded our way along lonely by-paths, enclosed by a rank growth of weeds and bushes, until we stood on the pavement of what was once the dining-hall of the palace. From thence, the Roman emperors used to give the signal for the games to commence in the Circus Maximus which lay directly below, and, from the windows, looked out upon the eager contests. The outlines of this vast Amphitheatre may still be traced by the eye, though a vineyard now occu-

pies its former site. It was built by Tarquinius Priscus, and adorned and enlarged by Julius Cæsar and the successive emperors, until, in the time of Constantine, it held three hundred and eighty thousand spectators. What a tremendously exciting scene must such a mighty mass of human beings have presented, when their hellish passions were aroused to the highest pitch, by beholding the torrents of blood which flowed from the wounds of those, who, on the wide-spread arena below, engaged in savage and deadly combat with beasts of prey, or with their fellow-men. How, more horrid than the wailings of despair, must their shouts of terrific applause have fallen on the ear, and pierced the inmost soul of one, not dead to every thought of kindness and humanity. How does the heart sicken, and the cheek turn pale with horror, at the bare recital of these scenes of blood. There were the matrons of the city, and the Vestal virgins, too, robed in the garb of piety. Yes, woman,—sensitive and delicate woman,—there sought for pleasure, and, with a vampyre's thirst for blood, feasted her eyes on these revolting horrors. Such were the morals of the Romans, in the days of their pride and glory. Such was the corruption, and the deep and hardened depravity, which marked all classes, from the slave who delved in the sewer, to the Emperor who sat upon the throne. Yet over all this depravity Christianity triumphed, thus giving convincing evidence of her origin from God.

The Coliseum of Rome, and the Pyramidḡ of Egypt, are among the largest, noblest, and most durable structures of antiquity which are now to be met with on the face of the earth. The Coliseum, too, from the fact that we know so much of its history, is a place of higher and more definite moral interest than almost any other of the numerous relics of the olden time. It was commenced by the Emperor Vespasian, and completed by his son Titus, eighty years after the birth of Christ. It is built of large blocks of marble, of a brown, or dark yellow hue, is seventeen hundred feet in circumference, and thus covers a space five or six acres in extent. The outer walls, which rise to the height of one hundred and sixty feet, are divided into four stories, the three lower of which have each a row of arches, eighty in number, extending round the whole building, and are embellished with columns, the first story of Ionic, the second of Doric, and the third of the Corinthian order of architecture. The fourth

story has Corinthian pilasters, and has also windows, instead of open arches. There were twenty staircases, and, of the eighty arches in the lower story, seventy-six were for the entrance of the people, two for the gladiators, and two for the Emperor and his suite. Five concentric tiers of seats, beginning at a slight elevation above the arena, where the contests took place, rose, on an ascending and retreating plain, one above the other, to the height of one hundred and sixty feet. Each story had a spacious, circular-covered corridor, or gallery, extending round the whole building, and from these there were side passages leading both to the staircases and the seats. The benches are supposed to have accommodated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and the gallery above them upwards of twenty thousand. Over all this immense structure, an awning was drawn, by means of cords, when it rained, or when the sun was oppressive. Recent excavations have discovered beneath the arena extensive vaults and passages, which are supposed to have been used as places of confinement for the wild beasts required in the combats, as also for carrying off the water with which the arena was flooded when sea fights were exhibited there. The lower seats, which were raised about fourteen feet above the arena, were occupied by the Emperor, the priests and Vestal virgins, the senators, and the higher classes of magistrates. From thence they could witness the combats, while they were made safe from the wild beasts by means of horizontal iron rollers, which turned in their sockets, as well as by strong nets, which, in the time of Nero, were knotted with amber, and afterwards, were made of golden cord or wire. Ditches filled with water also surrounded the arena, as a protection against elephants, and other large and powerful animals. I need not describe the numerous marble columns that adorned the Attic corridor which rose above the lofty walls, nor the statues of the heroes and the gods of antiquity, nor the rich profusion of wealth and splendor, which gave the interior of this vast structure an air of more than oriental magnificence. But the highest point of luxurious indulgence was reached, when, by means of concealed conduits, which were carried through all parts of the building, richly scented liquids were, as if by magic, scattered over the numerous spectators. Sometimes, the statues which were used for ornament seemed to sweat perfumes, through minute holes, with which the pipes that traversed them were pierced. To this the poet Lucan alludes, when he says,

“ At once, by secret pipes and channels fed,
Rich tinctures gush from every antique head :
At once, ten thousand saffron currents flow,
And rain their odors on the crowd below.”

Such was the Coliseum, of which it has been truly said, that the expense of its building would have sufficed to erect a capital city, — a monument, surpassed in magnitude by the pyramids alone, and as far superior to them in skill, and varied contrivance of design, as to other buildings in its gigantic magnitude. At its consecration, the Emperor Titus exhibited gladiatorial shows during a hundred days, and the people were gratified by beholding, as some say, five thousand, and as others claim, nine thousand beasts of prey, and some thousands of gladiators perish on the bloody arena. When this scene had passed, the arena was filled with water, on whose surface numerous galleys floated, between which a sea fight took place. Among other incredible feats of the folly and extravagance of after times, we are told, that on occasion of one of these naval battles, a sovereign of Rome filled the arena with wine. Vopiscus says, that a thousand ostriches, a thousand stags, and a thousand boars, were thrown into the arena at once, by the Emperor Probus, and that he exhibited a splendid hunting-match, after the following manner. Large trees, torn up by the roots, were firmly connected by beams, and fixed upright; then earth was spread over the roots, so that the whole circus was planted to resemble a wood.

I have been thus minute in these details, because a general description has thus been given, of the plan on which the theatres, amphitheatres, and other places of public amusement throughout the Roman empire, were built, while at the same time, a dark and fearful, yet sure and certain, light has been cast upon the character and morals of the ancient Romans. Such, then, was this royal slaughter-house, erected and adorned at a vast expense. And for what? That a powerful and polished people, the masters of the world, might there behold the deadly combat between savage beasts and still more savage men, trained to the highest point of strength and skill in arms, and urged madly on by martial music and the loud applause of those who sent their hellish shouts to heaven, as their accursed thirst for blood and carnage was glutted to the full. There, at midnight, began to assemble those anxious to behold the sports of the coming day; and the throng

ceased not until a multitude were collected nearly equal in numbers to the whole population of the largest cities of our land. In the words of the learned Forsyth, — “Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours’ sport shed in these imperial shambles. Twice, in one day, came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter, and, when glutted with bloodshed, these ladies sat down in the wet and steaming *arena*, to a luxurious supper.”

And here this question seems forced upon us: Has man a native appetite for scenes like these? — an inborn thirst to feast his eyes on human suffering and blood? If not, how happens it that such things should ever have existed, or what is more, that any system of faith bearing the holy name of religion should ever sanction such atrocities, and its sacred rites be used to consecrate the place and the occasion of such unhallowed orgies? The history of the matter is this. The gladiatorial shows at Rome, owed their origin to that common tenet of the early oriental and Grecian mythology and philosophy, which taught that the souls of the dead, polluted by sins committed while living, were purified and made finally happy, by being retained for a time in a state of purgation and suffering. The Greek and Latin poets and philosophers are full of this idea, and hence arose those numerous and costly sacrifices to the gods, by means of which it was supposed that they were rendered propitious to the souls of the departed, and induced to lessen the amount as well as to shorten the duration of their sufferings, while, at the same time, these spirits themselves were not only prevented from returning again to earth in such a way, as, under the form of ghosts, to frighten and annoy the living, but that, also, by being admitted to the favor and companionship of the gods, they might, by their influence and intercession at the court of Heaven, secure important benefits for their friends and favorites on earth. The Grecian Jews seem to have imbibed these ideas from the Pagans, among whom they dwelt, as early as the time when the book of Maccabees was written; and from the same source, too, has been derived the doctrine of Purgatory, and the sacrifice of the Mass, for the souls of the dead; in other words, of the bread and wine, which is held to be the real body and blood of Christ himself. A doc-

trine on which, as the chief corner-stone, has been reared the immense wealth, and power, and influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

Homer stated correctly the great principle of all sacrifices, when he said, "That meat and drink offerings conciliate the gods with men, when they err and sin." Hence, Pagan and savage nations, believing their gods to be as revengeful and blood-thirsty as themselves, sacrificed human beings to them when they thought that the flesh of beasts would not appease them, or secure their favor. The practice of thus offering prisoners of war in honor of the chiefs who had been slain in battle, prevailed not only in the time of Homer, but also at a later period, among the Romans, and even existed among the Aborigines of our own land. To this, at Rome, there succeeded the custom of sacrificing slaves at the funerals of all persons of distinction; and, either to amuse the spectators, or because it seemed barbarous to massacre defenceless men, weapons were given them that thus they might save their own lives by killing their opponents. The first exhibition of this kind was given by two of the Brutus family, about two centuries and a half before Christ, and consisted of but three pairs of gladiators. After this, as the people acquired a taste for these shows, they rapidly increased in frequency and in the number of gladiators exhibited, and were often given by candidates for office and by the Roman emperors, as a most direct and powerful means of gaining popularity. The first citizens had bands of these trained assassins to execute their deeds of private vengeance; and at length they became so numerous, that, in the case of the conspiracy of Cataline, and the rebellion of Spartacus, they exposed the city to serious danger. The capture of some elephants, during the first war with Carthage, led to the custom of bringing wild beasts upon the arena. Thus originated the Coliseum of Rome; and so strong did the mania for these bloody combats become, that, in the time of Nero, upwards of four hundred senators and six hundred knights engaged at once, in contest; and even women of quality contended publicly. In the reign of Honorius, however, while the Emperor was giving magnificent games, an Asiatic Monk, by the name of Telemachus, rushed into the arena, to part the combatants, and end the bloody spectacle. The people overwhelmed him with a shower of stones, but he was afterwards honored as a saint; and Honorius issued laws for the total abolition of these human sacrifices.

Still, they did not entirely cease, until, in the year 500, near a century after Honorius, they were finally abolished by Theodoric. During the dark ages the Coliseum was sometimes used as a fortress, and a portion of its outer wall was employed in the erection of several palaces. Benedict the Fourteenth, however, saved it from further pillage, by consecrating it, and erecting a cross and shrines in the arena, on account of the great number of the early Christians, whose blood was shed there. Some of the succeeding Popes have also made commendable efforts to preserve it from downfall and ruin.

There is one species of luxurious indulgence, which, in ancient times, exerted so important an influence on the character and habits of the people, that it may be well to give it a passing notice. I refer to the practice of frequent bathing; which, during the time of the emperors, led to the erection of some of the largest, most sumptuous, and magnificent structures, that have ever been reared.

If we turn to the writings of Moses, the oldest in the world, we find that the Most High enjoined on the Israelites, as a matter of religious duty, the practice of frequent and various purifications, by means of water. This, together with the kind and judicious regulations respecting diet, seems to have had a special regard to the preservation and promotion of health. The want of personal cleanliness, together with the use of blood, and of coarse and indigestible flesh, like that of the swine and other unclean animals, as articles of food, was not only highly injurious to those whose systems had suffered the enervating influence of an eastern climate, but also tended directly to produce those cutaneous diseases which, in warm countries, are often so destructive of human life. The history of diseases has shown that, in each past age of the world, there has been some great and prevailing pestilence, which, originating in causes beyond the reach of human wisdom, and either absorbing or stamping with its own peculiar character all other maladies, has extended its sad and desolating influence through the length and the breadth of the habitable earth. As examples of this general fact, we need only refer to the leprosy, the plague, the smallpox, and the cholera. The symptoms and the effects of the leprosy, as well as the proper means of providing for the wretched sufferer, and at the same time securing, as far as possible, the rest of the community from exposure to this highly infectious disease, were minutely pointed out

by the law of Moses. The Levites were often to examine those who were suspected of disease, and subject them to a rigid quarantine, until perfectly cured. Clothes, and even houses which were permanently infected, were to be destroyed without scruple. The persons of those cured, and their clothes, if spared, were to be thoroughly purified with water, from a spring or running stream. Similar purifications of the body were enjoined on all those who would offer sacrifices to God, as well as on those who had touched a dead body, or even a human bone, a grave in the fields, or any thing which might be putrid, or infected with disease; or who had entered a tent or apartment where a corpse was lying.

Thus we find that in the earlier ages of the world, motives of a religious kind, as well as a regard to health, led to the practice of those frequent ablutions which, from that time to the present, has so commonly prevailed in the East, and which forms so important a part of the sacred rites enjoined by the system of Mahomet. Intercourse with the East, arising from both conquest and commerce, led the Romans, not only to introduce the custom of bathing as a means of luxury and health, but also to erect those vast and splendid structures, which enabled those of every class at once to delight their senses, gratify their literary taste, and practice the sacred rites of religion. Another motive for this custom was the scarcity and the high value of linen, arising from the fact, that the arts were yet in their infancy. Hence, cleanliness and health, among the lower classes, who had not the means of procuring frequent changes of garments, could only be preserved by frequent bathing.

In the time of the emperors, not only had the wealthy splendid bathing establishments of their own, but buildings were erected at public expense, for the daily accommodation of all classes of citizens. The number of these public baths, in Rome, is said by some to have been eighty; the most distinguished of which were those of Agrippa, Nero, Titus, Caracalla, and Diocletian. Connected with them were extensive walks, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, and they contained spacious halls for swimming and bathing, — others for athletic sports and exercises, and every variety of polite amusement, — and others still, where poets recited their verses, and philosophers delivered their lectures. To these were sometimes added theatres, and temples of the gods.

The baths of Titus, though inferior in size to others, were still superior in point of architecture, and in the richness and beauty of their paintings, and other ornaments. The lower part was used for bathing, and the upper for literary purposes and athletic exercises. There still remain above ground part of the theatre, as also of one of the temples, and of one of the great halls; while below are numerous vaults, long galleries, and spacious ruins, with paintings on the walls, which retain much of their original freshness. To these baths belong the "Seven Halls," — vast vaulted rooms, of one hundred feet in length by fifteen in breadth, and twenty in depth, which were used as reservoirs, to supply the baths, and sometimes the Coliseum, with water, when naval engagements took place there.

A part of the baths of Diocletian are now changed into a convent, occupied by Carthusian monks. The principal hall, which has been converted into a church, though its side-recesses have been filled, and its pavement raised six feet, is still three hundred and fifty feet long, eighty feet broad, and ninety-six feet high. It was paved, and incrustated with the finest marble, by Benedict the Fourteenth, and is supported by eight pillars, forty feet in height, and five feet in diameter, — each of which is one vast piece of solid granite. These baths contained three thousand distinct cells, in which it is supposed that, at a very moderate computation, eighteen thousand persons might have been bathing at the same time.

The baths of Caracalla, however, from their immense size, and the comparative state of preservation in which they now are, were visited by us with more interest than almost any other remnant of antiquity, except the Coliseum, within the walls of Rome. Their erection occupied the greater part of the reign of the emperor, whose name they bear, and though the pillars and statues, and the great variety of splendid ornaments which once were there, have been removed, still the lofty walls, with some of the mighty arches which rose above them, are yet standing, and the general outline and uses of the principal apartments may be easily discerned. The length of the whole edifice was one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, and its breadth one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. Thus its diameter was greater than the whole circumference of the Coliseum, and it covered a space of ground more than sixty-two acres in extent. It was

therefore nearly a third larger than the Vatican Palace, and eighteen or twenty churches, of the size of St. Peter's, might have stood side by side, within its outer walls. There were two or three stories of subterranean apartments, surmounted by two stories above ground, — which, as appears from the stupendous arches that still remain, were of immense height. At each end were two temples, respectively devoted to Apollo, to Æsculapius, to Hercules, and to Bacchus, as the guardian deities of a place sacred to the acquisition of knowledge, the promotion of health, the practice of athletic sports and exercises, and the indulgence of luxurious festivity. Around the large circular vestibule were four halls, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths, while in the centre was an immense square, for exercise, when the weather without was unpleasant. Next to this was a great hall, in which were sixteen hundred marble seats, for the use of the bathers, — while, at each end of it, were public libraries. On both sides of the building was a court, surrounded with porticos, with an Odeum, or hall, for music, and in the centre a vast basin for swimming. This building was surrounded with walks shaded by rows of trees, and in front was an open gymnasium, for exercise in pleasant weather. The whole was enclosed by a vast portico, opening into spacious halls, where the poets declaimed, and the philosophers delivered their lectures. Within and without were pillars, stucco-work, and the choicest paintings and statues. The flues, and the reservoirs for water, still remain. An immense aqueduct supplied these baths, and the water is supposed to have been partially heated, by being exposed to the sun in a shallow reservoir, of vast size, from whence it was drawn off into two parallel rows of chambers below, numbering fifty-six in all, — half of which were ranged directly above the other half, while all of them were connected together by means of pipes. Beneath these chambers were large furnaces, with flues which passed through the walls, enclosing the water in such a way as to heat it with the least possible expense of fuel. As these rooms were each about fifty feet long, thirty feet high, and twenty-eight broad, all of them would contain near two million three hundred thousand cubic feet of heated water; which, allowing eight cubic feet to an individual, would accommodate more than two hundred and eighty-five thousand persons at once.

These baths were intended for the use of the less wealthy of the citizens and the common people, as the rich had pri-

vate establishments of their own. The price of admission, at first, was less than a farthing, or about one fourth of a cent. Agrippa bequeathed his gardens and baths to the Roman people, together with estates for their support, that thus the public might enjoy them gratuitously. After this, in some of the baths, and probably in all those built by the emperors, even the unguents with which the bathers were anointed, were furnished to them free of expense. I have neither time nor inclination to describe the numerous kinds of oil, and of rich perfumes and unguents, used by the bathers, which were obtained from myrrh and lavender, from the rose, the lily, and a variety of other plants, nor the curious instruments employed in cleansing the body, and supplying the means of luxurious indulgence. Suffice it to say, that bathing became a kind of effeminate art, and by some was even used as a means of reducing the system, after an unnatural surfeit, that thus they might the sooner be prepared for the beastly pleasure of again gorging themselves, to supply the demands of an artificial appetite.

At first, the common time for bathing was from two o'clock in the afternoon until dark ; but, when the practice became universal, this portion of the day was not sufficient, and the time was gradually increased, until Alexander Severus not only permitted the baths to be opened before daybreak, but also furnished the lamps with oil, for the convenience of the people. The passion for bathing continued until after Constantine removed the seat of empire to the east, — when the want of the patronage of the emperors, the ruin of the aqueducts by the barbarian invaders, the greater abundance and more common use of linen, and the immorality and disorders connected with the baths, — all contributed to hasten their destruction.

I have been thus particular in this description, from the fact, that by far the strongest and most lasting impressions of the vastness, I might almost say the immensity of the architecture of the ancient Romans, were made upon my mind by visiting the ruins of the baths of Caracalla. Subsequent study and reflection have also led to the deep and permanent conviction, that the immense wealth expended in placing the various means of luxurious indulgence, connected with the public baths, within the reach of all classes of the people, not only exerted a powerful influence, in impairing the energies of both body and mind, by an excessive devotion

to the pleasures of sense, but also in producing that national effeminacy, that corruption of morals, and that universal prevalence, of both public and private debauchery and vice, which, by their united effects, exerted a far more deadly energy, than any foreign enemy could have done in debasing the national character, and reducing the once proud and godlike Romans, to a state of slavish subjection, and mean and servile dependence, on the wild and savage Barbarians of the north. Such is the wretched and degraded state of man, when he becomes a slave of pleasure, and the love of sensual delight triumphs over the nobler attributes of his nature, and tramples them in the dust.

One of the most singular and striking facts in the religious history of mankind, is the strong tendency which has ever existed, to forsake pure and spiritual modes of worship and of intercourse with Heaven, and substitute in their place some one of the thousand varied forms of idolatry. Thus we find that Terah, the father of Abraham, and his family worshipped other gods than Jehovah, though removed but a few generations in descent from Noah, and existing while the tradition of that awful deluge with which the only true God had desolated the earth as a punishment for the sins of mankind was still fresh in their minds, and its sad and melancholy ruins were, in every direction, thickly scattered around them. If we turn to the Israelites in the wilderness, we learn with astonishment, that so soon after the striking exhibitions of the power of the Most High, in sending many and great plagues upon Egypt, in dividing the Red Sea before them, in feeding them with manna from heaven, and even while the leader and law-giver of the nation, who had parted from them amid the terrific thunders and lightnings of Sinai, was holding communion with heaven on the top of that mount, where "the sight of the glory of the Lord was like a devouring fire, in the eyes of the children of Israel," even then, they parted with their choicest ornaments of gold, and Aaron, the future priest of Jehovah, made of them a senseless calf, to which they bowed down and worshipped.

Solomon, also, the wisest and most powerful prince of antiquity, though by the national law idolatry was punishable with death, and the Almighty seems to have adopted every possible precaution to restrain his chosen people from its indulgence; and though this monarch had been the honored instrument of heaven, in erecting a splendid temple for

the worship of the Most High, where, even in the Holy of Holies, the place of his peculiar presence, there was no visible form or image, to degrade, by attempting to body forth to the senses the matchless glories of that Being whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and whom no man hath seen or can see and live,—even Solomon, was led, by the influence of his heathen wives, to permit, in Judea, the practice of idolatry, and to consecrate to the obscene and cruel rites of the pagan deities, a portion of one of the hills which overlooked Jerusalem; a spot almost fronting the splendid temple which he himself had built to the one Almighty God of the universe, thus bringing down upon the nation the deadly and desolating judgments of heaven. And yet, strange as it may seem, this same people, who at some periods of their history seemed wholly given up to idolatry; who had altars of pagan worship upon every hill-top and in every grove, and who treated with contempt all those national laws, and solemn warnings and threatenings, of the Most High, by which He strove to bind them to his exclusive service,—this people it is, whom, since the Babylonian captivity, a period of more than two thousand years, though most of this time scattered and trampled underfoot, a byword and a reproach to all the nations of the earth, with no temple, with no bond of national union, with no public sacrifices, and with but few of the rites of their ancient religion, yet, as a standing continued miracle, no influence of interest or bloody persecution has ever availed to lead again to the practice of idolatry.

In the case of a nation like the Israelites, where there was so much to turn them away from the worship of the only true God, and whose religious system embraced so many types, sacrifices, and offerings, all of which centered in a future and expected Deliverer, and were to come to an end when he should appear on earth,—in such a case, it was well, for the time, that they should have a magnificent temple, an object of national pride; a splendid and showy ritual; a numerous priesthood, with their gorgeous robes of office; religious festivals, when all the nation should assemble, and, forming an immense procession, with the sound of a thousand various instruments of music, and chanting with united voices those matchless odes, so rich in all the melody of Hebrew verse, and so full of the history of the past, and of promises of the far coming future, should ascend the

hill of God, and there present to Him their offerings of thanksgiving and praise.

But, by the coming of Christ on earth, this system of things was entirely changed. He foretold the speedy destruction of the temple, and, by offering himself upon the Cross, as the great and final Sacrifice for the sins of mankind, he left it no longer either necessary or proper, to continue the former rites and ceremonies of the Jewish faith. As if to rebuke, and show his strong disapprobation, of the worldly ambition, and the pomp and show of the priesthood, he not only chose the poor and despised fishermen of Galilee as his bosom friends and companions, and the founders of his church on earth, but when he saw even them striving, as to who should be greatest, he forbade their using the long and showy robes of the Scribes and Pharisees, and courting, in places of public resort, the breath of popular applause; while at the same time he solemnly charged them, that they should not themselves be called Rabbi, or master, because one was their Master, even Christ, and all they were brethren; nor should they give to any man the honorary religious title of father, for one was their Father in Heaven. If such be not the precise form intended by Christ, for the rank and standing of the ministers of his church, as being all on a perfect equality, yet the directions, thus explicitly given, seem directly opposed to all that pomp and show, and all such gradations of office in the church, as, while they confer on the individual promoted no increased facilities for doing good, at the same time excite within his breast those aspirings of unholy ambition, and that love of power, which are so apt to influence the best of men, and which, too, have ever proved the foulest blot upon the fair fame of Christianity, and the bitterest curse which she has ever been called to endure.

A great and leading reason why men have used images and other objects of idolatrous worship, to the neglect or the entire exclusion of the claims of the Most High, is the fact, that his law so pointedly forbids, condemns, and threatens their favorite practices, that they cannot rest satisfied until they have brought themselves to the belief, that some more indulgent being than Jehovah is their rightful deity. Another general reason for the worship of images, as well as for pomp and show in religion, is the fact that we have no power of perceiving spirits, as distinct from matter, and nothing in human experience proves to us their separate existence.

Hence, men have ever been prone to call in the aid of images and of showy rites, which appeal to the senses, as helps to their devotional feelings; and, however great the caution which may have been used by the better informed as to this matter, still, it is a well-known fact that the mass of the common people, where images have been used, have bestowed on them, or on the persons or objects which they represent, that regard and reverence which is due to God alone. It was probably with a reference to this general fact, that the Most High, when giving a code of moral laws for the government of all mankind, strictly forbade the making of religious images, as well as showing them any mark of reverence or worship. This prevalence of saint and image worship in the Roman Catholic Church, has led them to omit the second of the ten commandments, in many of the catechisms which they publish for the use of the people, though found in all their editions of the Bible. They make the number good, however, by dividing the last command into two parts.

The preceding remarks, so far as they relate to the strong tendency there is among men to multiply those objects, and those rites and ceremonies, of religious worship which appeal to the senses, express ideas which have often been forced upon my mind, when viewing the forms of the Catholic Church, as they exist in the South of Europe. One example of this love of display was presented in the funeral of a Cardinal, which we attended while at Rome. On the decease of such a dignitary, there is a long succession of visits of etiquette, and other observances, which the author of the "Sacred Ceremonies," to whom allusion has before been made, occupies several pages in describing. As a specimen of these, the house is dressed in mourning, the deceased is arrayed in all his showy robes of office, with his rings, his belts and scarfs, and numerous other articles, for the Latin names of which one may search through Ainsworth in vain. And here, omitting the number of lights which must be used in the procession and the order of marching, suffice it to say, that the body is taken by night and placed in a church, where mass is said and other rites performed, until, at the end of nine days, it is buried. One evening, when riding to the Coliseum, to view it by moonlight, we were a long time detained by one of these funeral trains, which was moving along a street we wished to cross; and it was not until we had made three or four attempts at other places, and

passed a number of squares out of our way, that we escaped beyond the foremost end of the procession. The old Jewish and Pagan practice still prevails among the Catholics, of making a display, by hiring mourners from the lowest of the people. They march two and two, carrying long wax torches in their hands, and with bags, commonly of white, but some times red or of other colors, drawn over the head and reaching down to the waist, with holes cut through them, for the mouth and eyes. In the case referred to above, there may have been a thousand or more of these ghostly geniuses, and each torch-bearer was attended by a ragged satellite, carrying a stick with a piece of paper wound in the shape of a funnel, tied to the end of it, in which he caught the melted wax which dropped from the torches. To succeed well in this, requires no little quickness and sleight of hand.

At the appointed hour in the morning, we repaired to the church where the body of the Cardinal was lying in state, on a bier some ten feet high, covered with a large velvet cloth, richly embroidered with gold, and surrounded by hundreds of burning torches. The Pope's Swiss Guard formed a line on each side, from the door of the church to the enclosure, surrounding the altar. They were tall, fine looking fellows, with long lances mounted by a kind of tomahawk or battle-axe, and wearing broad-brimmed fur hats turned up on one side, and Turkish breeches of the size of meal-bags, with broad stripes of scarlet, yellow, and other gay and fantastic colors. When I saw them standing thus, or lounging about the entrance of the Vatican,—guarding that stately palace of the Vicegerent of the humble *Prince of Peace*, a feeling of sadness oppressed me, and I could not but wish that instead of thus acting as the mercenary hirelings of a foreign power, they had still been breathing the pure, free air of their native mountains. At length the Cardinals, some fifty or sixty in number, began to collect. They rode each one in his splendid scarlet or crimson-colored coach, with the reins, and the high crests which rose from between the ears of their noble steeds, of the same bright hue with the carriage. Behind each carriage stood three tall, soldierlike footmen, with cocked hats and livery coats covered with lace. The common full-flowing robes of the Cardinals, of the brightest scarlet silk, with their long trains, had been exchanged for the mourning dress of purple, of the same form and materials with the other. Each one, as he entered, was

waited on from the door to his seat, by gentleman ushers, wearing full tunics of black broadcloth, and swords by their sides, with hilts and scabbards of brightly polished steel. The train-bearer marched behind his master, bearing his charge, and when his highness was seated, sat down at his feet. The Cardinals were mostly old, gray-headed men, some of whom were tottering on the brink of the grave. For those of such an age, many of whom belong to the first families in Europe, to bow in lowly reverence before a fellow-man, though clad in robes of more than royal splendor, and crowned with precious stones and gold, and humbly kiss his hand, as I saw them do that of the Pope, was enough to make one pour forth tears of shame and heartfelt pity, for the weak ambition which could claim, and the base servility which could yield, such degrading adulation. And this, too, was in the house of God, and on that holy day which He has set apart for his peculiar worship, and for that alone. And hath He not in his Word declared, — Lo, I am a jealous God, and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images.

The Popes or Bishops of Rome, at an early period of their history, derived much of their popularity, and of the support which they received in their struggles with the emperors of the East, from the fact, that not only the clergy and the military, but the great body of the people, had a voice in their election. In the year 1059, however, Pope Nicolaus the Second, with a view to put an end to the tumults, factions, and civil wars resulting from these elections, gave the power of appointing the Popes to a College of Cardinals, leaving to the people only a negative voice in the case of such elections as might be peculiarly unpopular. This college consisted, at first, of the seven Cardinal Bishops as they were called, in the vicinity of Rome, and the Cardinal Presbyters or Priests, who had charge of the twenty-eight parishes or principal churches in Rome. To these, as a means of quieting the complaints of the inferior orders of the clergy, those highest in rank among them were added; but the frequent altercations arising between the Cardinals and those of different classes who had formerly a direct voice in the election of Popes, led Alexander the Third, in 1179, to obtain a decree of Council, by which the power of choosing Popes was placed wholly in the hands of the Cardinals, and a vote of two-thirds of their number was made necessary for an election. Such

has continued to be the constitution of the church until the present time.

The number of Cardinals is limited to seventy-two, but there are commonly several vacancies in the College. The ancient abuse of appointing men to this body from family interest, merely, now exists only in a limited degree. There were recently two Cardinals of the celebrated Doria family, of Genoa; and Cardinal York, the last of the royal house of Stuart, died near Rome, in 1807. In the year 1818 there were sixty-four Cardinals in the whole Romish church, and their average age was sixty-seven and a half years. All of them, when appointed, except fifteen, were more than fifty years of age; and, at the date just referred to, all except thirteen were more than sixty years old. Of sixty Cardinals who died during the reign of the last Pope, the average age was seventy-five years and three fourths; a truly astonishing example of longevity, for, as a general fact, of every one thousand born, only eighty-five reach the age of seventy-five years.

The thirty or forty Cardinals who reside constantly at Rome, have a salary of three thousand dollars each; in addition to which they must have some private fortune, inasmuch as they are obliged to maintain at least two coachmen, four horses, as many carriages, and six servants. Some of them, it is said, are always seen in large parties at Rome, and though it is not considered proper to dance in their presence, yet they play much at cards.

The whole number of Popes, from St. Peter down to the present time, is variously computed by Catholic writers, at from two hundred and fifty-two to two hundred and sixty-two; but, be this as it may, there were one hundred and twelve between the years 1000 and 1800; making the average of each reign, seven years and one month. On the other hand, the reigns of the kings of France, from Hugh Capet to Louis the Sixteenth, and those of England, from William the Conqueror to George the Fourth, have averaged more than twenty years. This difference has been owing, mainly, to the advanced age of the Popes when elected. Of the one hundred and twelve just noticed, only six have been chosen under thirty years of age, and the longest interregnum was three years. Thirty-seven Popes have suffered martyrdom; six were married before they were elected; one resigned; and Paul the Second expelled all literary men from his court and council, as being heretics, and possessed of useless learning. Eleven nephews,

alias sons, have succeeded their Papal uncles, or fathers. The present Pope was chosen by Austrian influence, which is now predominant at Rome; and his election caused strong excitement among those in the interest of the other nations of Europe. The fact that the Pope, by his political connexions, is pledged to the support of arbitrary principles, has led him, in every way, to oppose the progress of liberty in Spain and Portugal. His Secretary of State was recently dismissed, because he was opposed to offending France and England, by actively promoting the cause of Don Carlos, in Spain. In advancing the interests of this bigoted tyrant, as also formerly those of Don Miguel, in Portugal, the Pope has been unsparing in his bulls, denouncing their opponents, and releasing the people from their oaths of allegiance to them. This course has done much to free Spain from the bonds of Papal superstition, and to make her a Catholic merely, as distinguished from a *Roman* Catholic country.

The population of the territory allotted to the Pope, by the Congress of Vienna, amounted, in 1826, to 2,590,000; of whom 15,000 were Jews. The city of Rome contained, in 1817, 131,256 inhabitants; of whom 31 were bishops, 1,434 priests, 1,434 monks, 1,303 nuns; in hospitals there were 2,992; in prisons, 996. Thus the whole number of the clergy and of nuns, was about one to every thirty-one, or more than three per cent. of the whole population. All who have taken a vow of celibacy, and are duly qualified to say mass, are priests. The rule with regard to such is, that they must have an annual income of seventy-two dollars, as their own property. This is called their patrimony; and if, in addition to this, they receive two hundred dollars from their parishes it is considered a sufficient support, inasmuch as they have no families to provide for. The office, that is, the hymns, lessons from the Scriptures, and acts of saints which priests are required to repeat every day, occupy about an hour, and may be gone through with at once, or at different times, as may be most convenient. Those who are engaged in teaching may often be seen muttering over the office to themselves during the hours of school, as a kind of drudgery to which they are subjected; religion, in the Catholic church, being measured more by the quantity than the quality.

The debt of the Papal government, when Rome was taken by the French, was 148,300,000. By confiscating lands, houses, rents, and other property, the government creditors

were paid five per cent. on less than half the whole debt ; and, as the rest was due to nobles, who were either exiled or proscribed, it was never paid at all. Thus, at the restoration of the Pope, he found that the French had freed his government from a debt of \$ 136,000,000, chiefly at the expense of corporations and individuals in the Papal States. The receipts of the Pope, in 1818, were \$ 11,536,000 ; of which \$ 312,000 were from the Lottery of Rome ; \$ 130,000 from that of Tuscany ; ecclesiastical proceeds in Italy, \$ 400,000 ; from Spain, in good years, \$ 200,000 ; from France and Germany each \$ 20,000. Since that time the proceeds from Spain must have nearly ceased ; and the embarrassment of the Papal government has recently become such as to lead his Holiness to pledge a part of his territory to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as a means of raising necessary funds. The expenses of the police of the city of Rome are \$ 100,000 annually, and those of the Papal palace, \$ 160,000. There are now subject to the nomination of the Pope, two vicars, twelve patriarchs, and seven hundred and seven bishops, or suffragan bishops.

The efforts of the Church of Rome in preventing the publication, and the introduction into Catholic countries, of works opposed to her interest and form of belief, make an important item in her history. In the controversies which distracted the Christian church during the fifth century, the practice of the Roman courts of justice extensively prevailed, in which questions were decided in accordance with the opinions of the greatest number of learned and distinguished writers of former ages. This reverence for the great names of antiquity led unprincipled religious disputants to present their own spurious productions to the public, as having been written by the early fathers of the church, and even by Christ himself. The immense number of these vile forgeries with which the church was flooded, induced, it is said, the Roman Pontiff Gelasius, in the year 494, to assemble a convention of bishops from the whole empire, at Rome, in order that they might examine all the works bearing the names of distinguished individuals, and decide which were genuine and which were fictions. The famous decree, which contains a list of these forgeries, and condemns them as prohibited books, is to be found in all the larger collections of the Acts of Councils, though it is not quoted by any writer previous to the ninth century, and learned men have questioned its genuineness.

In later times we find, that by the eighteenth section of the Council of Trent, certain members of that body were appointed to prepare an Index, or list of all books accounted injurious to the interests of the Catholic church, and this Index was first published by Pius the Fourth, March 22d, 1564. The immediate motive to this movement was the fact, that Luther and the other early reformers were then, by their works, exerting a wide-spread and increasing influence, and the easiest way of counteracting them, was by condemning their writings as heretical, and committing them to the flames. Thus we find, in the rules of the Index adopted by the Council of Trent, that not only were all books prohibited which, previously to the year 1515, had been condemned, either by the Popes or by general councils, but also (to use the words of the decree), "The books of heresiarchs, who since that year had originated or advocated heresies, as also of those who are the heads or leaders of heretics, such as Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Balthasar, Pacimontanus, Schwenckfeldius, and others like them, are entirely prohibited."

According to the fourth rule of the Index, it is decreed, that inasmuch as it is manifest, from experiment, that if the reading of the Holy Bible in the vulgar tongue be permitted indiscriminately to all, more injury than benefit will arise from it; a special written license to read it may be granted by a bishop, inquisitor, or other duly authorized person, to such as would be in no danger of injury from it. But those who should presume to read the Bible without such license, could not receive absolution for their sins. Booksellers who should sell, or in any other way furnish, Bibles to those who had no license to read them, were to forfeit the price of their books, and suffer such other punishment as the bishop might see fit to impose. Books of controversy between Catholics and heretics, written in the vulgar tongue, were placed under the same restrictions with the Bible; and manuscript works were regulated by the same rules with those printed. All books on astrology, necromancy, magic, divination, and similar arts, were entirely prohibited. Even books allowed by the Index might be prohibited by bishops or inquisitors, within their own provinces or dioceses, if they thought proper to do so. The Talmud of the Hebrews, and all its annotations and glosses, and all Talmudical and cabalistic writings, were entirely prohibited, as was also the book *Magazon*, (which contains an account of the public and private religious rites and

ceremonies of the Jews,) except when printed in the Hebrew tongue.

Additional constitutions and rules of the Index of prohibited books, have been published by Clement the Eighth, and Benedict the Fourteenth. The present congregation of the Index consists of eleven cardinals, and numerous counsellors and reporters. Different committees and individuals have assigned to them, for examination, works in various languages, and on given sciences, with which they are acquainted. While at Civita Vecchia, I became acquainted with a commission of ten or twelve learned monks, who had come there from Rome to examine the books and prints brought by sea from the north of Europe, and especially from Brussels. They were quite communicative as to the details of their official duties.

The copy of the Roman Index now before me, was published in 1758, and has, in the form of an appendix, additional lists of books, put forth in the years 1763, 1770, and 1779. In 1786, a new edition of the Index was published, containing, with subsequent additions, 5,600 prohibited books. The present Pope has just published another edition, containing more than 8,000 works. Among the books prohibited, are the histories of Hume, Gibbon, Mosheim, and Robertson; the metaphysical works of Locke, and his Reasonableness of Christianity; Copernicus, on the Revolutions of Celestial Bodies; all the works of Erasmus, Tillotson's Sermons, Combe's Phrenology, History of the Operations of the British Bible Societies; the eleventh volume of Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics, and his smaller work on the same subject, which was prepared for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. This last work I bought of a bookseller in Florence, who informed me that he was permitted to sell it in English, but not in either Italian or French. To the list of works noticed above, we might add most of the truly able and independent works in history, theology, and the various sciences which have been published in Europe for several centuries past.

The only editions of the Bible tolerated in Italy are that of Martini, Archbishop of Florence, published in 1803, with copious notes, making in all thirty-six octavo volumes; and another by an Archbishop of Turin, in twenty-three large volumes. The price of one of these editions, which I met with in a bookstore in Naples, was more than one hundred and twenty dollars. Thus, for the poor, at least, it must there be

extremely difficult to obey the divine command, to search the Scriptures. The only religious books which they are permitted to have, are the lives of a few Catholic saints, containing quite as much fable as truth.

A permission to read the prohibited books is granted in given cases to those who as authors, or otherwise, need their aid ; with the exception, however, of such works as treat of judicial astrology, and similar subjects, as also heretical works ; and care is to be taken that the works, to read which permission is given, do not come into the hands of any but the petitioner.

The edition of the Spanish Index which I have was published in 1790, and varies essentially in the works prohibited, and in other important respects, from the Roman Index.

The usual number of prisoners in the Papal States is more than nine thousand, who are kept by contract, for thirteen cents a day each, the contractor making a profit of two cents on each person. Nearly two hundred prisoners are in some cases confined in the same room, and thus are the young fully exposed to the corrupting influence of older offenders. Those whom I saw in confinement had a filthy, squalid appearance, and, as elsewhere in Italy, crowded to the grated windows of their prison, clamorously begging for money of all who passed near them.

All criminals in Spain, Italy, and France, who are condemned to work in chains, are called galley-slaves. Nothing is more common in the cities of Southern Europe, than to pass a company of these poor wretches, chained together in pairs, and working, or moving along under the care of soldiers. The usual number of this class of criminals, in the Papal States, is from four to five hundred, and robbers and murderers are often found among them.

During the year 1817, there were, in all the hospitals of Rome, 34,336 persons ; of whom 30,084 were cured and left the hospitals, and 3,174, or about ten per cent., died. There were received the same year, at the hospital of Spirito Santo, 1043 foundlings, of whom 419 died. The number of individuals in hospitals in Rome, is at least one third greater than the proportion of other cities of Europe. Among the causes of this are the great poverty of the people, and the fevers, especially the fever and ague, which is exceedingly prevalent in the months of August and September.

Charitable institutions, called Conservatories, are frequent-

ly met with in the cities of Southern Europe, where young girls are received, and supported until they are married, or otherwise provided for. In Rome they are required, when admitted, to deposit fifty dollars, to bring bed and bedding, four changes of clothes, and several small kitchen utensils. At their marriage they receive seventy-five dollars, as a dowry. As only the higher classes of females are able to enter nunneries, and as large numbers of men, the poor as well as the rich, lead lives of celibacy in convents, there must of course be many poor females who cannot marry, and for whom provision must be made in institutions like those just noticed.

In Rome, as elsewhere in Catholic countries, many of the poor are daily fed with soup and bread, at the doors of the convents. From the fact that blindness appeals so strongly to the sympathies of the benevolent, it is said that two thirds of the beggars in the large cities of Europe, either are or pretend to be blind. This class are more numerous in Spain than in any other country I have visited, and the shrewdness and sagacity which they show in moving about, and in the methods to which they resort to obtain a livelihood, are extremely interesting. As a specimen of the tricks which these beggars sometimes practise, the following anecdote may serve as an example. Two medical officers belonging to our ship were accosted one day, in Spain, by a poor beggar, led along by a little child. As with piteous tones he besought their charity, the thought occurred to them that perhaps his eyes were in a condition for couching, and that thus they might restore him to sight. On raising his eyelids, however, what was their surprise to find a pair of as bright, clear-seeing eyes as one would wish to behold.

The customs connected with the burial of the dead in Italy, differ widely from those of our own country. The corpses of females whose friends are wealthy are dressed in the gayest manner, with robes of purple, silk, shoes and gloves, of fancy colors, ribands, and jewels. The face is commonly painted and exposed to view, and the funeral, which takes place an hour after sunset, is attended by a long procession, composed of the lower orders of friars, and of the members of those fraternities which exist throughout Italy, organized for the purpose of aiding at each others' funerals, — these latter wearing white, red, or gray dresses, with a conical cap drawn over the head, having holes in it, through which they may see and breathe. Each one in the

procession bears a lighted torch, and, as they move onward, the melancholy chant for the dead sounds along the ranks. The motley group, with their voice of wailing, their fantastic dresses, and their numerous lights, seem more like a train of spirits from the world beneath than any thing of earthly origin. The corpse is placed in a church near the altar for twenty-four hours, and during this time all the faithful who enter, pray for the repose of the departed spirit. The number of masses chanted by the priests, for the benefit of the dead, depends upon the amount paid them for this object. The body, when buried in a church, is placed in a rough coffin, and lowered into a vault, which is covered by one of the large stones of the pavement. There are one hundred and seventy-one churches in Rome, in which the dead may be buried, and all who can afford it secure a burial in these sacred vaults. They are each about ten feet square, and seven deep, and in those churches where they are not well closed, and burials are numerous, the stench during warm weather is sometimes so great that public service is omitted. In Spain, and elsewhere in Europe, the custom of burying in churches has been prohibited by law, but the revenue arising from it has caused it still to be retained extensively in Italy.

The poor, and those who die in charitable establishments, in both Spain and Italy, are thrown naked into large pits. Of these the hospital of Spirito Santo, at Rome, has one hundred and thirty-six, dug on the top of a hill near the city, and the hospital of St. John has thirty-six. The annual number thus buried in pits, in Rome, is nearly two thousand; and the expense of each burial, including transportation, wax-lights, and the mass, is one dollar sixty-seven cents. The average number of such burials, in the Campo Santo of Naples, is fifteen or twenty daily, and surely there can be nothing more unchristian, beastly, and horrid, than this method of disposing of the dead.

No Jews, Pagans, or heretics (among the last of which Protestants are ranked) can be buried in churches, or in consecrated ground. The same is true also of persons killed in duels, of those who have not each year confessed their sins, and partaken of the sacrament, and of all who commit suicide, unless, before death, they shall have given evidence of repentance. Sailors have commonly an image of the cross, made with India ink, upon their arms, or some part of the body, that thus, should they be wrecked, and their bodies

cast by the waves upon the shore of some Catholic country, they might pass for true sons of the Church, and receive a Christian burial. Nothing surely can be more inhuman and unchristian than to cast out, as unclean, the mortal remains of those, whose only crime was a fancied error in matters of religious faith.

The secret political associations which have existed in Italy, during the present century, deserve a passing notice, from the influence which they have exerted there, and the light which they cast on the character of the people. In imitation of the freemasons, and other similar fraternities, in the North of Europe, these societies assumed the names of various handicraft trades and employments, — such as Carbonari or Charcoal-makers, Crivellari or Sieve-makers, and Calderari or Braziers. They were known to exist at Civita Vecchia as early as 1813, and were afterwards found to have been organized in every part of Italy. The coat of arms of the Carbonari was two swords, united with a large star above them, implying that their designs were favored of Heaven, — a bust of Brutus, with a hand before it, holding a dagger over the head of a wolf, this animal being an emblem of the then existing governments of Italy. They had also a collection of signs, which were emblematical, — such as the cross on which tyrants were to be crucified; a crown of thorns, to pierce their heads, and a ladder, with which they were to ascend the scaffold. They took their oath of secrecy and union over a burning iron and a bottle of poison, thus implying that, should they violate their pledge, the iron might burn their flesh, and the poison be their drink. Bologna, Ferrara, and Ancona, were their head-quarters. They had a secret alphabet, invented by one of their number, which they used in correspondence, and signal figures, like those used on board ships of war. Of these 300·14 meant that Napoleon had entered London, and 103 that the American squadron had come into the bay of Naples, to assist in revolutionizing Italy, which event was confidently expected.

The designs of these associations were essentially agrarian, and they aimed not merely to overthrow civil governments, but also to lessen the prices of food, and abolish all taxes. The Pope, and the king of Naples, when restored to power, issued edicts against freemasons, and other secret societies, but without effecting their suppression. Owing, however, to the vigilance of the existing governments, through spies

and otherwise, many leaders and members of these associations have been seized from time to time, in various parts of Italy, and thus has any general rising, in favor of independence and a constitutional government, been prevented. Still, should any extensive political commotion hereafter arise in Italy, these societies would exert an important influence in deciding the final result.

When Naples was taken by the French, under Joseph Bonaparte, the two princes, Charles and Leopold, retreated to the southern part of Italy with 17,000 men, and, being unsuccessful there, they finally passed over into Sicily, leaving most of their troops behind them. These men, uniting with the bands of robbers, murderers, and fugitives from justice among the mountains, formed several small armies of banditti, who were engaged in constant warfare with the French. Murat himself, when king of Naples and escorted by a guard of horsemen, was attacked in the day-time, and three of his suite were killed.

After the return of the king of Naples to his throne, in 1815, forty thousand men who were opposed to him were organized in certain districts of the kingdom, — the nobility and higher orders assuming the title of *Patrioti*, and the lower classes that of *Philadelphii*. They had uniforms, committees, standards, and camps, and practised regular military exercise. The leaders surrounded themselves with hired bands of robbers and assassins, and odious persons were freely put to death and their property confiscated. The darkest and most bloody scenes of the French Revolution were reenacted, and the state of the country was awful indeed. At length, in 1818, General Church, an English officer of distinction, intrusted with almost supreme power by the king, and aided by an army of nine thousand men, marched against the insurgents. By seizing and shooting many of the leaders, by frequent engagements with detached parties of the insurgents, and finally by a proclamation of general amnesty to all except notorious offenders, he at length succeeded in restoring peace and order. In those times of darkness many robber-chieftains distinguished themselves by their deeds of bold and reckless courage and cruelty, and remnants of these bands still exist among the robbers of Southern Italy.

Still, it is by no means true, that the existence of robbers in Italy has been mainly owing to the prevalence of wars and civil revolutions; for, during many centuries of peace, the

mountains of Calabria, and those on the frontiers of the Papal States, have been the favorite haunts of banditti. The policy of the Catholic church, in granting an asylum and pardon to robbers and murderers, for the sake of the money paid by such criminals, alike for the forgiveness of their own sins, and for masses for the benefit of the souls of those who were murdered by them, has done much to perpetuate violence and crime. Still, it is true, that individuals have now and then appeared, who, rising above the corrupt and demoralizing influence of the Catholic faith, have asserted the rights of justice and humanity, as opposed to lawless aggression and violence. As an example of this, we may refer to Sextus the Fifth, who was chosen Pope in 1585. On the day that he was crowned, five hundred robbers, murderers, and assassins entered, of their own accord, the prisons of Rome, that thus they might receive the pardon uniformly granted on the accession of a new Pope, to those who surrendered themselves. Not only did he try and punish them, however, but also seized and beheaded those whom he knew to have been guilty of flagrant crimes, from confessions made to him when a priest. So much an object of terror did he thus become, that for a long time, his name, like that of king Richard of England, in the East, was used by mothers as a means of frightening their children into silence or submission. About the year 1687, there were put to death at Naples, or banished, two thousand six hundred and fifty robbers, in the space of eighteen months.

In 1818, a tribunal was established at Frosinone, in the southern part of the Papal States, for the trial of robbers and other criminals of a similar cast. From the records of this tribunal it appears, that about two hundred persons are convicted yearly, and condemned to death or the galleys. Lists of robbers are published from time to time, by this tribunal, and four hundred dollars are offered for the head of a leader, and two hundred for that of a follower. Between Naples and Rome, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, more than three hundred soldiers are employed as escorts to carriages, and as guards. In one place there are five stations in a distance of seven miles, and a corporal and ten men at each station, who patrol from post to post every three hours in the night. There are, besides these, more than one thousand five hundred soldiers stationed at the towns on this route ; and patrols of citizens are supported at public expense, in

towns infested by robbers. The inhabitants are also assembled, when necessary, by the tolling of the village bells.

There are some Lancasterian and other schools for common education, in Rome, together with numerous colleges and higher seminaries of learning. Without dwelling in detail upon the management of these institutions, it may be well to give a brief sketch of one of them, as presenting a favorable specimen of the course of instruction pursued in the higher colleges at Rome.

The Gregorian College is a large and beautiful edifice near the Doria palace, in Rome. It forms a quadrangle, having a large court in the middle. The schoolrooms are ranged along three sides of the square. The fourth side communicates with the boarding establishment, the rooms of the professors, and other officers; the library and the church of St. Ignatius, which belongs to the College. This college was founded by Gregory the Thirteenth, in 1582, and the direction of it was given to the Jesuits, who, when they were suppressed, in 1773, had ten establishments in Rome. A commission was then appointed to regulate education in the Roman States. A "Congregation of Studies," with a Cardinal at its head, took charge of the College, and appointed its Masters and Professors. Boys enter when quite young, with merely a knowledge of the rudiments of Latin grammar.

During the two first years Latin authors are read, with a special reference to the grammatical structure of the language. The third year is spent in studying the elegances of the Latin language; such as figures of oratory, poetical beauties, forms, and metres. The fourth year is spent on rhetoric, embracing some Latin, but more Greek. During the fifth year, algebra and geometry are studied in the morning, and logic and metaphysics in the afternoon. The sixth year is occupied with physics, chemistry, natural history, and ethics.

After the course in philosophy is finished, those destined for the church remain four years longer in the College, and study scholastic and dogmatic theology, the Hebrew language, and the Holy Scriptures. Those who wish to go further in any of the sciences, or to take degrees in the learned professions, repair to the Gymnasium, or University of Rome, which was founded in the thirteenth century. It has professors of civil and canon law, medicine, experimental philosophy, oriental languages, divinity, and other branches.

In the Gregorian College the instruction in the lower classes continues two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon; and the lectures of the higher classes are one hour each. The course of studies begins the fourth of November, and continues till the end of the September following, with two vacations of a week each, one at Christmas and the other at Easter. No whispering or signs are permitted in school. The punishments resorted to are an additional task in the way of study; or the Correttore, a man who has his room near the gate of the College, and is well supplied with whips and canes, is called in, when the boy to be flogged strips off his coat, and being held by two of his schoolmates, receives his dues. The other punishments are kneeling in the middle of the school, banishment to the Dunce's bench, and expulsion. Instruction is nearly gratuitous. Admission is easy to all who will dress decently. The boarders have their food, lodging, and education, but furnish their clothes, beds, books, and furniture. No Bibles are allowed the students, but portions of the Scriptures are read every day, and explained on Sundays.

CHAPTER IX.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

Cruise at Sea. — Parties in Spain. — Friars. — Carlists. — The Queen's Party. — Liberals. — Convents. — Archbishop of Santiago. — Riot at Barcelona. — Junta of Extermination. — Archbishop of Tarragona. — Friars in Majorca. — Storm at Sea. — One of our crew lost. — Poetry. — Reflections. — An April Fool. — Portugal: Her past History. — Don Miguel. — Don Pedro. — The Queen. — The Army. — National Income and Debt. — Convents. — Monks and Friars. — The Jesuits. — Nuns. — Colleges. — Income of the Clergy. — Education. — The Navy. — Lisbon: Its History and Population. — Houses. — Dogs. — Earthquake. — Dress of Females. — Education. — Libraries. — Records of the Inquisition. — Rare Works. — Paintings. — English Chapel and Grave Yard. — Fielding. — Dr. Doddridge. — Hospital. — Insane Patients. — Medical School. — Church of St. Roque. — Foundling Hospital. — Schools. — Convent of Belem. — The Deaf and Dumb. — English Craft, and Portuguese Folly.

AFTER our return from Rome to Naples, we stopped at Malta, and sailed from thence to Tripoli, and then returned to Malta, where we spent some time. As we passed in the same direction on our way to Greece the following summer, a description of Malta will be given in connexion with that part of our cruise. From Malta we went to Mahon and Marseilles, for provisions and money for the squadron, and returned to Naples. We found Spain at that time in great confusion, the people having taken into their own hands the business of suppressing the convents, and other matters of reform, being unwilling to await the tardy action of the government. This general revolt was successful in effecting its ends. The following is a record of events, made at the time of our visit to Mahon, in the month of August, 1835. It is here inserted with a view to show the condition of Spain during her recent civil war.

Let us here take a hasty glance at the present state of Spain. A sufficient reason for this exists in the interest excited by the struggle in which she is now engaged, arising from the fact, that the cause of civil and religious liberty, not only in Europe, but throughout the world, may be deeply affected by the result. With these impressions on my mind, I have made every effort to acquire an accurate knowledge of the present state and prospects of Spain, as well as of those

hidden causes which have given rise to the convulsions with which she is now so sorely rent. My information has been derived from gentlemen of high standing and intelligence, who regularly receive papers from the Continent, and have correspondents in various parts of Spain. They have also long been watching, with anxious interest, the course of events in their native land. One of these gentlemen has kindly furnished a written statement as to the various parties which now exist, together with what is known of their strength and movements.

During the time of the Cortes and the Constitution, in 1820, an act was passed, by which all the convents in Spain became the property of government, and the avails of them, when sold, were to be applied to paying the national debt, and to other public purposes. When the old order of things was restored, however, the purchasers of the convent property were ejected, and the monks again came into possession of their former estates. This step created great dissatisfaction, not only among the immediate sufferers, but among all who were in favor of a popular form of government, and who were not so blindly devoted to the interests of the friars, as, for their sakes, to be willing to have the national debt, and a heavy load of taxes, again thrown back upon the shoulders of the people. But aside from this, there has long been among the mass of the people, throughout Catholic Europe, an increasing hostility against the friars, owing to the profligacy of some, and the luxurious indolence in which most, of them spend their lives. Their large and fertile estates, the gift of the superstitious and misdirected zeal of a dark and ignorant age, and which, without any effort of their own, furnished them with the means of rioting on the fat of the land, had likewise been a grievous eyesore to nations laden with taxes, and abounding in ignorance, beggary, and woe. The friars have also lost that respect which they once received for sanctity and learning, so long as they were able to exclude the common people from the light of knowledge, and at the same time cast around themselves a dark and mysterious veil, within which the superstitious awe of the populace was afraid to look. They have not, like the parish clergy, such intercourse with the people as to secure their respect and affection, but rather the reverse; for the sleek and well fed Capuchin, or Franciscan, who has been eating, sleeping, and smoking in his stately convent during the day, will sally forth with his bag at

evening, and exact, as his right, a portion of the hard-earned pittance of the toil-worn mechanic, or the poor and weather-beaten fisherman. True, the friars often act as confessors, but then their manners are so coarse and gross, they are so deficient in that polish and urbanity which can be acquired only by habitual intercourse with refined society, that the higher classes regard them with disgust. Their flagrant violations of the rules of their respective orders, especially those which bind them to poverty, chastity, and frugality, are too common and notorious to be denied; and long and loud are the complaints of those who, beholding the young around them growing up in ignorance and vice, are grieved that those who by their education, and the leisure which they have, are best fitted to teach, should not only refuse to do so, but also prevent others from engaging in the work of instruction. The great number of convents in Spain has been very much owing to the active part taken by the clergy in the early contests with the Moors, and also to funds given by those who were so busy in sinning during their lives, that they felt it a duty to hire others to serve God for them, when they were dead. But these causes of the evil in question have ceased to exist, and though once the friars were highly favored by the Popes, as being more exclusively devoted to their interests, and less under the influence of love of country, and other local feelings and attachments, than were the parish clergy, who have free and constant intercourse with the people; still they are now, with the exception of the Jesuits, of but little benefit to his Holiness, and it can hardly be supposed that he will risk a strong and decided effort to sustain them. To those who will soberly think of it, there is something very absurd in keeping a large number of well-fed, able-bodied men caged up in convents, and living on the fat of the land, for little else than to ring bells, and sing Latin prayers for the souls of the dead, who, if we believe the Bible, are far beyond the reach of human effort.

There are now, in all the provinces of Spain, several different parties. The principal of these are the Carlists, who are high tory, church, and convent men. Of this party are all the friars, and most of those high in office in the church. There are, however, some honorable exceptions. 2. The party of the Queen, composed of two distinct factions. One of these is for rather a high-toned monarchy, with a representative government, while the others are liberals, and would

have the monarchy little more than nominal, and place the convents on the same footing as in 1820. The third party are in favor of a republic; these work secretly, but are very diligent. The moderate party are dissatisfied with the measures of the Queen's government, while the liberals are exasperated on account of the apparent indifference of those in power to the interests of liberty, their neglect of the petitions of the Chambers, and their opposition to the extinction of the monks, and applying their property in refunding what was paid by purchasers in 1820, and also to paying the national internal debt, and placing it on the same basis with the foreign debt. They also wish the reduction of the rents of the clergy, and of part of the royal taxes. The Jesuits, from their officious meddling with politics, and their devotion to the cause of ecclesiastical tyranny, were marked out for extinction, and, by a recent decree, all their property comes into the hands of government. Another decree, of the 25th of July, takes from their possessors all those convents in which there are less than twelve friars, excepting those occupied by such as have regular schools, and also the colleges for the education of missionaries for the provinces of Asia. The same decree embraces convents which have now no occupants. The friars are permitted to unite with such other convents of their own order, as their respective prelates shall designate, and also to take their furniture with them. The ground of this decree is, that, according to various briefs of the Popes, twelve is the least number of monks that can form a community. Thus more than nine hundred of the near two thousand convents in Spain are suppressed. The liberals, however, are far from being satisfied with this, inasmuch as only a part of the convents are suppressed, and the number of monks is not lessened. They wish the entire extinction of both, and have taken the business into their own hands. Much of the interest in this contest shown by France and England, is doubtless owing to the fear of losing the debt owed them by the Queen's government.

On our recent arrival at Mahon, we found much excitement existing with regard to the friars. One of them, belonging to the convent on Mount Toro, had just before absconded with a young woman; and, having been found in their guilty retreat, they were separated. But this was only the gossip for a day, as it furnished no new light respecting the morals of the monks. A subject of more engrossing interest was the efforts making for the suppression of convents throughout

Spain. The Lion of the day, at Mahon, was the Archbishop of Santiago, a wealthy and important diocese in Spain, who was then in exile for political causes. He had made himself obnoxious by his activity in state affairs, and by publishing an eloquent but somewhat declamatory defence of "the altar and the throne," or in other words, of the divine and absolute right of kings and priests. He is of the Capuchin order of monks, and wears their dress. His age may be sixty; he is tall and erect, with a fine, full form, a splendid silvery beard, reaching down to his breast; a wild, ambitious eye, a noble countenance, and a port and bearing more like that of a military chieftain, than a humble soldier of the Cross. As he walks the streets, people of all ranks and ages eagerly press around him, to kiss his hand.

In the province of Catalonia, there have been troubles for some time past. The clergy there are more numerous than in any other part of Spain, and of course the burdens on the people are greater. The inhabitants, too, are jealous of their rights, and shrewd, active, industrious, and persevering. The Captain-General, who is Governor of the Province, had become unpopular, and the friars had so much fear of the people, that, except in Barcelona, they had left their convents and retired, some of them among their friends, and others to the Carlist army. On the 25th of July, there was a Bull-fight at Barcelona, when those present, pretending to take offence at the want of spirit in the animal, rushed into the arena, and, taking him by force, led him to the Rambla, the principal street of the city. A great mob was thus assembled, when the cry was raised, "Down with the Convents." The result of it was, that they rushed to the work *en masse*, burned six large convents, killed forty-seven friars, and wounded twenty-seven more, so that they were removed to the hospital. This was done, not by Protestant Yankees, but by Spanish Roman Catholics. While this outrage was going on, an officer, with 500 cavalry, came to disperse the mob, when a man wearing a mask rode up to him, and showing his face for a moment, and making a sign, no attack was made upon the populace. This man in the mask is supposed to have been one of the Junta of extermination, who, among other objects, are now aiming at the entire suppression of the friars. They originated some time since at Saragossa, but have now their head-quarters at Madrid. As they act entirely in the dark, have no writings, and send no

letters, but only living emissaries to effect their purposes, they are very dangerous, but still cannot be detected. Government is aware of their existence, but yet cannot reach them, or bring evidence to convict any one. Still, for some time past, messages have often been sent to the governors of different provinces, informing them that members of this Junta were abroad, and warning them to be on their guard.

When the convents at Barcelona were burned, the Captain-General fled from the city. A short time afterwards, the Lieutenant-General collected a thousand soldiers of the standing army, from the various posts in the interior, and marched towards the city, with a view to restore the authority of his superior in command. While on his way, the common council of Barcelona sent him a respectful and dignified communication, advising him not to enter the city, as it would probably be a signal for new outrages. He replied, that he felt it to be his duty to advance. He did so, and having drawn up his troops in front of the Palace, he entered it, leaving them with his second in command. A battalion of the "Urbana Milicia," or Citizen Soldiers, were forthwith ranged opposite to them, but, after a short conference between the two leaders, all hostile action was waved. In the mean time, a large mob had forced the windows and doors of the Palace, and were pouring into it from every direction. The guard, which consisted of but forty or fifty soldiers, made no resistance, seeing such numbers against them. The leaders of the mob, meeting some of the Palace household, by threatening them with death, compelled them to discover the Lieutenant-General to them. He was in a part of the church of St. Mary, which was connected with the Palace by a private passage. He was dragged from thence, and, while they were leading him away to confinement, one of the mob came near and snapped a pistol at him, which missed fire. The General raised his sword to strike the ruffian, who forthwith shot him through the heart. His body was then dragged about the streets by the mob, and finally burnt, together with all the papers of the custom-house, and Barcelona was declared a free port. Thus it was at the last accounts, when the friars who remained were confined in two fortresses near the city.

While we were at Mahon, the Archbishop of Tarragona, with five priests as attendants, was brought there by an English man-of-war. He is first in rank in the province of

Catalonia, and has contested the point of precedency with the Archbishop of Toledo, the wealthiest church dignitary in Spain. He is now old and timid, and was quite anxious to go with us, either to France or Italy, for fear of being murdered in Mahon. Arrangements to receive him and his suite on board were in part made, but, owing to some difficulty as to his passport, he did not come with us. In Mahon, there is much excitement against the friars, and an attempt was made a few nights since to burn one of the convents. The friars have forsaken it through fear, and no one now resides there.

Majorca is divided into three districts. When the French troops from Algiers stopped at Palma, the chief town of the island, on their way to Spain, the report was spread in one of the more distant districts, that they were Carlist forces. Upon this, the friars, about sixty in number, excited the people, who seized the public authorities and cast them into prison. As soon as this was known at Palma, four companies of soldiers marched to the place, who took the friars into custody, and released those who were confined. Thus the dark and fearful drama is every day becoming more and more involved. What the final result may be, is known only to Him, who rideth upon the whirlwind and directs the storm of human passion.—Who maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and restrains the remainder thereof.

In sailing from Naples to Mahon, in the autumn of 1835, we encountered, near the island of Sardinia, a violent tempest which continued more than a week. With our utmost efforts to make headway against it by heaving, we had at one time drifted sixty miles towards the lee shore of Africa; and at the end of a week, we found ourselves just four miles from where we were seven days before. On Sabbath evening, near the close of the storm, our ship was struck by what sailors call a "white squall," because the clouds in which they come are white, and hence they give no such warning of their approach as those do which come on with a dark, lowering, heavy cloud. We had just commenced taking in sail, when the squall struck us with such violence as almost to lift the ship from the water; and until she came before the wind, the bow guns on the lee side of the spar deck, were under water, and the stern of the ship was raised so high that the helm was useless. Fortunately, it first struck the fore part of the ship, so as to aid in bringing her before the wind; still, there was,

for a time, serious danger of carrying away the foremast, in which case the ship must have swayed around in such a way as to let the sea break over and sink us. As it was, our main-topsail was split, the mizen-topsail-yard was broken into four pieces, and other serious injury was done. The Delaware seventy-four, in company with us, had her principal sails set, which were old, and were therefore soon blown into shreds; and the remnant of one of them, which hung from the yard, was tied by the wind into so hard a knot, that it could not be unloosed, and was afterwards, as a curiosity, placed in a museum in the United States. Had the sails been new, so as not to have readily yielded to the wind, the ship would have been greatly in danger of being lost. Her fore-yard, cross-jack-yard, and mizen-top-gallant mast were carried away. When the squall was over, each ship's company was anxious with regard to the fate of their companions in peril, and it was not until after firing rockets, and exchanging other night signals, that our minds were mutually relieved from anxiety.

Previous to the squall, we had on board a boy by the name of Perry, some sixteen or seventeen years of age, slender, and lightly made, remarkably sprightly and active, and by far the best sailor of his age in the ship. As the squall came on he was the first upon the yard-arm, and when it parted, he caught by a rope, and was whirled swiftly around by the wind, until he lost his hold. He was some sixty or seventy feet from the water; and the old Quartermaster, who saw him fall, said that he was borne off by the wind as a jacket would have been, if thrown from aloft, and struck far from the ship. As the ship was driven on at a fearful rate, he was soon far behind us, and before we could have done any thing to save him, he must have sunk to rise no more.

Poor Perry, — he was a great favorite in the ship, and for days afterwards, many a group of weather-beaten sailors might be heard speaking his praise, and mourning over his loss. He used at times to sing to me, when I made my parish visits in the mizen-top; and his music had not the dull, drawling monotony of manner so common to sailors, but rather resembled the free and joyous carol of the lark. Though he had much of the reckless humor and levity of the sailor, yet he was peculiarly frank in confessing his faults, and kindly listened to counsel and reproof. His loss suggested, at the time, the following lines :

The sable shroud of darkest night,
 Was o'er creation spread ;
 The clouds had veiled the stars' dim light,
 When forth the tempest sped.

No warning reached the noble bark,
 Whose canvass floated wide,
 Till the fierce night-winds, wild and dark,
 Bore on the rushing tide.

Then lowly bowed the towering mast,
 The wide-spread sails were rent ;
 The graceful yards, before the blast,
 Like slender reeds were bent.

Borne onward by the tempest's might,
 To wildest fury lashed,
 Swift as the light-winged arrow's flight,
 The noble bark was dashed.

Now list ye to that piercing cry,
 For lo! the yards are riven,
 And yonder see the lost one fly: —
 God grant his sins forgiven.

He sinks beneath the foaming waves,
 His voice no more is heard ;
 No more the tempest's rage he braves, —
 In Ocean's depths interred.

Peace, peace be with thee, sailor boy,
 The fearless and the true ;
 Oft shall thy fate our thoughts employ,
 And oft our cheeks bedew.

To him who stilled the tempest's breath,
 Our ardent thanks we raise ;
 To Him who saved from threatening death,
 We render heartfelt praise.

When, as in the case above, one is suddenly snatched away, leaving no trace behind, and nothing by which to mark the spot where he rests, there is in it something far more impressive and affecting, than when one sinks a sudden victim to disease, or, from aloft, falls a mangled corpse upon the deck, and you are permitted to perform over the remains the holy rites of the Christian faith. There is, in the case first supposed, nothing before one on which the thoughts or the senses may rest, and thus the soul, with no warning of the sad event, and no preparation for it, with all the vividness of fresh and tender recollection, is turned in upon itself to feel the pangs

of deep and bitter anguish. Such facts as that sketched above, should lead us deeply to feel for the perils of seamen; and, when quietly seated by our own firesides, we hear the tempest howling wildly around us, we should, from our hearts, with the poet, exclaim,—

“But chiefly spare, O King of Clouds,
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And tempests toss the raging deep.”

And here, by way of variety, as also with a view of showing the expedients which are resorted to on shipboard, to relieve the monotony of life at sea, an incident of a somewhat childish nature will be given. On the morning of the 1st of April, 1836, as we were cruising along the coast of Portugal, one of our Lieutenants, in the spirit of his boyish days, wished to put an April-fool joke upon a certain other officer, who shall be nameless. After taxing his brains somewhat severely for matter and rhyme, he sent him, in a note, the following verses:

On the first of this month, my navy friend,
Deceit is permitted to rule,
And this little billet to you I send,
To make you an April-fool.
I've despatched these lines to the Doctor, too,
But to read them he was loth;
So a second edition I send to you,
And a fool make of one 'stead of both.

To these lines the following reply was sent:

Your April-fool verses, with pleasure, I've read,
And a way of escape is quite easy;
Which thus I proceed to explain, though instead
Of delighting, it sore may displease ye.
If rightly the case of your lines you would hit,
The bitee is less bit than the biter:
For if I am a fool for *reading* such wit,
How much greater a fool is the *writer*?

Our first visit to Portugal was during the autumn and winter, and the second was the following spring. As from the harbour of Lisbon, where was our place of rendezvous, I visited at leisure the adjoining city, together with Cintra and other places of interest in the vicinity, and also travelled from thence across Portugal to Madrid, it may not perhaps be amiss to allude in this connexion to some historical facts, which added much to the interest felt in visiting this once enterprising and powerful kingdom.

The ancient and classic name of Portugal was Lusitania. In the year 1095 the northern portion of the kingdom, from which the Moors had been expelled, was given by Alfonso the Sixth, king of Spain, to Henry, Count of Besançon, the husband of his daughter. The name Portugal, it has been supposed, was derived from Oporto, then its most important city, though others ascribe to it a different origin. The final expulsion of the Moors from the peninsula, together with other causes, gave at length to the kingdom of Portugal its present form and extent. At a subsequent period the adventurous spirit of the Portuguese discoverers widely extended the national sway in various parts, both of the old world and the new, and was at the same time the means of untold wealth to the mother land. Her flag was unfurled on every sea; she had rich and flourishing colonies in Africa, South America, and both the Indies; a hundred vessels and thousands of seamen engaged in the fisheries on the Banks of Newfoundland; and like England now was the leading naval and commercial power in the world. This is not the place to trace the causes of her downfall from such a height of greatness and of power, until at length she was so low that the royal family fled from their native land for safety, and returned only to be the servile minions of England, receiving from her dictation even a husband for her queen.

As to the recent history of Portugal, one needs but to look at the portrait of King John the Sixth, to perceive that he must have been a weak and inefficient man, for this fact is fully proclaimed by his large stupid eyes, his open drivelling mouth, and his fat, sensual, and senseless face. With such a father it is not strange, that one of a wild fiery spirit, like Don Miguel, should when a mere boy have been able repeatedly to assemble in the Capital a mob of 20,000 persons, and seize for the time the sovereign power. And when his father, and the foreign ministers resident at Lisbon, decoyed him on board a British ship of war, and then banished him to England, and from thence to Austria, the evil was only for a time removed, and not wholly eradicated. When the old king died, and Don Pedro, his oldest son, resigned his claim to the crown in favor of his daughter the present queen, and consented that Don Miguel should share the throne with her provided he would marry her, the way for his return was opened, after he had taken his oath to these conditions, and also to support the new constitution and the then existing Cortes.

When Don Miguel first left Portugal he was a raw ignorant boy, scarce able to read and write, but his foreign education did wonders for him. He returned a showy polished gentleman, replied in a handsome manner to the compliments and speeches made to him at his levees by foreign ministers and others, and by his dashing equipage and the splendor with which he appeared in public, he completely won the hearts of his admiring subjects. So long as he followed the advice of a man who had once been a barber, but had risen from that art to that of a surgeon, which in these countries is a kindred one, he ruled wisely. Soon intoxicated with power, however, and sick of judicious restraint, he invited his prime counsellor to meet him at a given time at a house without the city, and then told him to continue there until he was sent for. Thus was he confined for two or three years. Don Miguel then, like Rehoboam of old, threw himself into the hands of a set of reckless young rakes, and with that ancient monarch, too, he said, by his actions at least, — “My little finger shall be thicker than my father’s loins; for, whereas my father made your yoke heavy, I will add thereto: my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.” He levied forced loans upon his subjects, had twelve or fifteen thousand of them thrown into prison, permitted his beard and whiskers to grow out to a truly savage length, dashed about in his carriages and yacht, and played the king-fool on no mean scale. Entirely disregarding his oath, he threw aside the new constitution, abolished the then existing Cortes, restored the old civil and religious despotism, and having obtained, from a council of the kingdom which he called, a decision based on ancient law of the realm, that Don Pedro as Emperor of Brazil was a foreign prince, and hence had no right either to hold the crown of Portugal himself, or to abdicate in favor of another, he forthwith assumed it as wholly his own. Even then, with a little prudence, he might still have retained his position, for the common people, led on by a bigoted priesthood, were strongly in favor of the old order of things; and, had he in some degree relaxed the oppressive grasp of his power, he might yet have been secure.

And here it may not be amiss to notice a single fact, connected with the history of the times, and illustrating the manner in which monarchs often reward their favorite subjects at the expense of the enterprising and industrious of the lower

orders. The Count de F —, is the richest man in Portugal. He has a splendid country-seat, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, with a marble opera-house and theatre, a short distance from Lisbon. He there gives magnificent entertainments, which some of the officers of our ship repeatedly attended. Don Miguel, in the day of his power, attempted to levy a forced loan upon the Count, to escape which he fled. When Don Pedro landed at Oporto he joined him and advanced him funds. As a reward for his loyalty he received the monopoly of the tobacco trade in Portugal for twelve years, which he immediately sold for the sum of \$ 100,000 a year.

Some facts connected with a change of the Queen's ministers, which took place about the time we were there, may aid in rightly understanding the political character and prospects of the nation. A stipulation had been made to send ten thousand troops to aid the Queen of Spain in her war with the Carlists. This measure was unpopular with the army, because the mountain warfare in Spain had in it much of hardship and danger, with but little honor. The army officers were therefore very active in the national elections, and a few in Lisbon, who had thus made themselves peculiarly obnoxious to the ministry, were deprived of their commissions. Upon this two or three hundred of their brother officers collected in front of the palace, which sadly frightened the queen and her women. The officers demanded the restoration of their comrades or the acceptance of the resignation of all their commissions.

This movement of the officers, together with the result of the elections throughout the country, led to a change of the ministry. From these facts we may perceive, that there is danger that the influence of the army may become paramount in popular elections, and thus a kind of military despotism be established. The standing army contains men and officers to the number of 29,690, there being staff-officers enough for double the number of soldiers. To these we may add the National Guard, who are regularly organized, clothed, and drilled, and amounting to about 100,000. Thus, in a population of only 3,000,000, there are, as military men, a very large proportion of those whose age and standing entitle them to vote.

The Portuguese National Estate consists of what is called Crown property; that of the house of Braganza, or the private property of the family now on the throne; the *Infantado*,

which is an estate now annexed to the Crown, and the Church property, which has been confiscated. The three first produce or ought to produce \$ 400,000 a year. The Church property is valued at from \$ 15,000,000 to \$ 25,000,000. The expenses of the palace, or allowance to the Queen, is \$ 1250 a day, or \$ 456,250 a year. The income of the Government, in 1834, was \$ 10,000,000, and the expenditures \$ 15,000,000. The next year the expenditures were reduced to \$ 13,000,000. The national debt is about \$ 40,000,000.

The number of convents of monks and friars, previous to their recent abolition by Government, is said to have been 360, containing 5,760 inmates, with a yearly income of about \$ 800,000. The number of nuns was 5,903, occupying 133 convents, with a revenue of about \$ 940,000. The convents of friars and monks were suppressed by an order of the Government in May, 1834, and their property confiscated. Such of these orders as had not made themselves peculiarly obnoxious to Government for political offences, were promised sixty cents a day for their support. The number thus favored was at first 1,883, of whom 867 have since been stricken from the list for having shown themselves favorers of Don Miguel. The mendicant orders of friars, who were of low origin, have betaken themselves to their original employments of laborers and servants, and live well enough; but many of the more learned, such as the Benedictines and Augustinians, who had large incomes and were students only, have suffered much, not having even shoes to wear. A friend of mine in Lisbon informed me, that a short time before a beggar had come to a neighbour of his and informed him, that a monk, who had been known as a very learned man, was dying of hunger in a garret near. On visiting him it was found that he had begged of respectable families of his acquaintance until ashamed to do so longer, and had now concluded to die. He had tasted no food for thirty-six hours, and was in a truly famishing condition. His case was reported to the minister of the interior and something was given him.

The people everywhere in Catholic countries make a wide distinction between the parish clergy, who officiate in the churches, visit the sick, and bury the dead, and the lazy and comparatively useless friars. An old priest who officiates in one of the principal churches of Naples, remarked to me, that the bishops and the parish priests had a strong antipathy against the friars on account of their grossness, the coarse-

ness of their manners, their ignorance, and their notorious immorality. Said he, — “They regard them as a set of blackguards, and so they are.” The Jesuits, however, and some of the higher orders of monks, were exceptions to the remarks just made. In Portugal, as elsewhere, the Jesuits acquired immense influence by educating the young, and they are the only order which for a long time have made any important efforts in this way. When, therefore, they were suppressed about the middle of the last century, on account of their political intrigues, none of the other communities of monks, who through envy and jealousy had secretly favored the overthrow of the Jesuits, came forward to take their place as instructors of the young. This neglect of duty has been treasured up against the monks by the people, and aided in their recent suppression. One of the convent estates was sold at auction, while we were at Lisbon, for more than \$ 100,000. It produces annually 600 pipes of the best wines in Portugal.

The convents of nuns have been permitted to retain the use of their property, but are forbid to admit any novices, so that when the present inmates die these estates come into the possession of the Government. Many of the convents, in order to avoid the trouble of tenants, had sold their lands and vested their property in Government funds. These funds have been inventoried by Government, and none of the income from them is paid to the nuns, so that many of them are suffering in their convents. There is in Lisbon a convent of English nuns twenty or thirty in number, and the recent Lady Abbess was a cousin of the late Lord Liverpool, so long Prime Minister of England.

The English and French governments interfered to prevent the confiscation of the property of the colleges, existing in Portugal for the education of the youth of their respective countries. There are in Lisbon one English and two Irish colleges, which were established by contributions from Catholics in Great Britain when their schools were suppressed at home. They have similar institutions originating from the same cause in Spain and at Rome. The number of students in the English college at Lisbon is about thirty, all of whom pursue theology with a view to return to their native land as priests. They are sent here when about fourteen years of age, and continue in the college eight or ten years.

The parish clergy in Portugal receive tithes and fees for

their support. Bishops have incomes from lands, rents, and other sources, varying from \$ 8,000 to \$ 50,000 a year. Some idea of the tax, imposed upon the people in Catholic countries for the support of their clergy, may be formed from the following statement of persons attached to the Cathedral in Lisbon, and the pay which they receive. Besides the Cardinal Patriarch, who receives \$ 15,000 a year, and another dignitary who has \$ 1,250, there is one Dean who has \$ 1,500, two Canons, thirteen Beneficiaries, nineteen Chaplains, a Treasurer, an Assistant Treasurer, an Altar-man, a Belling-ringer, a Chief Organist, three Assistant Organists, and eleven Players on Instruments, an Upholsterer, a Keeper of the Jewels, a Keeper of Furniture, Servant of the Treasurer, a Keeper of the Ewer, six Mace-bearers, sixteen Sacristans, and thirty-three Singers. These with others make the whole number of persons 135, receiving, in addition to what is paid the first named dignitaries, about \$ 67,000 a year. This, too, is but one of many churches in the city of Lisbon.

The number of students in the University of Coimbra, in 1820, was 1,604, in 1835 there were 800, and in the days of its prosperity there were 5,000. Most of the young men from Portugal and Brazil, who receive a liberal education, are sent to France for that purpose.

The Portuguese Navy consists of 1 ship of the line; 2 Frigates in commission and one not so; 4 Corvettes; 4 Brigs; 4 Schooners; 1 Cutter; 1 Steamboat, and several smaller craft, most of which are in a miserable condition. There are 268 Navy officers, and 152 Supernumeraries, being enough for ten times the present naval force; 2,266 seamen, and 494 marines. In all, 3,180.

We had a quarantine of a week when we first visited Lisbon, during which time we had an almost unbroken tempest of wind and rain. The Tagus, whose sands, according to the ancient poets were covered with gold, is a broad and noble river, and the ebb and flow of the tide give it a bold and sweeping current. The city of Lisbon is built upon seven large hills and numerous smaller ones, extending several miles along the banks of the Tagus, rising by a steep ascent, and separated here and there by deep ravines, giving to the city the appearance of a number of distinct, romantic towns or villages. If we may believe those wise and veracious worthies, the antiquaries, Lisbon was founded in the year of the world 1935, or 278 years after the deluge,

by Elisha, a great-grandson of Noah, and was afterwards rebuilt by Ulysses, who named it Ulyssipona, which is still its Latin name. It was a municipal town under the Romans, and after their expulsion was held by the nations which successively overran the Peninsula.

Near the close of the last century, Lisbon contained 33,000 houses; 240,000 inhabitants; 37 parishes; numerous chapels; 32 convents of monks, and 18 of nuns. The streets which ascend from the river are steeper than I have ever seen elsewhere, except at Malta and Quebec, and the summits of the hills are crowned with showy palaces, convents, or other public buildings. The houses, like those in most of the other cities of Southern Europe, are built of stone and stuccoed, and whitewashed or painted some light color, and are from two to six stories high. The lower part of the city which was destroyed and overflowed during the memorable earthquake in 1755, has been since rebuilt in the style of modern cities, with broad streets and side-walks. In this section are found the custom-house and other vast and massive public buildings, which would do credit to any nation in the world. The older and more elevated portions of the city have the narrow streets and lanes which were planned for foot passengers and beasts of burden alone, before wheel carriages were used as a common means of conveyance. This style of building which has long prevailed in warm countries, has the advantage of excluding in a great degree, the rays of the sun as well from the streets as from the walls of the houses, thus materially lessening the oppressive heat of summer.

Travellers have commonly spoken of Lisbon as a very filthy place, and this is indeed true of most of the narrow streets and lanes of the older part of the city, but by the construction of sewers and other improvements, many sections are now as cleanly as other large cities where immense numbers of men and domestic animals are densely crowded together. The principal, or at least the most numerous class of public scavengers are the dogs, which are constantly prowling and yelping about the city in troops in search of food. A French writer in the last century stated, that the number of these animals in the streets of Lisbon who had no masters was 80,000. Be this as it may, however, the most devout Mussulman, with all his religious veneration for the canine race, could hardly wish for a greater assemblage

of half-starved, wolfish-looking objects in the form of—

“Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and cur of low degree,”

than are everywhere to be met with in the streets of Lisbon.

The ruins of the earthquake, which occurred at Lisbon November 1st, 1755, are still visible there in every direction. A sound like thunder was heard under-ground, and immediately afterwards a violent shock threw down most of the city. In about six minutes, 60,000 persons perished. The sea at first retired and laid the bar dry, and then rolled in, rising fifty feet or more above its ordinary level. The Mountains of Cintra and others of great size were violently shaken to their very foundations, and the summits of some of them were split and rent in a most astonishing manner. A great crowd of people had collected on a new and massive marble quay, that thus they might be beyond the reach of the falling ruins, when suddenly the quay sunk down with all the people on it, together with a great number of boats and small vessels anchored near it, and all fell of people, were swallowed up as in a whirlpool. Not one of the dead bodies, nor a fragment of these wrecks ever floated to the surface, and the water where the quay stood is now a hundred fathoms deep. Though the effects of this earthquake were most powerful in Spain, Portugal, and the North of Africa, they were still perceived the same day, not only over most of Europe, but even in the West Indies. A seaport named St. Ubes, about twenty miles south of Lisbon was swallowed up, as was also a town in Morocco, with its inhabitants, to the number of eight or ten thousand, and all their cattle, the earth closing again over them. Ships far off at sea were violently shaken and strained, as if they had struck a rock. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, which is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. The sea was raised many feet above high-water mark, and rushed violently on shore at Tangier, in Africa, at Funchal, in the island of Madeira, and at Kinsale, in Ireland.

At Lisbon, the royal family had but just escaped from the palace when it fell, and, throughout the ensuing winter, the whole population of Lisbon lived in huts and tents in the open field. The distress of the people was extreme, arising from the want of the necessaries of life, as also from the desolation caused by bands of robbers, who plundered all they could find, and then, to conceal their deeds, set fire to

such portions of the city as had escaped the ruin of the earthquake. There has, perhaps, never been a dispensation of Providence, which excited a more lively sympathy and called forth more efficient aid from other nations than this. The rents and fissures in some buildings, and the fallen and shattered walls of others; the remains of what was once the royal palace; and the ruins of a church, with its roof, its towers, and its turrets shaken down, while its lofty walls and arches still remain, all forcibly impress one with the power of those natural agents, which the Almighty sometimes commissions to destroy the life of man, and which are subject to Him, and to Him alone, — “who looketh upon the earth and it trembleth; who toucheth the hills and they smoke.”

The dress of the Portuguese bears a general resemblance to that of the Spanish. Cloaks, however, are less used than in Spain, and among the lower classes, the females, instead of the black Spanish mantilla, have a high, figured comb, with a handkerchief of white muslin, stiffly starched, thrown over it.

There is no system of common education in Portugal, but the government have one in contemplation. They now pay between \$ 200,000 and \$ 300,000 dollars a year, towards the support of the University of Coimbra, the School of the Nobles, and a few primary schools in Lisbon. The number of students in the School of the Nobles, is about 200, and they receive instruction in the branches which belong to a liberal education. There are several infant schools in Lisbon, in which about 3,000 children are taught.

The Public Library of Lisbon contains about 150,000 volumes, and a large collection of manuscripts, coins, and medals. The books are arranged with reference to the languages in which they are written, and the subjects of which they treat; and in each apartment of the library are tables for writing and study, and persons to hand instantly such books as are called for, all free of expense to the visiter. There is also a room neatly carpeted and furnished, for the use of ladies, who may wish to go there and read. The floors of two other apartments were covered to the depth of three or four feet, with manuscript copies of the trials and sentences of persons by the Inquisition, with all the evidence in each case written out in full. They occupied, each, from a few quires to a ream or more of paper; and having but recently been collected, they were yet to be examined, when,

as one of the librarians informed me, some of them would be published, while the most horrid and disgraceful of them would be burned. There may have been twenty or thirty cartloads of them, and they doubtless contained numerous records of savage and bloodthirsty cruelty, such as would make one's blood run cold with horror. By my own hand, and by employing another, I took extracts from some of these trials; but, unfortunately, was afterwards compelled to leave them, with my other baggage, in the hands of Spanish banditti, who have never taken the trouble to return them to me.

Many of the books in the public library were taken from the Jesuits, when, about the middle of the last century, they were suppressed in Portugal, by that severe and energetic minister, the Marquis Pombal. But, besides this library, the government is now forming a vast collection of books and paintings, from all the convents in Portugal, which have been recently suppressed. They are placed in an immense building, formerly occupied by Franciscan monks. There are, at present, 350,000 volumes, and 6,640 paintings. When the collection is finished, it is thought there will be 1,300,000 volumes. A large proportion of these are valuable folios and quartos, most of which are well bound, and in a good state of preservation, and some of them ancient and valuable.

We were much interested in examining the original log-book of that famous hero and navigator, Don John De Castro, interspersed with charts of his discoveries, and drawings of the men and animals he met with, all done with a pen, and signed with his own name. Among these was an accurate sketch of New Holland, under the name of New Java, dated 1580, though the Dutch have always had the credit of first discovering that island a century later than the date above. There was also a book of manuscript charts, dated 1571, in which there was a correct draft of the coast of North America, from Labrador to Cape Cod. One reason why so little has been known of the early Portuguese discoveries, is found in the fact that death was the punishment of any one who should furnish foreign nations with a chart of any of their possessions abroad. There was also in this library a splendid manuscript edition of the Bible, with beautiful pictures of Scripture scenes and characters. It is in seven folio volumes, magnificently bound, and only two years were employed in writing it, namely, from 1495 to 1497. The French removed it to Paris when in possession of Portugal, but it was restored by the treaty of 1814.

The paintings taken from the convents are, many of them, of little value; but still a selection might be made from them of works of high value, by the first masters. There are among them some peculiarly striking Scripture scenes, religious sketches, and devotional heads of ancient saints and martyrs.

The English have a neat chapel in the outskirts of Lisbon, in which 200 or 300 worship according to the forms of their national church; connected with which is a beautiful graveyard, where, beneath the shade of the cypress and the yew, some of our own countrymen repose. Fielding, the English novelist, was buried there, and a large and expensive monument was in the course of erection over his grave, paid for by the English residents in Lisbon. Such is the poor reward of human fame; — to have one's bones borne down and crushed by a heavier load of marble than rests upon the grave of him who never trod the pathway to eminence. The spot on which I gazed with the most interest, however, was that where repose the ashes of the pious and venerable Dr. Doddridge, the well-known author of the chastely written, judicious, and devout "Exposition of the New Testament," of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and other excellent practical and devotional works. His monument was erected in 1828, by Thomas Taylor, then the only surviving pupil of Dr. D. And well he might be so, for seventy-eight years had then elapsed since the death of the worthy instructor.

When the Jesuits were suppressed, much of their wealth was devoted to the founding of hospitals and public schools for the poor. The hospital of St. Joseph, which we visited with much interest, was formerly a Jesuit convent, and is supported by their funds. It has single wards 600 feet in length, and so broad that they will easily accommodate 500 patients each. The number of both sexes in the hospital, at the time of our visit, was upwards of 1,200. The apartments were neat and clean; and well furnished private rooms are provided for the clergy who are sick, and for such patients as are able to pay. The charge for such is about three-fourths of a dollar a day.

The insane patients were by themselves; and the men, under the direction of one of their number, had covered the walls of their ward with paintings of men, trees, and various kinds of animals. They had also a good supply of cats and dogs running about among them for their amusement. As

we mingled with these patients, some were abstracted and melancholy; others in the attitude of deep thought; while others still were strutting about in fancied greatness, or showing us all the polite and graceful attentions of the finished courtier. Then howling maniacs in their cells, completed this sad drama of the human mind in ruins.

We were shown two rooms which were made for a former patient, who is spoken of as "The strong man." So great was his strength, and so furious was he, that none of the common doors, grates, and bars, even of a mad house, would secure him, and hence these apartments, with walls and doors strong enough to confine a giant, were prepared for him. One of them he occupied, when the other was to be cleaned and aired. He had been a soldier, and killed several of his comrades, and even his own family, before he was known to be insane. It was then recollected that he had received a wound in his head during a battle, which was the probable cause of his insanity. In the door of one of his cells was a round hole, about six inches in diameter, through which he once struck with his fist a poor insane friar (who was looking in upon him) such a blow, as to break his skull and kill him.

The female patients exhibited the peculiarities of their sex, and amused us by their powers of speech and music. One of them was constantly parading through the room, singing a lively song, with an air that would have well become a queen of all the world. Another was filled with admiration of one of our party, and, in the ardor of her newborn affection, treated him with a polite, devoted, and assiduous attention, infinitely amusing to us, indeed, but still well fitted to win the heart of any one but a cold-blooded and confirmed old bachelor.

Connected with the hospital is a medical school, and we saw the Professor of Anatomy giving a lecture and demonstrations to a full class of pupils. The students have every advantage for acquiring a practical knowledge of surgery and anatomy, as well as of the use of medicines and treatment of diseases. Thus has a great advance been made in medical education, as compared with the antiquated and scholastic modes of instruction which once prevailed in Portugal, and are still retained in Spain.

In visiting the raving maniacs confined in cells at Lisbon, and in chains at Genoa, my mind was led, by the force of contrast, to revert with comparative pleasure to the hospital for the

insane at Aversa, near Naples. There, every thing is done to benefit and amuse the patients. There is a fine garden in which they may divert themselves, and even the iron grates of the windows are so wrought and painted, as to resemble vases filled with flowers. We there freely mingled with the patients, to the number of two or three hundred, not one of whom was confined. Some were busily employed at various trades, others were learning or practising music in a fine hall, well supplied with various kinds of instruments, or were engaged in other kinds of amusement. They all ate at a common table, which they approached and left at the sound of martial music, and after eating, for a time, all freely mingled together in an enclosure allotted to them. The only distinction among them was, that those who had been professional men, and officers of rank in the army, had better rooms and more costly diet than others. Dr. Bell, the distinguished medical writer, and author of a book on Italy, speaks with much interest of this hospital. He says, that he could hardly convince himself, when there, that he was in the midst of insane persons, so mild and inoffensive were they in their deportment. He attributes this to the kind treatment they receive, the various means furnished for their employment and amusement, and the marked difference there is between the physical and moral temperament and energy of character of the northern and southern countries of Europe, arising from a difference of climate, modes of living, and government.

In the church of St. Roque, our attention was particularly directed to the chapel of St. John, enclosing one of the side altars. It is adorned with three large copies of paintings in mosaic, presented by one of the Popes. These, with pillars of lapis lazuli, and other splendid ornaments, cost a sum sufficient to erect a spacious and elegant church.

Connected with this church is the Foundling Hospital, which was formerly a convent, and is supported by funds taken from the Jesuits. In the front wall is an upright, circular, revolving box, open on one side, in which infants are placed from without, when, by rapping lightly upon it, some one from within turns it, so that it opens inward, and they are immediately taken out and given to a nurse. No questions are asked, nor is any thing known of the children, unless those who leave them attach a paper to the dress, requesting particular names to be given them, that thus at some future time they may be recognised and claimed. This course, though

it removes a strong temptation to infanticide, has still been found greatly to increase the prevalence of licentiousness and the number of illegitimate births. Many of the children of the virtuous poor, owing to the extreme poverty of their parents, are placed in foundling hospitals, and in one city which I visited, those of four or five years of age were so often brought, that it was found necessary to make the revolving box so small that it would accommodate none but infants.

As the medical gentleman who superintends the Foundling Hospital at Lisbon spoke English well, and had visited the United States, we were soon on good terms with him; and not only did he show us every part of the establishment, but freely gave us all the information respecting it which we desired. When we first met him, he was examining the older class of infants, who had grown to such a size, that the small cord which was put round their necks when they were received, had become so tight as to need changing. The ends of this cord were passed through a small pewter medal, stamped with the number, and the initials of the name of each child, that thus they might be identified. Between two and three thousand had been admitted during the year, and the whole number of children of different ages supported by the institution, was about six thousand. There were in that hospital not far from six hundred, while the rest were either put out under the care of private nurses, or were at branch institutions in various parts of the kingdom. The infants are nursed until one year old, and after this the boys are kept until they are ten, and the girls as long as they choose to stay. The nurses who take the children to their own homes, are paid three dollars a month, and there is no difficulty in obtaining a full supply of them. The infants were lying two in a cradle, their heads at each end, and were covered with gauze to protect them from flies. All parts of the building were extremely neat, wholesome, and well ventilated, while in the rear were a fine garden and playgrounds for the older children. At the public table they have tea two or three times a week, and their principal articles of food are meat, rice, bread, and a mixture of olive oil, warm water, bread and garlick, which is said to be extremely nourishing.

In the schools of the hospital there were more than 100 boys and 250 girls. They were altogether the brightest and best looking collection of children I had ever seen. There was one of them, a little boy about four years old, with a

fine clear complexion, a large black eye, and long glossy hair, curling profusely over his temple, than whom I never desire to behold a more lovely specimen of the beauty of the human countenance. Indeed, what sight can there be on earth more delightful, or more strongly suggesting to the mind the idea of angelic purity and bliss, than that of a beautiful and intelligent child, or a group of such children, before passion, sensuality, and selfishness have stamped their dark and degrading impress upon the countenance, and while as yet it exhibits only the innocent joy and exuberant excitement of gladsome childish feeling.

At the age of ten years the boys at this hospital are sent to some higher school, or bound out as apprentices. When they have completed their time of service, and wish to commence for themselves, each one is furnished by the institution with about seventy dollars, to aid him in his efforts. The same sum is paid to each of the girls when they marry, at which time also they are furnished with a given number of the common articles of wearing apparel, making a competent supply for two or three years. The whole expenses of the hospital are \$70,000 a year, and they are constantly increasing. The superintendent had been in office but two years, during which time he had effected a thorough reform in every department of the hospital. As a result of his judicious and benevolent efforts, we learned, that while formerly 90 of every 100 of the infants received there died, at the time we were there only 14 in 100 were lost, thus making a difference of 76 per cent., a degree of success without a parallel in the history of similar institutions. The Lancasterian system of instruction is pursued in the schools of the hospital, and many of the boys are promoted from one public school to another, until they finish a professional education. We were told that many of the medical students, whom we saw at the anatomical lecture in the morning, were formerly inmates of the Foundling Hospital, and that the same is true of some of the first professional and political men in the kingdom.

The convent of Belem, as it is called, is on the banks of the Tagus, four miles from Lisbon. The chapel is large and lofty, and was the finest specimen I had as yet seen of the slender, graceful, and picturesque architecture of the ancient Moors. It was once the burial-place of the kings of Portugal, and some of their monuments still adorn its walls, while

their bones and ashes, mingled with the rags of what were once the trappings of royalty, are now placed behind the altar, where they are exhibited to gratify the vulgar curiosity of all who wish to gaze at them. The convent buildings and gardens, which are quite extensive, once belonged to monks of the order of St. Jerome, but are now appropriated to the far more laudable and benevolent purpose of a boarding-school for from 1,200 to 1,400 poor children, many of whom came from the Foundling Hospital. They are taught six hours each day, and those more advanced have instruction in music and other ornamental branches, on a plan similar to that adopted in the Reclusorio of Naples.

The class of pupils which most interested me, were the deaf and dumb. They were twenty or thirty in number, and were by far the most intelligent and best educated I had met with since leaving home. The natural language of signs, as used by the deaf and dumb, being strictly speaking a universal one, there is little difficulty, where a person has become familiar with it, in conversing on common subjects with those of this class, whether they have been educated or not. In the case referred to, however, the French system of instruction, founded on the works of the Abbés L'Epée and Sicard, had been pursued. Thus were we soon engaged in lively and pleasant intercourse, as for years I had been familiar with this system. The eagerness with which they told me of their own affairs and modes of learning, and showed me their finished and beautiful specimens of drawing, and the peculiar interest with which they sought information as to the deaf and dumb, and a thousand other matters in the United States, presented a scene spirited enough for the pencil of an artist, and almost made me feel that after a separation of years I had met again with a class of my former pupils. The mind loves to dwell on scenes thus met with in one's lonely wanderings in a foreign land; and when, after staying to a late hour, my new-made friends followed me to the door, and warmly pressing my hand urged me to visit them again, I could not but feel that *there* was a place where the warm affections and lively sympathies of the soul were sure to meet a sincere and hearty response. There is a peculiar pleasure in visiting and describing such humane and benevolent institutions as those just noticed, and in witnessing their prosperity and increase in those countries where they are most needed; for, while our weak and groundless

national prejudice and pride are thus lessened, the purer and kindlier sympathies of our nature are called into action, and we are led to feel more strongly that tie of universal brotherhood which binds us to our fellow-men, and to look forward with brighter and more cheering hopes to that coming day, when knowledge and virtue shall extend their triumphs throughout the habitable earth.

There is one important fact in the commercial history of Portugal, which it may be well here to notice. Before the nation turned their attention mainly to commerce, they raised wheat enough not only for their own supply, but also a large amount for exportation. By the treaty of 1703, however, by which England engaged to take all the wines of Portugal in exchange for her own manufactures, all the wheat-fields were changed into vineyards. Hence, while Portugal freely poured forth her wines she was entirely destitute of a home supply of bread. Thus, by an act of consummate folly, was that which was worse than useless, an injurious article of luxurious indulgence, substituted for the staff of life. By the same means was such a taste for articles of foreign manufacture created, as to cause Portugal to become the humble and dependent slave of England. About the middle of the last century, however, that efficient but despotic minister, the Marquis Pombal, ordered one third of the vineyards to be destroyed, and the ground thus made vacant to be sown with wheat. Still Portugal is in a great degree dependent on foreign nations for her bread-stuffs. France is still guilty of a suicidal policy in this self-same matter, one half of her population being dependent on the vineyards for their support.

CHAPTER X.

CINTRA, MAFRA, AND MADRID.

Visit to Cintra in Autumn,—in the Spring.—Natural Scenery.—Houses, Mountains.—The Sea.—Montserrat.—Palaces.—Mafra, its Palace.—Convent.—Organs.—Musical Bells.—English Influence.—Leave Lisbon for Madrid.—Smugglers.—Robbers.—Prejudice against Foreigners.—Royalists.—Volunteers.—Carlists.—Croakers.—A Sail on the Tagus.—Our Lady of Attalia.—Porters.—A Cabin Scene.—Posadas.—Roads.—Smugglers, their Mode of Life.—A Night Scene.—Armour.—Sketches of my Companions.—Our Road.—Pigs.—Turkeys.—Cork Trees.—The Olive.—Fortresses.—Estramoz.—Elvas.—Badajoz.—National Hatred.—Smuggling.—Music.—Arrive at Badajoz.—Cavallo Blanco.—The Landlady.—Servant Boy.—Recruits, mode of treating them.—Drilling.—Manuel Godoy.—The Queen Regent.—Battle of Badajoz.—The Cathedral.—Paintings.—Leave Badajoz.—A Parting Scene.—My Fellow-Passengers.—The Mayoral.—Our Galera.—Postilions.—Merida.—Truxillo.—Meeting of Friends.—A Murder.—Talavera, Battle there.—Spanish Ferocity.—Flocks of Sheep.—Sheepfolds.—Shepherds.—Christmas.—Robbers.—Severe Cold.—Madrid.

To Cintra, that earthly Paradise, I made repeated pilgrimages during our visit at Lisbon. It is about sixteen miles from the city, and lies along the sides of the mountains of the same name, the highest point of which is called by mariners, the Rock of Lisbon. My first visit there was late in Autumn, and though there was then much verdure and beauty, still, the sear and yellow leaf, the emblem of decay and death, gave a tinge of sadness to the scene, which harmonized full well with the unbroken quiet of the place. The proud, the wealthy, and the noble had left this delightful retreat to mingle again in the busy scenes of active life, and their various dwellings, from the royal palace, down to the tradesman's cottage were wellnigh tenantless, the birds sang unmolested among the beauteous bowers and lovely gardens which on every gentle eminence and in each deeply shaded glen, enclosed those tasteful dwellings where but lately, beauty, wealth, and fashion had revelled with delight. My first view of this charming landscape was from Penha Verde, a little hillock which rises amid the thickly-wooded pleasure-grounds of that famous hero and discoverer, Don John De Castro, and near the spot which, just before his death in India, he selected as the burial place of his heart, and where

it was afterwards deposited. The scenery below and around was peculiarly striking and beautiful, embracing the rude mountain cliffs, the dark ravine, the shady glen, the fertile valley, and rolling ocean. The following morning a more perfect view of the same delightful landscape was enjoyed from one of the overhanging mountain peaks. With such scenes before him, well might the Author of *Childe Harold* say, —

“ Lo, Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah me ! what hand can pencil guide or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates,
 Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken,
 Than those whereof the bard relates,
 Who to the awestruck world unlocked Elysium's gates.”

My second visit to Cintra was in the Spring, when surrounding nature was decked with radiant beauty, and breathed forth richest fragrance. The orange and lemon trees were laden with their golden fruit, while the peach, the lilac, and a thousand other plants and shrubs were thickly hung with blossoms of every richly varied hue and color, charming the eye with their beauty, and loading every passing breeze with balmy and refreshing odors. Every peak and crag along the mountain's side, was clothed with foliage of deep and living green, presenting a striking contrast to the blossoms of the numerous wild plants scattered thickly around, as also to the brown and barren walls of granite which form the summits of the cliffs above. Both Nature and Art had done their perfect work, and each of the numerous ravines which connect the mountain gorges with the fair and fertile plains beneath, and each romantic point projecting out towards the lovely vale below, had its cottage, its mansion house, or its palace, surrounded with a rich variety of flowering plants and shrubs, with bowers and gardens, — with fruit and forest trees.

The streams which the numerous mountain springs supply, conveyed in aqueducts, or rushing in their untamed wildness down their rocky beds, discharge themselves in tasteful reservoirs, or flow forth from classic fountains, diffusing abroad their beneficent influence, giving life, richness, and beauty to all surrounding nature. As I turned my eye from the stern and barren grandeur of the topmost cliffs above, to the teeming fertility caused by the waters which

they draw from the clouds as diffused abroad in the vales below, my mind was more deeply impressed than ever before with the evidence we have of divine benevolence, in the manner in which those things that at first view appear but as useless blanks in creation, prove on closer inspection to contribute in no slight degree, to the welfare and happiness of man.

Such, as above described, is the scenery which for miles presents itself at the base, and along the numerous ravines of the mountains of Cintra. But there is yet another feature in the landscape. Passing over the range of fertile and beautiful hills in the distance, on one of which the gigantic convent and palace of Mafra are seen; the wide Atlantic opens to the view, exciting in the mind those vivid emotions which the sea, with its thousand varied forms of beauty, splendor, and more than poetic magnificence and grandeur is so well fitted to inspire. When I thus gazed upon it, a lively breeze had ruffled its surface, and here and there an ambitious wave, among the myriads which chased each other to the shore, would rear its whitened head above its fellows, and sparkling for a moment, as the brilliant sunbeams fell upon it, then, as if exhausted by its efforts, sunk again, — and was lost amid the undistinguished mass around. Such, thought I, is the state of man, tossed on the wide-spread and excited sea of human existence. Like the rolling waves of the ocean, each one moves rapidly onwards, at once pursuing and pursued; and if, like the brilliant surf-crowned billow, some favored son of genius rise for a moment above his fellows, in a moment too he sinks again, and is forgotten. Look, too, at these same waves as they end their course along the shore. *Here* they quietly expend themselves upon the smooth and beaten sand, like the good man yielding up his breath in peace; and *there*, tossing and foaming among the rocks like the sons of vice on their deathbed, when the mind is thrown back upon itself, and the angry lashing of remorse fills them with fearful anxiety and grief.

Montserrat is the name of the residence of Beckford, the author of *Vathek* and other works of genius, who, during the last century, connected himself with one of the noble families of Portugal, and in his mansion at Cintra, surrounded himself with more than oriental magnificence and splendor. Byron says of him —

“There thou too, *Vathek*! England’s wealthiest son
Once formed thy Paradise;

But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou ;
 Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow,
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide."

This mansion occupies a gentle promontory projecting from the mountain and encircled with trees. It is square with two wings, and surmounted with Gothic turrets. The floors are broken in, and it is wholly in ruins! yet such is the peculiar beauty of its location, as to make it a place of retirement from the cares of the world, worthy of a poet, a prince, or a philosopher.

The Marialva Palace and that of the Queen are objects of interest at Cintra. The latter is an old Moorish structure of singular form and appearance, and its name is connected with the history of Don Sebastian, the Alphonsos, and other noted kings and heroes of Portugal. I was shown a small room where one of these princes was for many years imprisoned, and in walking backwards and forwards in it, he left deep traces of his wonted course in its stony pavements.

From Cintra I rode to Mafra, which, with its palace and convent united, is one of the largest structures in the world. It was erected by King John the Fifth, about the middle of the last century. Eighteen years were employed in building it, and the expense thus incurred impoverished the kingdom. All the peasantry in the vicinity, with their cattle, were forced to labor without pay, in erecting this structure of folly for the king and his monks. In view of such oppression, a French writer, speaking of Mafra, has well remarked as follows: "What reflections are suggested by the monstrous expenditures which the erection and endowment of these useless monasteries has caused. Each stone is wet with the tears of the poor, and the blood of the people. Seventy or eighty individuals absorb that which would suffice to maintain two thousand families, or to relieve twenty thousand sufferers."

Byron, speaking of the superb church in the palace at Mafra, says: "The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld in point of decoration. We did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendor." The most singular musical instrument, however, that I have ever seen or heard, is in the towers of the palace. It consists of 114 bells, the largest of which are of immense size. They have sounds corresponding with the different musical notes, and tunes are played upon them by means of ma-

chinery, set in motion by immense weights. The tongues of the bells are made to strike by a succession of bars, with long wires reaching from them to the bells, which are moved by spikes projecting from immense iron cylinders, which revolve and act in the same manner as is seen in the small instrument called the musical box.

The English Protestant chapel, in the outskirts of Lisbon, is a neat, pleasant building, large enough to seat two or three hundred hearers. The English, by the influence of their wealth and their diplomacy, have secured the privilege of erecting chapels in most of the Catholic cities of Southern Europe, where they reside in numbers sufficient to sustain public worship. Spain, however, has never granted them this privilege. The Queen of Portugal and the Empress of Brazil had attended divine service on the Sabbath, in the English chapel, at Lisbon, a short time before we were there, and treated the chaplain with marked kindness and attention wherever they met him. There is reason to hope that the influence which England and English principles now have in Portugal, and are rapidly acquiring in Spain, may tend to advance the cause of religious toleration in these ill-fated lands. In order to effect, by this means, the greatest amount of good, the blessings of civil and religious freedom should be extended to the Catholics and Dissenters in Great Britain, that thus the dark stain of intolerance may no longer rest on the fair escutcheon of her fame, and the full influence of her example and her efforts be felt in diffusing throughout Southern Europe, the light of pure and perfect religious liberty and toleration.

The plan of travel I had formed led me from Lisbon to Madrid, the capital of Spain, and from thence to Cadiz, with the intention of visiting by the way most of the important cities in the latter kingdom, which had as yet been beyond my reach. On inquiring for the best means of conveyance, and protection from robbers, in crossing Portugal, I was directed to the smugglers, who are constantly engaged in carrying British and other goods from Lisbon into Spain. I had at first some misgivings as to travelling with such hopeful comrades, but as they went well armed, and in considerable numbers, thus furnishing the only safe defence against robbers, I made a virtue of necessity, and duly prepared myself for the campaign. There was in this movement the prospect of romantic adventure, at least, as also of an opportunity of

closely studying the character and habits of a strange and peculiar class of men, who lead a wild and daring course of life, engaged alternately as robbers and smugglers, just as either business might chance for the time to be most profitable. I was assured, however, that one might safely confide in them where a fair contract was made, and they were well rewarded for their services.

From the days of ancient chivalry down to the present time, the traveller in Spain and Portugal, like Don Quixote and Gil Blas, almost of necessity becomes an adventurer. This is owing to the fact that, from frequent and long-continued civil wars, as well as from other causes, the inhabitants have been driven together into the large towns; their morals have thus been injured, and many of them have not only been fitted to become robbers, but the open and defenceless country, destitute as it is of villages, has furnished a wide and safe field for their lawless depredations. False and romantic ideas of chivalry, too, and a thirst for military glory, have created a distaste for labor, while the wealth of the New World, which enabled so many to live in luxurious indolence, and was, at the same time, the efficient means of spreading bribery and corruption through every department of public business, and of private intercourse and trade, when it ceased to flow into Spain, led many who had before depended on it for support, to resort to dishonest means for obtaining a living, or for acquiring wealth. The unwise restrictions on commerce, also, furnish a strong inducement for smuggling; and these, together with the efforts of the priests, aided by the Inquisition, in keeping up the bigoted prejudices of the populace against all Protestant nations, for fear that heresy might creep in, have caused foreigners to be thoroughly hated, and to be regarded by the lower classes, as a lawful prey for robbers and other kinds of knaves, both in civil and political life. An aged Catholic priest, who has spent forty years of his life in Spain, and has been a minute and intelligent observer of mankind, remarked to me, that *extrangero* (stranger or foreigner) in the mouth of a Spaniard, meant the same as *Judio* (Jew), which was a word they used to express every thing that is abominable. "I never hope any thing good of them," he added, "every man is afraid to trust his own brother. There is no such thing as free, social intercourse among them; and though I have been so long in the country, I am still forced to go to the shop of a tradesman for such society as I have."

While the priesthood had the ascendancy, there was also a body of vagabonds, called the Royalist Volunteers, under their influence, 300,000 in number, and costing the government \$ 12,000,000 annually. When the absolute party was suppressed, there was much trouble in disarming and disbanding these men, and force was sometimes necessary in order to effect it. They were thus turned loose upon society, and have doubtless furnished many recruits for the various bands of robbers which infest the country. Still, it may be fairly questioned whether the ruling party in Spain is not disposed to charge too many of the acts of lawless violence committed upon the public road, to the "factiosos," or Carlists, though they were doubtless guilty of those atrocious robberies which have more than once occurred in Catalonia during the last summer, and have been repeated within a few weeks past, near Corunna. In these cases the passengers of the Diligence were stripped of their money and clothing, the conductor and the mules killed, and the carriage burned. The object of this was to embarrass the Queen's government by creating a want of confidence in the means of public conveyance, and, of course, in the efficiency and influence of those authorities which should protect them. The distracted state of Spain, also, owing to the civil war, and to the opposing factions into which the party of the Queen is divided, by lessening the influence of government, and making it necessary to withdraw to the northern provinces the troops who should protect the roads, gives to the robbers a greater degree of security and boldness than ever before.

The state of things described above, prevents most travellers from venturing far into Spain; and this fact, while it gives it more interest as a kind of magic and enchanted land, combines with the original and strongly marked character of the people, and the highly romantic history of her earlier and better days, in exciting an ardent desire to behold for one's self, a country which has been the theatre of so many deeds of heroic daring and martial renown.

When one is about to engage in an enterprise of some peril, there is always a class of well-meaning persons, who, by way of friendly caution, try his nerves by repeating to him all the sad mishaps that have ever occurred to those who have been exposed in a way similar to himself. Thus, on the morning of the day on which I was to leave Lisbon, a gentleman told me that some Portuguese officers, friends of

his, had just arrived, who, a few days before, had been stopped by robbers, on the very road which I was to travel; and though they had two lancers with them, as an escort, and were all mounted, yet their arms, horses, and money had all been taken from them, when they were led away into the woods, where they found forty other persons tied to the trees, who had just been taken and treated in the same manner with themselves. Warned by this, and a multitude of other robber stories, I took with me only such articles of clothing as a small valise would contain, together with an umbrella, and an old and trusty cane, which had long been my stay and support when bowed with fatigue, and more than once had defended me from injury and lawless aggression.

A merchant in Lisbon, with whom the smugglers trade, had bargained with them to furnish me a mule, and give me a safe convoy as far as Badajoz, in Spain, for eight dollars. A letter of credit on the different places through which we were to pass, secured me from losing much money, in case I should be robbed, and thus equipped I left Lisbon. The first eighteen miles of our journey we were to sail up the Tagus; and on reaching the felucca in which we were to go, I first met a party of my future companions. They were putting on board their bales of goods; and the wharf, and the vessels around it, were covered with sailors and porters, all bawling at the top of their voices, as the lower classes among the lively nations of Southern Europe are wont to do, when business collects them together in crowds. The same habit prevails among the higher classes, too, in Naples, and other large cities where the constant rattling of carriages over the paved streets entirely drowns the voice, if raised only to its ordinary key.

Our little vessel, as is common in these countries, was decked with divers emblems of the Catholic faith. To say nothing of pictures of the saints, and rudely painted figures of groups of ballet dancers, tossing themselves in the air in no very decent manner, there was, also, near the stern, the following inscription, — “May our Lady of Attalia assist and accompany us.” This lady is the Virgin Mary, or rather one of the thousands of images of that saint, each one of which has its peculiar merits, its distinct miracles, ascribed to it, and its separate train of worshippers; yet we are gravely told, that this is not idolatry. Of “our Lady of Attalia” I know nothing, save that the next day a chapel de-

voted to her was pointed out to me on an eminence at some distance from the road, while, by the wayside, there was a strong iron-bound box, secured by a large padlock, and fastened to a post, having, in the top of it, a small hole, through which such devout travellers as might wish a special interest in her favor, might drop the money necessary to pay her for her kindness.

When we put off from the wharf at Lisbon, there were two porters so busily engaged in disputing with one of the passengers, who, they claimed, wished to defraud them of their just dues, that they did not notice that the vessel was in motion until it was too late for them to leave it. In vain they shouted to the boatmen to come and take them off, and after retorting as best they could, the rude and noisy gibes and jokes of those on board, at length, like good philosophers, they took possession of a quiet corner, drew from their pockets a paper cigar, struck fire with a flint and steel, and were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke which seemed to wrap them in forgetfulness, and shut out every worldly care. Thus we passed on, until the dashing of the spray and the keen evening air, drove us all into the cabin. We lowered ourselves into it through a hatchway; and there, in a place about three feet high, and ten feet square, twenty or more were stowed, with only a faint and feeble light from a single lamp, while the savage faces, and the rude dress of those around, dimly seen through clouds of tobacco smoke, combined with the loud wrangling, and jesting, and boisterous laughter of a dozen voices tuned to the highest key, all formed a kind of floating Pandemonium such as I have no desire ever to meet with again. A change from such a place, even to the rude Posada where we spent the night, was truly desirable. As these resting-places of the weary traveller are different from any thing to be met with in our own country, it may not be amiss briefly to describe them.

The Posadas, or rude inns which are met with in the more unfrequented parts of Spain and Portugal, are intended for the accommodation of the lower classes, such as smugglers and the like, who transport articles of merchandise upon mules or donkeys, or in rude carts. The few "Royal Roads," as they are called, which there are in Portugal, are paved with large round stones, and this, together with the fact that they are often sadly out of repair, makes them almost impassable for wheel-carriages. Hence stages or diligences are

unknown there, and the few travellers, who venture to cross the country, use either mules or horses, and are obliged to content themselves with such fare and lodgings as they may chance to meet with. Even in Spain, too, beds are so frequently carried by passengers in the diligences as to be put down in the printed bills of the rates paid for baggage, and also in the receipts for fare, which are given to the traveller.

The Posadas referred to above, like all other structures in these countries, are built of stone, plastered and whitewashed, and have roofs of tile. They are commonly but one story high, with large folding-doors in front, which open into a spacious apartment with a floor of earth, where the carts, goods, and pack-saddles of those who stop for the night are placed, and where, too, the smugglers and those akin to them eat, drink, and sleep. In one corner is a huge chimney, such as may still be seen in some parts of New England, among the remnants of days gone by. Within the fireplace there is room enough for eight or ten persons, and a small tea-party might be held at each end of the back-log. In the kitchens the chimneys often extend the whole width of the room, with a fire made on the stone pavement in the centre, so that in the evening there is often an entire circle of chairs and benches occupied by travellers, which enclose the fire on all sides, while within the mistress and maids are busily engaged in cooking and other household matters. In front of the fire, in the room first spoken of, are a long rude table and benches where the eating is done, and there my companions the smugglers took the only meal which they eat during the day. Though we started at from three to five o'clock each morning, we did not stop until night except for a few minutes to water the mules, so that whatever was eaten must be taken on the wing. This commonly consisted of bread, on which, in place of butter, slices of raw pork were spread, of which each man carried a supply in a vessel made of the large end of an ox-horn, stopped at each end with wood. They ate sitting upon their mules, or running along beside them, and washed down their food with free potations of wine, which they carried in leather bottles. When these were empty they filled them at some wine-shop, or where they saw a house with a leaf-covered bough hanging on the outer walls, which is the common sign to show that wine is sold there.

At night, however, all troubles were forgotten. The

mules were put in a stable adjoining the room occupied by their masters, or at the inner extremity of the same apartment, and there, from long rows of cribs attached to the walls, they quietly ate their straw and provender. The family apartments, and the room allotted to such travellers as do not sleep upon the floor or benches, with its single bed of wool, which had not always a bedstead under it, commonly occupied opposite corners of the main building, and were mere appendages to it. Sometimes our own party would be joined for the night by another who were travelling in an opposite direction, and then some forty or fifty would sit down at the table together. They disposed of no small quantity of soup made of bread and vegetables, followed by huge dishes of boiled peas or beans, and divers stews composed of a mixture of salt pork, fowl, sausage, and other meats, seasoned with garlic and various nameless abominations. The aqua-ardente, or fire-water, too, made its rounds, — a vile potation, manufactured from bad wine, or from grapes after the wine is extracted, and perfumed with anise-seed. Then they gambled, smoked, and sung, shouted, wrangled, told stories, caroused, and sent forth peals of boisterous laughter, until sleep overtook them, when each one, wrapped in his blanket, took his rest stretched out upon the hearth or ground, or on a bench or bales of goods, and thus remained until aroused to commence the journey of the coming day. Some of these evening scenes, when the smugglers were all in their glory, with their rude clothing, their wild savage faces shaded by their broad-brimmed slouched hats, while all was dimly lighted up by the inconstant blaze of the fire, and a single lamp which hung upon the wall, — now drawing their knives in the height of angry dispute, and then laughing and carousing with the utmost glee, — all formed a scene wild and exciting enough for the most romantic fancy, and furnished a subject worthy of the pen of Scott or of Byron, or the bold and graphic pencil of Salvator Rosa. Still, there was something novel and pleasant in such excitement, and it seemed aptly to harmonize with the untamed rudeness of surrounding nature, and the free and gladsome revellings of the healthful mountain breezes.

The mule on which I rode had a huge pack-saddle without stirrups, so that to rest myself it was necessary sometimes to ride sideways, taking special care to preserve the balance of trade, so as not to fall off backwards upon my head ;

then, leaping upon the ground and joining some of the smugglers, draw from them the history of their past adventures, or, asking them of their families and their homes, witness with pleasure how domestic affection softened their hearts, and for the time changed to an air of mildness and humanity the rude, unpolished roughness of their natures. Again, strolling off alone, I would fill my pockets with the nuts of the cork-tree, or, pausing on the summit of a hill, watch the descent of our long train of mules; while, winding along the rude steep path of an opposite hill, another company approached us, and, meeting at the wild stream which flowed through the intervening valley, the hasty greeting of the muleteers, their laughter, and their noisy jokes, were echoed back by surrounding rocks and trees. There was, too, no fear of danger, for each man beside other arms had a trusty gun hanging by his saddle, and knew well how to use it. The smugglers, also, as they told me, were acquainted with many of the robbers, and while these latter would probably be worsted, were they to make an attack, they might also expose themselves to the danger of being denounced to the officers of justice by those who knew more of their character and deeds than they would like to have disclosed.

The patriarch of the party whose mule I rode, and whose son acted as my man Friday, had seen near sixty years, and was an old offender in the way of smuggling. He was rather a mild, still man, but with those small quick eyes which show great shrewdness and cunning. He seemed also to have grown tougher as he grew older, and rarely mounted his mule, but like a skilful navigator, who is ever intent on trimming the sails and squaring the yards of his ship, he was now behind and then before, looking carefully to see if the burdens on the opposite sides of his mules hung so as to balance each other, and when they did not, lifting up one and pulling down another, until all was right.

The wag of the company was a young man of sixteen or eighteen years old, of a short full form, but well made, with a broad face, and one of those wide oddly formed mouths, which look as if they were made on purpose to say droll things and to laugh with. Like most of the lower classes in Portugal and a large part of Spain, he wore a jacket, small clothes, and leather leggins, reaching from the knee down, while on his head was a broad-brimmed hat, with a low round crown. He was in his dress a laughable burlesque on the fashions

which years ago prevailed in New England among clergymen and other "potent, grave, and reverend seniors." But alas, the days of cocked hats and small clothes have passed away, and other and far different times have succeeded. Sometimes the youth in question would climb up from behind upon his mule, and there roll and tumble about like a rope-dancer, — then he would ride backwards, so as to face the rest of the company, and there sing and play off his pranks to their no small amusement. He was, too, somewhat of a dandy, — wore his hat in a jaunty way, had bows of riband at his knees, a dashy scarlet sash about his waist, and was, I doubt not, a great favorite among the rustic belles of the border, the first and the loudest at the revel, and the longest and latest at the dance.

There was another man in our party, one of those dark mysterious characters, who defy all attempts to sound them. He was tall, lean, and athletic, with a downcast look, half sad and half morose, and seemed to shrink from all communion with his fellow-men, as if doomed to endless penance for some dark and awful crime, which he feared that every one who approached him might be able to discover. The most that could be drawn from him was, that he came from the mountains of Algarve, and that his mules were loaded with fish for the use of devout Catholics during the fast of Lent. When I saw the poor man thus taking a toilsome journey of from twenty to thirty days for such a purpose, I could not but wish that the Popes of Rome had abolished Lent, as they have repeatedly threatened to do, when angry with the kings of England, that thus they might injure the English fisheries by lessening the demand for cod-fish from the Banks of Newfoundland.

One sketch more and I have done. There was with us one, whom two broad stripes of sky blue cloth on each leg of his pantaloons, and the collar of his jacket of the same color, marked out as a member of the Portuguese national guard. He was above the common height, with broad, stooping shoulders, and wore a common Spanish hat with the brim turned up all round, and the crown terminating in a point, and decked with a tassel. This was surmounted by an English hat, which he had just bought in Lisbon, thus making his upper story a double one. He had thick, stiff mustaches, black, shaggy eyebrows and features, which, combined with the expression of his eyes, gave him altogeth-

er the most brutal, ferocious, and savage countenance, that I ever beheld. As he was merely a traveller, and had no mules to look after, he attached himself much more closely to me than could have been desired. Still, for one thing, he deserved credit, which was the distinct manner in which he expressed his meaning, by the use of signs. This he had acquired as a matter of necessity, by long intercourse with those who spoke different dialects, and who had not words in common sufficient to make themselves understood. Yet even this was annoying to me, for in telling how he had been seized, and roughly handled by the officers of justice, in his eagerness to explain the matter fully, he would grasp fiercely hold of me, and I was forced to put up with his rudeness as I would with the well-meant caresses of a bear. Though he denied the charge, still, I have little doubt that he had been a robber. According to his own story, he was a suspicious character, at least, for he said, that twice passports had been granted him, by which permission was given to go but twenty leagues from the frontiers of Portugal. Both of these passports he had violated, by fleeing to the mountains of La Mancha, and twice he had been seized and marched to Lisbon, once with an iron collar round his neck, by which he was bound to his comrades. He was then shut up in prison for nine months, all, as he said, for liberty, — the liberty, perhaps, which he had taken with the property and persons of others. I was heartily glad, near the end of our journey, to be rid of him, and should I ever meet such an other face, among a band of robbers, I should consider my death-warrant sealed, from the moment that I first cast my eyes upon it.

For thirty or forty miles after leaving the Tagus, our road lay through a wide-spread, sandy plain, presenting only a growth of shrubs of low, stunted pines, save where here and there a small rivulet crept sluggishly along, lined with a narrow belt of verdure, where herds of cattle were feeding. Sometimes, too, we met large droves of black swine on their way to market, showing by their double chins and their short gouty steps, that they came from a region where cork-nuts were abundant. There were also flocks of turkeys, driven by peasants with long poles of cane in their hands, which they used to guide and correct the refractory. Little could be said, however, as to the good manners of these fowls, for the gentlemen gobblers, taking offence at a silk handkerchief which was tied round my face, drew up in battle array

and poured forth threats of defiance, and the females, too, excited by this bad example, stuck up their feathers, the blood rushed to their faces, and they showed a degree of temper quite unbecoming their sex. The further we receded from the sea, the more fertile the country became, and large cultivated fields or extensive tracts covered with the deep, green foliage of the olive and the cork-tree, were constantly rising to the view. The cork-tree grows to a large size, with huge rough, crooked limbs reaching nearly to the ground, and, except in the shape of its leaves which are long and narrow, it very nearly resembles in appearance those wide-spread, sturdy, and gnarled oaks, which, in the United States, are often met with as shade-trees, in the vicinity of houses, or in the open fields. The olive tree always reminds me of the willow, though it does not grow to so large a size. The species which bears the largest fruit, such as is eaten by the higher classes, and is picked for commerce, has leaves of a light green color, while that on which the small, black olive grows, of which oil is commonly made, is covered throughout the year with foliage of the darkest hue. Olive grounds are valued, not by the acre, but the number of trees which they bear. The common price of each tree is one dollar. The old branches are often cut off, to give place for young and vigorous ones, such as will produce the largest and most healthy fruit. Thus, old and decayed trunks, with scarce enough left of them to support their own weight or convey the sap from the roots to the branches, may be seen in great numbers, crowned with a rich and verdant covering, reminding one, of those shattered beaux and belles of a former generation, who, amid the tottering decrepitude of age, still affect the airs of youth, and, by the help of wigs, and curls, and paint, and finery, vainly attempt to conceal the marks of age, and show the freshness of their early days. The olive tree is often referred to in the Bible, and in other ancient writings, as an emblem of fertility, and a much larger number of human beings have been supported by the fruit thus produced within a given extent of country, than there ever have been by any other vegetable production growing on the same extent of soil. Hence the propriety of the custom, which has prevailed since the time of the return of Noah's dove to the ark, of using the olive branch as an emblem of peace and prosperity. A further reason for this custom, is found in the fact, that in eastern countries, invading ar-

mies are in the habit of destroying olive trees, as a means of impoverishing their enemies and cutting off their means of subsistence. Hence, an olive branch, covered with leaves, is an apt emblem of peace and plenty.

In the plains which surround Estramoz, in the eastern part of Portugal, numerous parties of peasants of both sexes, were employed in gathering olives for the purpose of making oil. The women, that they might not be incumbered in their movements, had their nether garments secured about the knee, in such a way as exactly to resemble the huge bag trowsers of the Turks and Greeks. This, with their low, round-crowned hats, like those worn by the men, gave them a singular appearance, and, as we passed repeated groups of them, gathered around the fires where they took their frugal meals, the song and the dance, and the lively and spirited manner in which they replied to the jokes of the smugglers, showed that they regarded what they were doing more as an amusement than a task, and that the delight which they took in it, was "like the joy of vintage."

Near the towns of Montemor and Arroyolos, there were steep hills, with a space on their summits of some acres in extent, enclosed by a high wall, as a place where the inhabitants might flee with their flocks during sudden and rapid incursions of an enemy. Estramoz, Elvas, and Badajoz also, occupy the summits of hills, and are surrounded by walls, and strongly fortified. The two latter places are within sight of each other, and, as one is the frontier town of Spain, and the other of Portugal, not only have they occupied a conspicuous station in the wars and sieges of days gone by, but the inhabitants of each, indulge towards those of the other, all the deep hostility of national and border hatred. Hence, during the French war, when Badajoz was besieged, Elvas was illuminated, and the good people of Badajoz returned the compliment, when Elvas was besieged. The Spanish peasants, too, often name their mules Portuguese, and give vent to their national hatred by cursing, beating, or kicking the poor animal which has this unlucky title. The Portuguese, also, are not slow in returning the favor, by using for the same purpose the title Española, (Spaniard,) and abusing, in their rage, the beast that bears it.

During much of our journey, we followed paths and by-ways, to the neglect of the main road, and some parts of our route were thus rendered quite wild and romantic. As we

approached the frontier, our party divided, and struck off in different directions, most of them avoiding the large towns, as they were evidently by no means anxious to attract public attention. Still they pursue their business freely, and during the long series of years that Lisbon and Gibraltar have been free ports, immense quantities of goods have constantly been sent through them, and smuggled into all parts of Spain. The wretched manner in which the Spanish soldiers are fed and paid, leave them peculiarly open to corruption, and the bribes which they receive for conniving at smuggling, cause the frontier stations to be regarded as peculiarly desirable.

On our way through Portugal, there was no want of music to cheer us, for our mules all had bells, attached either to the neck or to some part of the saddle or bridle. They varied in size, from such as are used at dining-tables, with their shrill, tinkling, alto notes, to huge cow-bells, a foot and a half in length, and sounding as full and low as the under bass of an organ. Thus every sound in the gamut had its representative, and the whole combined formed a ludicrous burlesque on the huge musical clock, in the palace at Mafra.

The few smugglers who continued with me as far as Elvas, leaving that place and passing along the fertile plain beyond, forded the little rivulet which there divides Spain from Portugal, at a point where there were no revenue officers to trouble them, and crossing the Guadiana on a fine arched bridge of hewn stone, with a strong gate at each end, entered Badajoz. This bridge has 28 arches, is 1,874 feet long by 23 broad, and was built by Philip the Second, King of Spain. I took my lodgings at the sign of the Cavallo Blanco (White Horse). The animal which gave the inn its name was painted on a small board, which was suspended over the front door. He was a wild looking steed, of the color of snow, and as nothing like the ground was painted beneath his feet, and there was no other object near to give him a comparative size, he seemed to be moving through the air, and appeared only six or eight inches in height. The house combined within itself a claim to all the eight or ten titles which the Spanish use to denote the different kinds of places of public entertainment. It was an Osteria, or place where horses might be kept, a Caffe, or coffee-house, a Fonda, or eating-house, a Posada, a Taberna, a Casa de Bebida, or drinking-house, alias a drunkery, and so on to the end of the chapter. Horses and mules passed through the front door, and along

the hall which divided the lower ranges of rooms, on their way to the stables in the rear. The landlady, who was a widow, was one of the old school, "fat, fair, and forty," with a large bunch of keys jingling at her waist, and moved about with an air of bustling, but easy, importance. She looked to the stables, scolded the servants, directed the cooking in the kitchen, and presided in the bar-room, where she helped her customers to what they called for, and ate, drank, and gossiped with them to their heart's content. In a word, she was an exact specimen of those of her vocation as described by Shakspeare and other early writers. Her chief aid-de-camp was a boy named Benito, about fifteen years of age, with long black hair flying in all directions, and large, wild, droll, and wicked looking eyes, which were no unapt index of his character, for surely he was the most busy, happy, noisy, and reckless vagabond I ever beheld. He wore neither coat nor hat, had an old loose pair of pantaloons, and a bright scarlet vest, and whether work or play was before him, he was talking and laughing, or singing, shouting, and dancing from morning till night. He was anxious to go with me on my travels as a servant, and it was truly amusing to think what a figure such a knight and squire would have made.

As the diligence, so called, leaves Badajoz for Madrid but twice each week, I was detained three days in waiting for it. My pen furnished me amusement in part, and I used also in my walks to stop and see the drilling of the Quintas, or raw recruits, for the army, whose names had recently been drawn by lot for this purpose. The plan now carrying into effect in Spain, of raising a standing army of 100,000 men, and a militia of 200,000 or 300,000, falls heavily upon all classes, especially the poor. A man may buy himself off from a single conscription by paying twenty dollars, but in that case he is liable to be drawn again. He can escape from serving in the army for the whole war, by paying \$ 200. Some of the prisons in the large towns are filled with conscripts, who have refused to report themselves for duty, and I often saw files of them marching in from the country, bound to each other by the arm with ropes, and attended by a guard of soldiers. Thus does war curse a country by compelling the poor to forsake those occupations on which they and their families depend for support, and expose themselves to the hardships and peril, and the moral corruption, of a camp; or, on refusing to do this, they are confined in the crowded and loathsome vaults of a

prison. These conscripts, as I saw them when drilling in various parts of Spain, with their old tattered small-clothes, and slouched weather-beaten hats, often reminded me of Falstaff's description of his soldiers. It was truly amusing to witness the manner in which they thrust back their heads, and how desperately stiff and straight they carried their arms and fingers, in a forced perpendicular position beside them, in order to look fierce and soldier-like. In marching, too, each one made it a rule to move his legs stiffly forward as far as they would reach, and thus the tall ones advanced so much faster than those who were shorter, that the line which they formed was any thing but a straight one.

Badajoz contains about 12,000 inhabitants, and is a place of some importance from its strong fortifications, and from being the capital, and the residence of the Captain-General of the province of Estremadura. In the earlier periods of Spanish history, the kings of Badajoz held a high rank among the chieftains of that region of country. It was also the birth-place of Manuel Godoy, styled the Prince of Peace, who, with his brother Lewis, was among the numerous train of lovers of Maria Louisa, the Queen of Charles the Fourth of Spain. By the influence which he obtained over this weak monarch and his abandoned wife, he became the richest subject in Spain, and for a series of years was the actual ruler of the kingdom. The accession of the late king, Ferdinand the Seventh, to the throne, put an end to the infamous career of Godoy, and the Spanish still execrate him as the cause of their national ruin. The present Queen Regent of Spain has also a lover, who, like Godoy, began as a common soldier in the royal guard, but has since been promoted by her to the rank of Colonel. With this man, by whom she has had two children, which are kept in the palace, she appears in public without the least reserve, thus furnishing to her numerous subjects, an example of notorious and abandoned profligacy, and at the same time greatly lessening the interest of the moral and religious, in the prosperity of that cause with which she is unhappily identified. Her conduct, however, will scarce appear singular to those who know the character of her mother, the old queen of Naples. The influence of such women as Jezebel is often a curse, which is handed down as a kind of heir-loom to many successive generations.

The battles between the English and the French, for the

mastery of Badajoz, which took place during the Peninsular war, were extremely hard fought and sanguinary, and on one occasion the British artillery was turned upon their own men, numbers of whom were thus cut down while entering a breach. The object of this was, to lower the wall still more than had before been done, that thus the entrance to the town might be made more easy. The entrenchments thrown up, and numerous cannon-balls fired during the different sieges, may still be seen without the walls. The Cathedral has some pretensions to style and elegance, and contains a number of good paintings. Among them is one, of the daughter of Herodias, receiving the head of John the Baptist from the executioner, who has just severed it from the lifeless trunk which lies beside them. Unlike the pictures of this scene met with in Italy, she is very naturally painted, with her head averted as far as possible, in order to avoid the bloody scene. In a court of the Cathedral is one of those wretched allegorical conceits so often met with in Catholic churches, which degrade and abuse the meaning of scenes described in the Bible, by attempting to present them to the eye. The subject is the baptism of Christ, and in one part of the painting John is standing with a lamb, holding a full blown rose in its mouth beside him, at which he is pointing, while from an upright rod which is near, there hangs a pendant, on which in Latin is the phrase, — “Behold the Lamb of God.” In another part of the painting Christ is represented as standing in the river Jordan, and John pouring water upon his head from a clamshell, while a dove, as an emblem of the Divine Spirit, is hovering above, and sending down from its mouth a stream of liquid upon the head of our Saviour. High in the air is a bevy of fat young angels, looking like so many Cupids, bearing a large tray of fruits and flowers, as a kind of votive offering on the occasion. Such is the sad burlesque of the baptism of Christ with water and with the Holy Ghost. There is another class of paintings which always shock my feelings : I mean those in which God the Father is represented in the form of an old man ; and in the Sacred Dramas, too, which are acted during some of the festivals of the Catholic Church, and of several of which I have copies, the same Holy Being is often personated on the stage, and takes a prominent part in the dialogues. In one of the most splendid churches of Spain, I noticed a fresco painting by a distinguished Italian artist, descriptive of a

scene in the upper world, — where, in the midst of surrounding angels, the Virgin Mary is kneeling between God the Father and the Son, who are crowning her as the Queen of Heaven. In the Litany of the Virgin Mary, or prayers to her, as intercessor with God, she is addressed by near fifty different titles of honor and royalty, while the different persons of the Trinity have but eight or nine allotted to them. A large sheet covered with small prints of the Virgin, in each of the characters in which she is addressed in the litany, is used in Spain as a help to devotion, and one of the Popes has granted 200 days' indulgence, or freedom from the pains of purgatory, for every repetition of this litany.

I was glad when the time came for leaving Badajoz, being heartily sick of its narrow, filthy, crooked, Moorish streets, and the ceaseless clangor of martial music, with which the streets, and the convents, which are now used for barracks, were ever resounding. The distance from Badajoz to Madrid is 64 Spanish leagues, or 256 miles, and the journey is performed in about five days. The fare by one kind of carriage is only nine dollars, and by a coach it is fifteen. Although this road is considered one of the safest in Spain, still there had then been three robberies of the diligence upon it within the last fifteen days. Two of these were near the same place and on two successive days. From the passengers in the carriage in which I was to travel, \$200 had been taken, while those in another were robbed of \$2,000. In order, therefore, to be ready for the worst, I purchased an extra purse, so as to have one for the robbers, and retain the other for myself. Day had not dawned when I entered the little room at the Post House, where my fellow-passengers were gathered round a scanty fire, waiting for the hour of departure. There were in this group a gray-headed man who had seen half a century or more, and a lady who was somewhat younger; and when we entered the carriage, as the lady only was going with us, the parting scene was truly affecting. They embraced each other, and wept and sobbed aloud as if their hearts would break, until, rallied by the passengers, who were uneasy at the delay, they finally parted. How happy a union is this, thought I, as I eagerly gazed upon this venerable pair. How cheering is it to behold the warm current of affection thus freely gushing forth from beneath the frosty covering of age. How high is the respect thus inspired within me both for you, ye aged ones, and the

nation to which you belong. Compared with the joys of affection like this, how gloomy and sad is the bachelor's life, and henceforth I earnestly long to be free from the curse of his lonely and cheerless estate. But alas! all my sentiment fled to the winds when I learned, that the lady in question had long been a widow, and the man from whom she thus parted was merely a friend. Such scenes I have since often met with in Spain, and they strongly impress one with the lively and ardent feelings of the Spaniards, as shown both in the warmth of their affections and the raging violence of their passions. The lady referred to above belonged to one of the first families in Spain, and was on her way to Madrid to join a brother-in-law, who was going on a mission to one of the leading European Courts. Though the approach of old age had left only the remains of former beauty, and the full fleshy form, so common among Spanish females, had somewhat impaired her activity, still, whatever her other members had lost in this respect, her tongue seemed to have gained, for surely a more striking example of perpetual motion it would be difficult to meet with, and I was utterly at a loss to conceive how she could talk so, and still be able to breathe. She carried provisions enough to victual the crew of a schooner, and dealt out her fine Spanish chocolate, cakes, and boiled fowl, to those of us who would partake of them, with a truly liberal hand. Her waiting-maid was from Catalonia, and spoke that rude harsh dialect with which my ears had become familiar in Minorca, and of which the Spanish have a saying, that the devil once spent seven years in trying to learn it, but at last gave it up in despair. She looked and acted as if she had been caught wild in her native mountains, where the wolf and the panther had been her only companions. There were also with us two sisters, young ladies of fifteen and eighteen years of age, daughters of a major in the Spanish army. They were both of them lively and spirited, and full of that ardor and intensity of feeling which is the highest charm of Spanish ladies, and constantly betrays itself in every look, and word, and motion. The younger of the two was just at that age when pertness is too often mistaken for wit, while the other had reached that interesting period, when the wild and unchecked joyousness of girlish feeling begins to yield to the influence of sensitive maidenly propriety, and the conscious dignity of woman's estate. They had been spending a number of months with their friends in

Badajoz, and were returning to Truxillo, where their mother resided, while their father and elder brothers were away with the army. They had numerous little presents to bestow on reaching home, and looked forward to the time of their arrival there with feelings of perfect ecstasy. The chief *man* in the party was a commissary of the army. He was plainly dressed, had large coarse features and a Roman nose, a voice of great compass and power, both in singing and talking, and uniting with a good share of intelligence and sound common sense, a talent for fun, and a vein of dry native humor, that was wholly irresistible. Indeed, one had need but to look upon his face, and see the curious working of the muscles there, and hear the comical tones of his voice when a humorous mood was on him, though not a word which he said were understood, and not to laugh heartily was entirely out of the question. He was a deadly enemy to any thing like spleen. He told stories, made ludicrous confessions to a priest who was with us, imitated to the life the preaching of the various classes of friars, acted the part of an opera singer, giving his voice a thousand varied modulations, and ogling and sighing, poured forth his plaintive and amorous strains to the priest, as his *Prima Donna* and the object of his dearest affection. The priest himself, who was a young man, had the pale sickly air of a student, and at times complained of a violent headache, which gave me occasion to read him a lecture on his free use of *aqua-ardente*, as the probable cause of his sufferings. He admitted the truth of what was said, but, with thousands of other deluded men, preferred to bear the evil rather than forego the short-lived pleasure caused by ardent spirits. He had studied at Toledo, and, like the mass of the Catholic clergy whom I have met with abroad, knew something of Latin, but was entirely ignorant of both Hebrew and Greek.

The Mayoral or Conductor, who went with us the whole journey, was named Francisco. He said that he was not yet sixty years old, but hard labor and exposure to the weather had given him the care-worn face and stooping form of a man of seventy. Still he was hardy and active, and would climb the long hills, or move along the level road beside his mules, with a kind of automaton trot, for miles together, and scarce seem conscious of fatigue. Like his father before him, he had followed the road in the grades of postilion and mayoral from his early boyhood, and was familiar with every part

of Spain. His face and general demeanor would have done credit to the most devout of the Puritans ; but, when excited by mirth or passion, his eye had the genuine Spanish glow and fire about it. His voice, too, when he was enraged, had a deep and powerful guttural sound, which it made one tremble to hear. He wore velvet small clothes, and one of those jackets common to postilions and mayorals all over Spain, with transverse stripes of blue, white, yellow, and scarlet cloth, from the elbow down, and a large bouquet, or flower-pot, or tree, of the same colors and materials on the back. He was the Nestor of the road, knew every man, woman, and child, and ordered the servants at the posadas to do what he wished, as if he was their lord and master. He also acted as our purser and caterer, and forming ourselves into a family, we left our meals and the settlement of our bills entirely to his direction. During each day he purchased rabbits, and other articles of food, of the peasants whom we met, and thus secured for us much better fare than the wretched posadas would have furnished.

Our Galera, or carriage, was truly a strange article. It had four wheels, but there was not a board about it save those used for seats. The body resembled a cage for wild animals, the sides being made of perpendicular rounds of wood, about a foot from each other, and confined at each end by a strong horizontal bar. It was lined with strong grass, matting, or sackcloth, extending down to within a foot of the ground, thus forming under the whole carriage a huge bag or basket for carrying baggage. The covering was made of long canepoles, fastened side by side, and reaching "fore and aft," beyond the length of the carriage, so as to give the two extremities a resemblance to the bonnets worn by Quaker and Methodist women. Within the carriage two seats extended along each side, about half its length, while beyond these was the bed of the old lady. There, she and her maid, and the two young ladies, by dint of close stowing, managed to sleep during our night travels, while the rest of us stretched ourselves upon the benches, or between them, as best we could. By day we discussed a thousand subjects, and numberless questions were put to me respecting our country, and especially our religious belief and usages. The old lady, who was quite bigoted, and the priest, thought me somewhat tainted with heresy, — but the fact that I had seen the Pope, and some other circumstances, gave me more favor in their eyes than I deserved.

Our carriage was drawn by eight or nine mules, these animals being almost universally used for labor in Spain, in preference to horses, as being more hardy, while, at the same time, their keeping is less expensive. The mayoral was assisted by postilions, who went each but a single stage of ten or twelve miles. They were jovial fellows, and sang and cracked their whips in high glee, as they ran along beside the mules; or, with chiding tone, calling the different animals by their names, and at the same time giving them a blow, or casting stones at them, they kept them all lively and brisk. Most of them had been robbed, and I often amused myself by climbing a hill beside them, and listening to the tale of their adventures. Thus, altogether, we formed a truly singular caravan; and the strange variety of original and strongly marked characters and incidents which one meets with in Spain, while they throw much light on the peculiar traits and customs of the people, at the same time make it one of the most interesting countries in the world to the observing and intelligent traveller.

The first night of our journey we spent at Merida, a place noted in ancient history, and in the annals of the Peninsular war. The bridge there across the Guadiana, was blown up by the British, in order to prevent the advance of the French. Merida, to which the title of Emerita Augusta was given, was the most flourishing of the Roman colonies in Spain. The Emperor Augustus gave it to his soldiers as a reward for their valor. The city was nearly six leagues in circumference. The old bridge, said to have been built by the Emperor Trajan, is a truly noble structure. It has sixty arches, and is 2,800 feet long by 23 broad. Another Roman bridge in an entire state, is called Puente L'Albargas. Beyond the walls are a theatre, a naumachia, or place where mock naval engagements were exhibited, a circus, the remains of three aqueducts, and four Roman ways, or roads. The town itself is little inferior to any in Italy, in the number of its monuments. Within the wall may be seen a fine triumphal arch, the ruins of several temples, columns, chapters, Roman inscriptions, and other remains. The siege and capture of Merida, by the Saracens, forms the subject of one of the most exciting and beautiful of Irving's "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." Truxillo, where we spent another night, occupies the summit of a hill, and is famed as the birth-place of Pizarro, the conqueror and scourge of Peru. As we were

groping our way along towards it in the dark, we saw a light approach us. The friends of the young ladies, who were here to leave us, in accordance with the common custom in Spain, had come forth to meet them, on their return; and when the two parties recognised each other, their joy was excessive. The moment we alighted at the posada, all were in each others' arms, where, for several minutes, they wept and sobbed aloud for joy. Full a quarter of an hour elapsed before they were able freely to converse; and when the daughters told their mother of the kindness with which they had been treated during the journey, they all fell to weeping again, and the good woman could scarce command her feelings long enough to urge us all to repair forthwith to her house, that there she might give us some solid proof of her heartfelt gratitude. Thus strong and impetuous are the social feelings of the Spaniards; and both their love and their hatred have an ardor and intensity scarce equalled by the highest conceptions of romance, and in the energy with which they are expressed, far surpassing any exhibitions of them to be met with in more northern climes.

The third day of our journey we passed through a wild mountainous region, with lofty crags and deep ravines along the road, and a thousand things to excite the imagination, and fill it with bold and daring reveries. It was just the place for deeds of violence and blood; and the Gondala, or coach, which goes once a week from Badajoz to Madrid, had, a few days before, been robbed there. While climbing one of the hills, on foot, in order to enjoy to the full the wildness of the scenery around, a boy, on horseback, overtook us, and began conversing with the mayoral and postilion. I gave no heed to what he was saying, until, pointing to a spot by the roadside, "There is the blood," said he. "What blood?" I asked. "Of a man that was murdered," replied the mayoral, scarce turning his head to look at the place. "Who murdered him?" "Quien sabe?" (who knows?) said the old man, shrugging up his shoulders with an air of indifference, as if accustomed to such scenes, and wondering that I should feel any curiosity about the matter. The murder had been committed at the end of a wall, where the man may have been driven in defending himself; and for ten or twelve feet along the roadside, the blood had given the earth a crimson dye, and in spots was clotted on the surface. It was just at the entrance of a village called Zaraycejo, and not more

than twenty rods from the church. While waiting at the posada for our dinner, we saw the Alcalde, or Justice of the Peace, carrying before him a long, slender rattan, as a badge of office, and attended by the village doctor, and the Escribano, a kind of Notary or Town Clerk, on their way to examine the body of the murdered man. The act had been committed the day before; still, they now seemed in no haste to investigate the matter, and though a company of soldiers was stationed there, they did not, apparently, dream of taking any measures to discover or apprehend the murderer. The only reply to my inquiries was, that, "be he who he might, he was safe enough now;" and hence no one was disposed to trouble himself about the matter. My friend the Commissary, and myself, joined the few villagers who took any interest in the case, and went to see the examination of the corpse. It was lying on a handbarrow, and beside it were an old gun, a pair of striped woollen saddle-bags, containing a loaf of bread, a powder-horn, and pouch for balls, and other articles which belonged to the deceased; and near him was a tray of earth saturated with his blood. The clerk took an inventory of these articles, and noted down the size and appearance of the death-wound, as dictated to him by the doctor. The deceased wore an old hat, sheepskin breeches, a jacket and vest, which had seen their best days, and was apparently forty years old or more. As he was armed, and had no passport about him, all took it for granted that he was a robber, and perhaps an associate in villany had murdered him in a quarrel respecting the division of their spoil; for surely had he been an honest traveller, there was nothing in his appearance that could lead one to attack him with the hope of thus obtaining money or other property. He was shot through the head; the fatal charge entered just below his left ear, and came out between the right ear and temple, making a hole of the size of a man's finger. One eye was open with a ghastly glare, and the whole face had the impress of an agonizing death. As I turned away in sadness from this scene of violence and blood, I could not but reflect how different were the feelings of those around me, from what a similar occurrence would excite in one of the quiet mountain villages of New England. How deep the excitement, and how lively the horror it would there create, and how vigilant and unceasing the efforts that would be made to detect and punish the murderer. Such are the legitimate ef-

fects of a high-toned Christian morality in giving the strongest possible security to property and life; and the voice of God within us conspires with the written record of His will, in confirming alike the wisdom and the justice of the dread decree, that "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

One of our resting-places for a night, was Talavera de la Reyna, or Talavera of the Queen, so called from its formerly having been given in dowry to the queens of Spain. It contains 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants; and on the plains near the town, there was, in the year 1809, a long, hard-fought, and bloody battle between the English and Spanish, commanded by Lord Wellington, on the one side, and the French, under Joseph Bonaparte, on the other. About 15,000 were killed on both sides; and an old English soldier who was there, told me, that during the battle, the French sent a flag of truce, requesting that the fighting might cease long enough to bury the dead; but this was refused, and after the French had retreated, great numbers of bodies were thrown together, and, mixed with olive wood and broken muskets, were burned. The sufferings of the soldiers from heat, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, were extreme. As an evidence of the love of revenge, and the savage ferocity of the Spaniards, the author of "The Subaltern Officer" relates, that when he was himself employed in collecting and placing in the hospitals the French soldiers who were left wounded on the field of action, the Spanish, who had done but little during the action, were engaged in shooting the poor helpless wretches. In one case he arrested and drove away one of these bloodhounds, when in the very act of committing such a murder, but saw him, soon after, slyly returning to do the deed of death. Thus do the horrors of war convert man into a demon, and steel the heart to every feeling of sympathy and kindness.

Near the eastern frontier of Portugal, and in all parts of Spain, I often met with large flocks of sheep, under the care of shepherds and their dogs. Besides the merinos, there were many with long white fleeces, of the coarseness of hair. This wool is used throughout Spain for filling beds. Indeed, I have not, since leaving the United States, either in Spain or Italy, met with other than wool beds. There are also great numbers of black sheep, and their wool commands a higher price than the white, because the peasants can make their

cloth of it, without the expense of coloring. The flocks of sheep are confined by night, in low folds, made by bundles of bushes placed upright, and kept together by ropes which are fastened to rows of stakes driven in the ground. The shepherds sleep in small huts in the form of a cone, and thatched or covered with turf. As the country has but few fences, their duty is to keep the sheep from the vineyards and fields of grain, and defend them by night from robbers and from beasts of prey. The first time that I ever saw one of these encampments, was just at daybreak on Christmas morning, and this coincidence, naturally enough, caused my thoughts to revert with interest, to the time when angels appeared to the shepherds of Bethlehem, as they watched their flocks by night, and announced to them the joyful news of the birth of the Messiah.

Before leaving Talavera, it was proposed that we should take with us three or four soldiers, as an escort, inasmuch as the diligence had been twice robbed near there, within a few days. But to this I objected, on the ground that it was wholly useless, for the robbers are commonly in bands of twelve or fifteen, and the guards of the diligence never risk their lives by opposing such a number. Indeed, it is much more safe travelling in Morocco, and the other Barbary states, than in Spain, for there, a man may move securely in any direction, provided he have with him but a single government soldier; for the life of the soldier is held responsible for the safety of those whom he attends, and he is so far looked upon as a representative of the power of his prince, that, as he passes along, the wild Arabs of the desert will humbly approach him, and kiss the hem of his garment. It is also a well-known fact, that the cargo of a ship, wrecked on the coast of Barbary, is in less danger of being violently seized and plundered, than when the same accident occurs on the coast of Spain.

The last fifty or sixty miles of our journey towards Madrid, was parallel to a range of mountains, which lay at the distance of a league or two from the road, on our left. They are called (if I mistake not) the Sierrade los Gregos; Sierra, or Saw, being a common name in Spain for those ranges of mountains which have a thin, uneven summit, with frequent points projecting upwards like the teeth of a saw. The range just referred to, was covered with snow, about a third of the distance from the summit down, and the

breezes that swept through the valleys below, were cold enough to chill one to the very heart. They seemed to enter at every pore, and in spite of one's winter garments, darted through him like a shock of electric fluid, until his very life-blood was ready to freeze and curdle in his veins. It has been my lot, from early childhood, to buffet the cold winter gales, which sweep over the snow-clad hills and ice-bound valleys of New England; but sure I am, that never before, had I felt such a sudden, piercing, and pungent sensation of intense cold, as used sometimes to seize upon me, during my wanderings over the elevated plains, or among the lofty mountains of Central Spain. Before reaching Madrid, and during the whole time of my visit there, the ice on standing water, was six or eight inches thick. Boys were often seen skating upon it, and large numbers of men were employed in breaking it up and carting it into the city for summer use. Still, not a flake of snow was seen upon the plains, though now and then a white frost an inch or two deep, would be thrown down, during the night, from the clear, pellucid atmosphere.

It was a fair, bright morning, when we approached Madrid, and in passing over the successive hills, which lay in our way, we had frequent and beautiful views of the Royal Palace, with the extensive pleasure-grounds, and long, shaded avenues, which line the banks of the river below, while in the back-ground, rose the numerous lofty towers and cupolas, which adorn the churches, and other public buildings of the city. And this, thought I, as with excited feelings I gazed upon the scene before me, this is Madrid, the illustrious and the grand, the idol of the Spaniard's heart, and so noble in his estimation, that compared with it, no other place deserves the name of capital. From this point, a power long went forth which was felt throughout an empire, ranked among the largest the world has ever known;—embracing in its wide extent, not only the fairest portions of southern and of central Europe, but large and fertile groups of islands, in widely distant oceans, and immense domains throughout the western hemisphere. How vast were the wealth and possessions, and how splendid and imposing the display, of the Spanish monarchy, in the time of Charles the Fifth and his immediate successors, but now, alas, how has this once powerful monarchy

“ Fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate.”

A thousand thoughts and feelings connected with the rapid rise and fall of empires, and the short-lived vanity of human greatness, are suggested to the mind, on first beholding a city, which, like Madrid, has both in earlier and in later times, been a theatre where so many kings and heroes, attended by their conquering armies or their splendid courts, have figured a brief hour upon the stage, and then, expelled by others, or cut off by death, have passed away and been forgotten. The Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians; — the Goths, the Saracens, and the Moors, the Portuguese, English, and French, — all have had their day of power, and all have shed their blood, and left their bones to whiten on the fertile plains of Spain.

But returning from this digression, I remark, that though there are near two hundred villages within thirty or forty miles of Madrid, yet, owing to gentle hills which rise in every direction, scarce one of them can be seen from the immediate vicinity of the city, and the whole surrounding country has as desolate and deserted an appearance, as the Campagna Romana, without the walls of Rome. The soil is free from stones, and of a clayey cast, with, here and there, deep ravines caused by heavy rains. Throughout all the central parts of Spain, scarce a tree is seen, except upon the mountains, and in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of the larger cities. This fact is said to be owing in part to the dryness of the soil and climate, and a prejudice against trees, on the ground of their attracting birds to devour the crops, but the main reason is, the long use there has been of timber for building, as well as of wood and charcoal for fuel, in a climate so cold as that of Madrid. In the higher and less fertile parts of Spain, there is much to remind one of those portions of the southern United States, where, as a necessary result of slavery, the population are thinly scattered over the country, and too rapid a succession of crops on the same soil, has exhausted its strength, leaving to its possessors no alternative but to content themselves with a scanty subsistence, or else, seeking out new plantations, there to repeat the same unwise experiment, thus in their onward course, like a cloud of locusts, leaving only barrenness and desolation behind them.

Near a mile from the city, we were met by two gentlemen, — a son of the old lady who was with us, and a friend of his, who, in accordance with the custom of the country, had come out to meet and to welcome her. The son was a young

man of genteel dress and appearance, and a captain in the Royal Guard of Cavalry. A thousand questions were asked and answered, as we passed along, until having crossed the bridge over the Manzanares, we were stopped on entering the city, at the gate of Segovia, where our passports and baggage were examined. This operation occupied more than an hour, and every article which had been stowed away in the capacious pouch of our travelling caravansary, was closely scrutinized by the officers of the customs. There were, among other things, numerous little bags and boxes of nuts, sweetmeats, and confectionery, such as country cousins send to their city friends, and the Ark itself could hardly have contained a greater variety of the good things of life. These were all opened, and the officers who performed the task, made no scruple of helping themselves to some choice eatable, belonging to owners who chanced to be absent. Around us were a large number of poor little donkeys, laden with lime, charcoal, meat, fruit, vegetables, and every variety of articles for market. Every thing was weighed and examined, thus causing not only the vexation of a tedious delay, but also of paying those duties, which are exacted at the gates of all the large towns in Spain. Since the year 1601, meat in market pays a duty of about one cent. per pound, and every animal slaughtered for eating, whether sold or used in the family of the owner, pays a duty of forty cents. Wine, oil, and vinegar are taxed one eighth of their price. There used to be in Castile, fixed prices for every thing, and the sovereign has for centuries, enjoyed a monopoly of brandy, cards, gunpowder, lead, quicksilver, sealing-wax, salt, sulphur, and tobacco. As an example of the effects of this system, it is enough to state, that the sovereign not only takes as his own one eighth of all the brandy manufactured in the kingdom, but also claims the right of buying the rest, paying for it a dollar and ten cents for every twenty-eight pounds, and selling it again for three dollars and twenty cents or about 200 per cent. advance. For the same quantity of spirits of wine, one dollar and forty cents were paid, and it was sold for five dollars or nearly four times its cost. In collecting these internal duties, about 100,000 men have been employed, including spies, and every variety of understrappers, and not only have this large number been withdrawn from useful labor, but like so many bloodhounds, turned loose to prey upon the people. Their knavery has given them

possession of the property of whole villages, by means of oppressive and vexatious suits against the inhabitants, and the seizure of their estates on the charge of having violated the revenue laws. This has been the natural result of employing in this department, those who had shown their shrewdness, only by their uncommon villany, just on the same principle, that the boldest and most notorious robbers and smugglers, ever receive from the Spanish government the greatest encouragement, as commanders of vessels for the protection of the revenue, and as guards for diligences, and for the security of public roads. These men of violence and blood have little regard for human life, provided it be not their own, and hence, in more than one case during the last summer, were poor peasants coolly shot down by them when entering the gates of Madrid, and that too, without so much as having been hailed, or ordered to stop and pay their taxes, on what they carried. Recently, however, there have been partial changes as to internal taxation. The revolution in Barcelona last summer, resulted in effecting the overthrow of the system there; and in Malaga, but half the former duties are now paid. There is reason to hope, that still greater changes will soon be effected.

On leaving the gates of the city, we passed through a number of streets and public squares, to the Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun. This is an open place in the heart of the city, from which the principal streets diverge like radii from a common centre, and as the postoffice and other public buildings are there, it is a favorite noonday resort. There, the politician and the merchant go to talk of business and of news, and the fashionable to show off their own dear selves, and the finery with which the tailor, the hatter, and the shoemaker have decked them. My first movement was to fix myself in a *Cassa de huespide*, or boarding-house, where I could talk as much Spanish as I might choose, and hear not a word of any thing else. For my rooms, lodging, breakfast, and *brassero*, I bargained for seventy cents a day, and, as the common custom in such cases is, took my dinner and supper abroad.

CHAPTER XI.

MADRID: THE ESCURIAL.

History of Madrid. — Its Gates. — Public Squares. — Fountains. — Gallegos. — Population. — Public Buildings. — Streets. — Lights. — Paseos. — The Prado. — Public Gardens. — Convents. — Royal Palace. — Library. — Armory. — Military Museum. — Cabinet of Natural Sciences. — Museum of the Fine Arts. — Royal Museum of Paintings. — Prisons. — Holydays. — Beggars. — Confession. — General Hospital. — Foundling Hospital. — Mrs. Mendoza. — School for Female Orphans. — Private Charity. — Mount of Piety. — The Deaf and Dumb. — The Blind. — Modes of Burial. — Friar's Robes. — The Escorial; its History, Form, and Size. — Tomb of Spanish Kings. — Paintings. — Cambiaso. — Relics. — Dangerous Adventures. — The Cortes. — The Pope. — The Clergy. — Nunneries. — Feelings of the People. — Sermons. — Idolatry. — Catholics in the United States. — Public Speaking. — The Spanish Language. — Don Quixote. — Party Strife. — Exiles. — Houses. — Insurance.

MANY Spanish historians have labored to prove that Madrid, under the name of Mantua, was founded by the Greeks more than 4,000 years ago, — and maintain that it owed its origin to Prince Ocno Bianor, son of Tiberius, king of Tuscany, who gave it the title of Carpetana, the name of the province in which it was, to distinguish it from Mantua in Italy. Others hold that Mantua was six leagues west of Madrid, where the town of Villamanta now stands. But, be this as it may, we learn from authentic history, that 220 years after the irruption of the Moors into Spain, — that is, in the year 939, Ramiro the Second, king of Leon, attacked Madrid, and, entering on the Sabbath, overthrew the walls, committed a great slaughter of the Moors, and then returned to his capital to enjoy his victory in peace. At that period Madrid seems to have been a strongly fortified outpost, with walls, gates, towers, and an alcazar or castle, and was relied upon as a defence to Toledo, the Moorish capital, against the invasions of the armies of Castile and Leon, who used to rush down from their strongholds in the north, through the mountain passes of Guadarama and Fuenfria, and, spreading havoc and desolation around, hastily retreat again, before the enemy had time to rally their forces. After the attack on the city by Ramiro, the walls were repaired, and the Moors held it 110 years longer, until Ferdinand the First, of

Leon, extended his conquests to the Tagus, took Madrid, slaughtered a great number of the Moors, and made them his tributaries. During the dominion of the Saracens, Madrid was large and rich, with extensive suburbs, distinguished schools, and numerous mosques and churches, while her Alcayde or Governor, held the first rank among those of the kingdom of Toledo, and her fame was spread far abroad by the songs of her native bards.

After the expulsion of the Moors from the central parts of Spain, the favorable position of Madrid, its fortifications and the pure air and water found there, led Ferdinand the Fourth, in 1309, and his son Alfonso the Eleventh, in 1327, to collect the Cortes there, and fix upon it as their capital. Henry the Third was the first king of Castile who was crowned in Madrid. This took place in 1394, and from that time until the year 1560, when Philip the Second ascended the throne, the king and court resided sometimes at Valladolid, and then again at Madrid. Since that date Madrid has been the sole capital, except for five years, during the reign of Philip the Third. This monarch thought of fixing upon Seville, as his capital, enjoying as she does the advantages of commerce, and supplied with every luxury which nature produces. In order to dissuade him from this step the inhabitants of Madrid offered him the sixth part of the rent of all the houses in the city for ten years, which was afterwards commuted for the sum of 250,000 ducats. Successive monarchs have enriched the city by erecting palaces, convents, and other public buildings, until it has become in many respects one of the most interesting capitals in Europe. It is situated on a number of sand-hills of unequal heights, in the midst of a large tract of open country, bounded on the northeast and north by the mountains of Somosierra, and on the northwest by those of the Guadarrama. Its height above the level of the sea is 2,412 feet, thus making its elevation twice as great as that of any other European capital. Its circumference is little less than eight miles, while its diameter from east to west is about a mile and two thirds, and from north to south it is two miles. Madrid has five large or "royal gates," and twelve smaller ones. At the former the duties are collected, and they are open until ten o'clock at night in winter, and till eleven in summer, while the small gates are shut at dark, and not opened until morning. The Gate of Alcala is a magnificent triumphal arch, constructed in the reign of

Charles the Third, to perpetuate the memory of his entrance to the capital, when he came from Naples to Spain. It is built of granite, has five entrances, and, exclusive of the royal arms with which it is surmounted, is seventy feet high. The capitals of the columns were made after models designed by Michael Angelo, and the whole structure has a beautiful and imposing appearance. The Gate of Toledo was commenced in 1813 and completed in 1827. Exclusive of its pedestal its height is sixty-five feet, and it is adorned with columns and pilasters, of the Ionic order. It was erected by the Ayuntamiento of Madrid, to commemorate the expulsion of the French from Spain, and the return of Ferdinand the Seventh to the Capital. The Gate of St. Vincent, which is the lowest of all, is only 41 feet above the level of the river Manzanares, near which it is situated. The Gate of the Sun is 210 feet above the same level, — the Gate of Alcala 239 feet, that of the Recoletas 215, and St. Barbara 300 feet, which last is the highest point of the city. This variety of elevation, while it is favorable for cleansing, ventilating, and draining the city, at the same time gives to it, when viewed from different points without the walls, a peculiarly beautiful, varied, and imposing appearance.

There are in Madrid seventy-four public squares, most of which are small and without any ornament, except perhaps a single fountain, while in a few of them a number of trees have been planted. The Plaza Mayor is one of the largest of these squares, being 434 feet long, 334 broad, and 1,536 in circumference. It is enclosed on all sides with houses five and six stories high, and reaching an elevation of 80 or 90 feet. Of these houses there are 136, besides the Royal Bakery. There are near 500 windows, with balconies of iron, and, besides habitations for 4,000 people, 500,000 spectators could be accommodated within the square, during the bull-fights and other royal games, which used to be celebrated there. Perhaps no modern nation has made a nearer approach to the splendor and magnificence of the ancient Roman games, than the Spaniards. During the reign of Philip the Fourth, in 1637, forty-two successive days were devoted to splendid plays, masquerades, bull-fights, and other diversions, at an expense of \$600,000. The Royal Palace, and the spacious and beautiful gardens of the Retiro, were the central point of many of these amusements. The extent, and the rich and varied natural scenery of the place, enabled him

to bring large numbers, both of men and of animals, upon the stage, and at the same time, in a great degree, to dispense with the illusions of artificial scenery. Many of the plazas, or public squares in Madrid, are occupied during the day as market-places, where every variety of articles for food, and of the cheaper kinds of merchandise, are exposed for sale in the open air. Thus, instead of being, as they should be, adorned with trees, and plants, and flowers, which, while they purified the atmosphere, would give an air of taste and beauty to the city, they are now little better than public nuisances, and Babel itself could scarce have surpassed them in jargon and noisy confusion of tongues.

There are in Madrid fifty public fountains, supplied from mountain springs at a distance of thirty miles from the city; still, during the summer months, there is a scarcity of water, and various projects have been proposed to remedy the evil, none of which have yet been carried into execution. Few of the fountains in the city have either beauty or grandeur; but those which adorn the Prado, or great public promenade, compare well, in richness of design and execution, with the finest to be met with in Rome, or other parts of Italy. One of these, which is wholly of marble, represents a rough island rising from the water, in the midst of a large basin, and on it is a Sibyl, seated in a chariot drawn by lions. Another fountain has for its subject the four seasons, with Apollo rising above them. But the most splendid of all, is one where Neptune is riding through the midst of the sea in a conch-shell, drawn by two wild and fierce-looking sea-horses, and surrounded by dolphins. The figures and attitudes, and the grouping and execution of the whole, are full of nature, boldness, and beauty. Water is carried from the fountains, and delivered to families throughout the city, by Aguadores, or water-carriers, who are mostly natives of the mountains of Galicia and Asturia, and are known by the common name of Gallegos. Each one carries on his back a firkin of wood or earthen ware, holding eight or ten gallons, with a large iron handle near the upper end. There is another class of them, who carry about water in jars strapped to their shoulders, and a basket containing three or four tumblers in their hands, from which they supply those who are passing in the streets. They are constantly crying out, — *Agua, agua, quien quiere agua*; ("water, water, who wishes water.") These Gallegos are the water-carriers, and the lowest class

of servants throughout all the large towns and cities of both Spain and Portugal. They have everywhere the character of a hardy, frugal, honest, and industrious race of people. In Madrid they receive as servants ten cents a day and their food. In Lisbon alone there are 20,000 of them, each one of whom pays to the Spanish minister there a dollar a year for his passport or protection, and more than half that sum to the Portuguese police for his permit or paper of residence. The average annual expense of supplying Madrid with water, by means of fountains, is between \$35,000 and \$36,000. Clothes are washed on the banks of the Manzanares, where each woman has a little box, in which she kneels and washes her clothes in the running stream. In Portugal the wash-women commonly stand in the water, with their clothes secured in such a way as to give them the appearance of the large bag trowsers of the Turks.

The population of Madrid, according to the census of 1831, was 211,127, exclusive of 49,400 in the surrounding villages. Of those within the walls 51,324 were under sixteen years of age. Of unmarried men and women above sixteen years of age, there were 66,740; of the married of both sexes, 67,519; of widows and widowers, 22,790; of the secular clergy, 692; of monks and friars, 1,309; of nuns, 753. The number of births in 1831 was 5,684, and of deaths 4,128. The number of houses in Madrid is 8,000, in 540 groups or squares, thus making a little more than 26 persons to a house. Indeed, in the house in which I boarded, as it was large and central, there were 15 distinct families. There are in the city 492 streets, 17 parishes, 38 convents for males, and 32 for females, 19 hospitals, including that for foundlings, 4 prisons, 16 colleges, 9 academies, 4 public libraries, 4 museums, and 3 theatres. The number of houses built from 1815 to 1832 was 753, which is but little less than one tenth of the whole number in the city. Hence, Madrid has quite a modern appearance, and, with regard to its houses and the breadth of the streets, much more nearly resembles the large cities in the United States than those of Europe. There are in Madrid about 150 churches, mostly of the Grecian styles of architecture, and adorned within with a profusion of gilding and images, but none of them will compare at all with the splendid Cathedrals to be met with in other parts of Spain.

Though Madrid is not well supplied either with water or

with common sewers, still, owing in a great degree to the efficiency of the present mayor, it is cleaner than most of the cities of Southern Europe. The streets are paved with flat stones, and all the principal ones have good sidewalks. The street of Alcala, which leads, by a gradual descent, from the Gate of the Sun to the Prado, is one of the broadest and finest in the world. It is lined on each side by large and splendid buildings, and only requires to be planted with avenues of trees, like the Rambla in Barcelona, to make it justly the pride of every Spanish heart. Madrid is lighted by 4,770 lamps, which are placed about 53 feet from each other in the wide streets, and 85 in those which are narrow. The annual expense of these lights is more than \$45,000. The experiment of gas lights has been tried to a limited extent, and a contract has been made to extend them through the whole city, provided it can be done at an expense not greater than that of the present mode of lighting. There is reason to fear, however, that the project will fail, from the fact that oil must be used for manufacturing the gas, which will make it too expensive. The abundance of mineral coal in England, and the cheapness with which machinery can be made there, reduces the expense of each gas light, in the large cities, to from three and a half to four pounds sterling a year, or about five cents each night. In Paris, the expense of gas is such that it is used only for the Boulevards, and some of the principal streets. There is, indeed, an abundance of coal in Asturias, and other provinces of Spain; but such is the expense of conveyance, from the want of railroads and canals, that it is not brought to the capital. There are, in Madrid, 150 watchmen, each one of whom, when on duty, carries a small lantern, and a long pike or lance. They have a high character for vigilance and efficiency.

When Joseph Bonaparte was king of Spain, he began to level the buildings, with a view of making a street directly from the Palace to the Gate of the Sun, which, there uniting with the street of Alcala, would have formed a noble avenue through the heart of the city, from one extremity to the other. This project, however, has never been executed.

Among the highest ornaments of Madrid, are the Paseos, or public grounds, for walking or riding. Of these, the Florida extends along the bank of the Manzanares, for two or three miles, and is lined, on both sides, by rows of lofty trees. The Delicias extends, by a gradual descent, from the Gate of

Atocha, to the canal without the walls, and has two divisions of three streets each; those in the middle being for carriages, and the others for foot passengers. But by far the finest promenade in Madrid, and one of the finest in Europe, is El Prado, or the Meadow, so called from the state in which it formerly was. During the last century, however, it was levelled, and planted with a vast number of trees, which have now grown to a large size. These, together with the numerous marble seats, on which the weary may rest, and eight large and beautiful fountains with which it is adorned, make it a truly delightful place of resort. It occupies a valley between the city and the elevated gardens of the Buen Retiro, and has, on either side, some of the finest public buildings in Madrid. Its length is near two miles, and parallel rows of trees reach this whole extent, leaving, in the middle, a space about 200 feet in width, for foot passengers, and on each side of this, a road for carriages. The central point of attraction, however, is the Saloon, a portion of the Prado, extending about a fourth of a mile from the entrance of the street of Alcala. There, during the warmer days of winter, all the wealth and fashion of the city, from royalty downwards, may be seen, between the hours of twelve and three o'clock, all with their finest dresses and their brightest smiles, exchanging bows and glances, and enjoying the delightful excitement arising from healthful exercise and the free interchange of friendly feeling. During the mild summer evenings, too, numerous little parties of friends collect together under the lofty trees, and there partake of refreshments, and engage in a variety of social amusements.

The Gardens of Buen Retiro are near a mile in length and three-fourths of a mile in breadth. Though in an elevated and exposed position, and much injured during the French war, they are still a pleasant and popular place of resort. Aside from the interest they derive from numerous walks, lined with trees, and a large variety of flowering shrubs and plants, as also from the royal collection of wild animals exhibited there, there is likewise an artificial lake, about a thousand feet in length, and half as broad, where boys skate in the winter, and the royal family sometimes take a sail in the summer. The Botanic Garden lies along the Prado, and contains a large number of plants, arranged according to the classification of Linnæus. It is enclosed by a lofty iron railing, which, while it protects what is within from injury, at

the same time leaves its beauty and its fragrance to refresh and delight the senses of every passer-by.

There are but few convents in Madrid which deserve any particular notice. One has some celebrity from its being the burial-place of Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*; and another from its having been the place of retirement for the Empress Maria, and the Infantas Dorothea and Maria Anna, of Austria; St. Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and other ladies of high birth. The Convent of Salesas Viejas was erected by Ferdinand the Sixth and his Queen, as a place of education for young ladies of noble families. It covers a large extent of ground, and cost near \$ 1,000,000, exclusive of the gold, silver, precious stones, and splendid robes, with which the Queen enriched it.

The most magnificent building in Madrid, is the Royal Palace. It occupies a gentle eminence at the western extremity of the city, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Manzanares, and commanding a fine view of the bold mountain ranges in the distance. Its site is that of the ancient Moorish Alcazar, which, having been burned and overthrown by an earthquake, was afterwards rebuilt, and the Emperor Charles the Fifth changed it into a palace. This latter was burned in 1734, and rebuilt a few years after, in its present form. The principal material is granite, though white marble is used to some extent in ornamenting the windows, and other parts of the structure. It is a hollow square, 140 feet in diameter within, and 470 without. There is a colonnade and gallery entirely surrounding the inner square. The numerous columns with which the palace is adorned, are of the Ionic order, while the pilastres are Doric. The rich fresco paintings, by the first masters, which adorn the interior, together with the magnificent furniture, and the splendid works of art which abound there, give the Royal Palace of Madrid a superiority over almost any other. Still, it is deficient in gardens and pleasure-grounds, nor will it compare in size with the palace of the King of Naples, at Caserta, to say nothing of the finely-wooded park of the latter, the beautiful cascade, the church and theatre, and that splendid staircase, the noblest in the world, enclosed with richly-polished marbles, and adorned with high-wrought statues of animals and men. But then the Royal Palace at Madrid is but one of eight or ten belonging to the royal family of Spain, each one of which has its striking and peculiar beauties.

The Royal Library occupies a building near the Palace, and contains 200,000 volumes, besides a large number of manuscripts. No noise is allowed there ; it is well furnished with chairs and tables for all who wish to read, and is open to the public, free of expense, except on festival days. In the same building is the Museum of Medals, which contains one of the largest collections in the world. There are 150,000 medals, of the Greeks, Romans, Goths, Arabs, and other nations, commemorating many distinguished events, and all completely classified and arranged. There is also a multitude of cameos, and a collection of mosaics, sepulchral lamps, idols, statues, and numerous other curiosities. The coins and medals are valued at \$ 200,000.

Contiguous to the Library is the Royal Armory, which occupies a gallery, 36 feet broad, 21 high, and 227 long. The walls are entirely covered with swords, shields, spears, lances, helmets, coats of mail, and every variety of costly and curious weapons, both offensive and defensive, from the days of Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, down to the present time. Among these are the suits of armour worn by the heroic Cid, those of Ferdinand and Isabella, both of whom used to take the field ; of Hernan Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, and numerous other warriors of an early date. From these, one may see the size and form of those to whom they belonged. The ceiling above is hung with standards captured at the battle of Lepanto, and in other engagements ; while in the centre of the room are a number of statues of the early kings, mounted, and both themselves and their horses arrayed in splendid armour of highly polished steel, such as they wore on great occasions, during their lifetime. That of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with which he entered Tunis, as also that presented him by the citizens of Rome, when he was crowned, are extremely gorgeous. Indeed, nothing could exceed the magnificent appearance of a host of these ancient warriors, superbly mounted, and both themselves and their horses completely enveloped in highly polished steel, reflecting, with a dazzling brilliancy, the rays of the morning or the noonday sun.

The Military Museum occupies what was once a palace of Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, only a single room of which, however, escaped the fury of the mob, which defaced it and destroyed the furniture, when he was overthrown ; and this still remains as an evidence of the former magnificence of the

place. The Artillery department of the Museum contains an immense collection of models of machines for manufacturing powder, for casting, boring, and polishing cannon, and making every variety of articles used in war, together with all the royal manufactories, store-houses, and arsenals, where they are made, as also bridges, batteries, and other curious inventions for attack and defence. In the Engineer's department are models of Gibraltar, Cadiz, Carthage, Madrid, and other places, made of fine wood, and exhibiting all the walls, mines, forts, and bridges by which they are defended, together with the streets and houses. The plan of Cadiz occupies a room about fifty feet long and twenty broad; and that of Madrid, which is a minute and exact copy of the place, covers 272 square feet. Thus one has at a single glance, a view of the principal cities in Spain, and can form a perfect idea of their form, as well as of the elevation and appearance of the surrounding country.

The Museum, or Cabinet of Natural Sciences, is in a spacious building on the street of Alcala, and occupies eight large halls. It was founded by Charles the Third, and contains a large variety of objects, collected by himself and a number of his predecessors, and enriched also by those who have succeeded him. The cabinet of minerals is extremely rich, not only in the number and variety of specimens of the ores of common metals, as well as of gold, silver, and precious stones, but also in their great size, beauty, and value. There is a single mass of native gold, weighing between sixteen and seventeen pounds. The various species of sea and land animals of all countries are well represented, and among them is the skeleton of an immense mammoth, found in an excavation in Paraguay. There is one apartment devoted to heathen gods, and the rude weapons, and articles of domestic use, found among the savage nations of Asia and America. It will not compare, however, either in extent, variety, or value, with that truly splendid collection of similar articles which adorn the noble hall of the East India Marine Society, in Salem, Massachusetts. One room is devoted to vases, tea-sets, and other articles for ornament or use, all of which are either wholly made of jasper, topaz, and other precious stones, or are richly inlaid with them. They are of immense value, and were placed in the Museum by the royal family. Some of the guns, and other weapons there, which were presents to former kings of Spain, are of surpassing richness and splendor.

In another apartment are a number of preserved specimens of *lusus naturæ*, similar to what is presented by the Siamese twins, except that the junction of the bodies is commonly much more extended than is seen in their case.

In the same building with this museum, is that of the Royal Academy of San Fernando, of the three noble arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. It was founded in 1744, and supports professors of these arts in Rome, Paris, and Madrid, who, when duly qualified, return and give gratuitous instruction to such as wish to avail themselves of their assistance, and premiums are awarded every three years to such as excel. This museum and its library occupy eleven large halls, in which are 300 fine paintings, many of which are either originals, or well executed copies of the first masters. There are branches of this institution in all the large cities of Spain, and its influence in improving the style of architecture, as well as in fostering a taste for the other fine arts, has been highly beneficial.

The peculiar pride and glory of Madrid, however, is the Royal Museum of Painting and Sculpture. It lies between the Prado and the gardens of the Retiro, and was commenced in 1785, under the auspices of Charles the Third. The main building is 378 feet long by 74 broad, and terminates in two wings of 151 feet each. Besides these, there is a semi-circular projection, 86 feet by 66. The Spanish school of paintings, ancient and modern, the Italian, the Flemish, the Dutch, the French, and the German, have each a lofty and spacious saloon allotted to them, where, by means of light from above, they are shown to the best advantage. The whole number of paintings is about 2,000, comprising many of the noblest efforts of Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, Murillo, and numerous other of the first masters of all the principal nations of Europe, thus forming the choicest collection in the world. It would be an almost endless task to point out the merits of even a few of the noblest of these works of art, and it were wisdom therefore wholly to forbear from the attempt. The collection of statuary is less extensive, but still contains some striking groups and figures.

The prisons of Madrid are in a wretched state, and are now far from deserving the commendations bestowed upon the Spanish prisons by Howard, during the last century. Criminals of all classes, and every degree of guilt, are confined in large numbers in a single apartment, with a scanty sustenance,

and no labor ; and thus no limits exist to the rapid spread of deep and degrading depravity and corruption. An intelligent Spanish author, in a work published in Madrid, the last year, speaks thus : " What shall we say of our prisons ? To what a state of suffering and degradation are the human species there reduced. It would be easy to fill many pages with a sad picture of the contrast which our prisons present, to what the laws and natural reason require that they should be ; that is, secure asylums for those accused of crime, until justice shall have proved their guilt, and the penalty of the law have been inflicted ; and not places of premature torment, where the innocent and the guilty are mingled together without distinction, so that they often desire the infliction of any punishment whatever, if thus they may escape from those precincts of terror, confusion, and misery." Such is the uniform character given to these schools of corruption and vice in Spain, except that, in some places, those condemned as galley-slaves, and others, are seen chained together, and employed, under the care of soldiers, in making or repairing roads, or other public works. Our Secretary of Legation at the Court of Madrid had visited all the prisons in the city, in company with a Spanish officer, to whom the government had promised the means of establishing a prison, on the plan of labor and solitary confinement, so extensively and successfully adopted in the United States ; but the embarrassed state of the country, owing to war and other causes, has hitherto prevented the prosecution of this important object. In the large cities of Spain and Italy, one is often shocked in passing the prisons, with beholding the large grated windows crowded with filthy, half-clad, and savage looking wretches, who, with small bags suspended by a string, or fastened to a pole, fill the air with loud and angry cries for charity, and not unfrequently urge their requests in terms of rank and disgusting blasphemy. Much good might be done by placing the Reports of our Prison Discipline Society in the hands of individuals in these countries, who would cause the important moral and pecuniary advantages resulting from our penitentiary system to be widely known, through the medium of the public journals. And here I would remark, that the impression has become strongly fixed in my mind, that the practical influence of the Catholic system of faith and practice, is greatly in favor of the increase of indolence, beggary, and crime. In this connexion, we might notice the number of holydays established

by the Church, in imitation of those of heathen Rome, and which there became so great an evil, that the Emperor Augustus ordered thirty of them to be struck from the calendar, on the ground that they interfered with the administration of justice. Pope Benedict the Fourteenth likewise reduced the number of Catholic holydays, but still ninety-three general ones are observed in Spain, besides those of each parish, and of the religious houses or convents, and the name days which are kept by families, as each child must be called after some patron saint, whose holyday is to be duly honored. If to the public festivals, on which labor is forbid by severe penalties, we add Monday of each week, which is claimed by workmen as their own, and bear in mind, that in Spain six hours are the limit of a working day, there remains not more than one third, or one fourth, of the time for labor. Hence, not only can there be no competition with more industrious nations as to articles produced, but indolence and poverty, and their necessary attendants vice and crime, must of course prevail. A mistaken policy, also, led to endowing numerous convents with funds for feeding crowds of sturdy beggars, many of whom were able to labor for their own support, and though this supplied the Church with a train of body guards, who, as spies of the Inquisition, or in other menial stations, were ever well prepared for perjury or bloodshed, still the same training equally fitted them for robbery, smuggling, or any other crimes to which they might be tempted.

But the corrupting influence to which I mainly refer, is that connected with the confession of sin to a priest, and the absolution which he gives. As each one chooses his own confessor, if the penance inflicted for sins is severe, the priest becomes unpopular, and the penitent has no difficulty in finding another, whose own life is so notoriously corrupt, that, from a mere regard to consistency, he will not be rigid with those who confess to him only those vices of which he himself is guilty. That many of the priests should be licentious, is a matter of course, where men are set apart to the sacred profession from their childhood, just as they are for the army or navy, and this without regard to their moral, and much less to their religious, character. The further fact, that they are doomed to inevitable celibacy, be their own feelings what they may, often leads them to plunge into the depths of debauchery, when their morals would have been safe, could they have had before them the prospect of honorable marriage. Thus it

often happens that the priest, who, in the view of the Catholic, holds a commission from God himself for the forgiveness of sin, gives the sanction, both of his example and his office, to the commission of crimes forbidden by laws, both human and divine. Every one who has complied with the outward rites of the church, is permitted to commune, and even this compliance is often effected by proxy ; for common prostitutes, and others, confess, and receive certificates for communion, which, as they have neither name nor date, they sell, and thus they may safely pass through any number of hands. So far indeed is a course of notorious profligacy from excluding one from connexion with the church, that, by an ancient law, prostitutes are required to pay tithes " of what they gain by their bodies," for thus it reads to the letter. So, too, there are times and places where the darkest and most revolting crimes, for which human law knows no expiation, may be forgiven by the Pope himself, or by those whom he has specially commissioned for the purpose. It may here be urged, that the people are taught that confession and penitence are of no avail, if they be not from the heart ; but what care they for this, so long as the priest, whom they are taught to believe has power from God to forgive sin, continues to absolve them, as often as they wish it, for notorious crimes a thousand times repeated ; or at most, only sentences them to some trifling penance, as a means of atoning for the wanton violation of the laws of God. If I mistake not, history will fully sustain me in the assertion, that purely Catholic countries have ever been prominent for the prevalence of crime, and that they only have acted extensively upon the principle of making a compromise with robbers, smugglers, and other classes of criminals, and employing them in stations of public trust and office. It were easy to bring a host of living examples of this practice, from the present commander-in-chief of the army of the king of Naples, who for years was leader of a band of robbers, in the mountains of Italy, down to the numerous Spanish bandits and smugglers, who are employed in defending diligences, collecting the customs, and other similar duties. This course presents so perfect a parallel to the practice of the Catholic church, and those views of the venial nature of atrocious crimes with which she inspires her votaries, that there can be but little doubt as to the kind of influence to which it owes its origin.

The number of beggars in Madrid has been greatly lessened

within a few years, by collecting them together in work-houses and other charitable establishments. The convent of St. Bernardino, which has recently been devoted to this class of persons, has sometimes contained 700 or 800 individuals, but the number has been greatly reduced, by enlisting in the army, those who were strong and healthy. In Lisbon, and in some of the cities of Italy, much more frequently than in Spain, one meets with those diseased, filthy, loathsome and deformed wretches, whose rags, ulcers, and vermin, are their only stock in trade, and the very sight of whom, sickens one with horror and disgust, and the excess of their studied and artificial wretchedness, chills and paralyzes the warmer and purer feelings of humanity.

In company with Mr. M., our Secretary of Legation at Madrid, I examined, somewhat minutely, the General Hospital in Madrid, or rather three or four hospitals for patients of different sexes and classes, all collected together, in one immense group of buildings. Every part of the establishment was neat and well aired, and the impression made on our minds as to its general management, was peculiarly favorable. The principal building is square, and its diameter is 600 feet. The number of patients was about 1,300. At the beginning of the year 1831, there were in the hospital, 1,180 of both sexes. During the year, 16,593 patients were admitted, making in all, 17,773. Of these, 1,954 died, and 14,148 were cured, leaving in the hospital at the end of the year, 1,681. A medical school is connected with the establishment, and there are thirty or forty insane patients. The number of those suffering from that disease which so often visits the licentious, was large, and it was surprising to see how many young children there were, who had inherited this bitter curse from their parents. The wards appropriated to female patients of this class, presented, in both the language and conduct of the inmates, an exhibition of the lowest, and most disgusting depravity and corruption, and a guard of soldiers is kept constantly on duty there to preserve the peace, and enforce good order. The hospitals in Spain, which have not sufficient permanent funds, are supported by a tax on theatres and lotteries, by what is paid by bishops as a condition of holding their offices, by a portion of the income from bull-fights, and by alms and legacies. The daily allowance to patients, is eight ounces of meat, one pound of bread, and a pint of wine.

The Foundling Hospital in Madrid, has existed since 1567, and is under the care and direction of a committee of ladies, of the first rank. A leader in this, and in every other work of female benevolence, is Mrs. Mendoza, wife of a gentleman connected with the present Spanish Ministry; a lady to whom I am deeply indebted, not only for her kind hospitality, but also for furnishing me with much important information, respecting the charitable institutions in Madrid. Her father was English, and her mother Irish, and from them she has inherited an English head, and an Irish heart, both of which are busily employed in doing good. There are about 1,200 children received in the Foundling Hospital annually, of whom, if I remember rightly, sixty, in one hundred die. Those who survive, are educated in charity schools, and then put out to service, or trained up to some useful employment, by the Institution.

There is in Madrid an interesting boarding-school, for the education of the orphan daughters of officers in the army. It derives its support from royal patronage, and various other sources of charity, and the average number of pupils is between 170 and 180. It was founded in 1819, and is, in all respects, an exact copy of the Lancasterian school for girls in London. The pupils are received at seven or eight years of age, and kept four or five years, when they are removed to higher schools. Mrs. M. has had the general superintendence of this institution, by an appointment from government, for the last thirteen years, and it has recently been conferred upon her again, for ten years to come. She takes much interest in training the pupils to religious and devotional habits, and as almost every thing in the shape of funds, in Spain, is now employed in carrying on the war, she has herself furnished the means of supporting the school, for the last eight or ten months.

An interesting and highly useful form of public charity in Madrid, and one, too, which might well be imitated in the large cities of the United States, is that under the direction of what are called the Deputations of the Barrios, or districts, into which the city is divided. Of these deputations, there are sixty-two, each one of which is composed of the alcalde, or justice of the district, a clergyman and other residents of respectable standing. Their business at first, was to attend in general to the relief of the wants of the poor, and the education of their children. Since 1816, how-

ever, they have been particularly charged with the duty of supplying the poor within their respective limits, who were sick, with medical attendance at their own houses, with necessary beds, food and clothing, and also with attending to the vaccination of their children. For effecting these objects, government supplies them with funds from various sources. In the year 1830, relief was thus given to 2,789 patients, of whom 2,655 were cured, and 134 died, which is less than four and a half per cent. of the whole, without counting seventy-eight who continued sick, and ninety, who were sent to the hospital. In addition to the above, there were 654 lying-in patients, of whom 649 recovered, and five died, making a loss of only about three fourths of one per cent. There were 658 infants born, of whom 631 lived, and twenty-seven died, making a loss of only four in a hundred. There were 1,486 infants vaccinated, of whom only seven, or less than one to two hundred died. The whole expense for medicine, attendance, food, clothing, and other necessities, was only 6,828 dollars, which equally divided among the 3,443 sick, and lying-in patients, makes less than two dollars to each individual. I have been thus minute in this matter, in order to show, not only the small expense of such a systematic charity, when well conducted, but also, how vastly more favorable in its results, especially in the case of infants, is relief thus afforded to the poor in their own houses, where they have the kind attentions of those in whom they confide, to that which they receive in hospitals, where, from the number of the patients, there must often be a neglect of their wants.

The Monte de Piedad, or Mount of Piety in Madrid, like other similar institutions in Europe, advances money to those who are in want, on deposits of jewels, and other articles of value. These are retained a year, and longer if desired, during which time the owner can redeem them, by paying the money advanced to him without interest; and when they are sold, he receives the whole excess of their price, above what has already been paid him. The extent of this business may be learned from the fact, that in 1831, relief was thus extended to 11,930 persons, to the amount of 92,184 dollars; and since its foundation in 1702, similar relief has been granted to 1,085,235 persons, to the amount of 9,004,539 dollars.

The School, or, as it is called, The Royal College, of the

Deaf and Dumb in Madrid, was founded in the year 1802, and has between thirty and forty pupils, more than half of whom are boys. They are taught to read and write, the use of the voice, grammar, arithmetic, the first principles of geometry, and drawing, and some of the boys are employed in printing. The French system of signs, founded on the works of the Abbés L'Epee and Sicard, is used, and the head teacher I found to be a very amiable man, and fully devoted to the good work in which he is engaged. He has also a few blind children under his care, and books with raised type, such as are used in teaching them to read. A census of the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, throughout Spain, is now being taken by order of the government, who have pledged themselves to support in this school, two of each class of these children of sorrow, from each of the forty-nine smaller provinces, or districts, into which the kingdom is divided. This will make near 200 in all, but as it has been found by census, both in Europe and America, that the proportion of the deaf and dumb is about one to every 2,000 of the whole population, and that the blind too, are quite as numerous, a partial relief only will be given, when we remember that there must at this ratio, be 10,000 or more, of both classes in Spain. It is an interesting fact, that the first effort to teach the deaf and dumb to speak of which we have any record, was made by Peter Ponce de Leon, a Spanish Benedictine monk, who died in the year 1584. Though he left no work on the subject, yet it is probable that we have the substance of his method, in a book by John Paul Bonet, Secretary to the Constable of Castile, which was printed at Madrid, in the year 1620. The Abbé L'Epee, who is the father of the French system of instruction, says that he learned Spanish, in order that he might read the work of Bonet.

The custom of burying bodies in churches, was abolished in Spain by a royal decree of Charles the Third, in the year 1787, on the ground that it was injurious to the public health; and at the same time, he ordered the construction of public cemeteries without the walls of the respective cities. Of these, Madrid has two general ones, and four belonging to particular religious communities. The outer, as well as the transverse walls of these cemeteries, are completely lined with rows of places for the dead, resembling ovens, and rising one above another, to the number of eight

or ten. The different bodies are separated from each other, by only a single tier of bricks, and the mouth of each niche is plastered up, and a small marble tablet placed upon it, bearing the name, age, &c., of the deceased. For the use of one of these niches, for four years, the sum of twenty-three dollars and twenty cents is paid, and at the end of that time, unless the lease is continued by a new payment, the bones are taken out and thrown into a large pit, which is used as a common receptacle for them. The poor, who cannot pay for a niche, are buried in open sepulchres in the ground, or thrown indiscriminately into large pits or vaults, like those in the Campo Santo, of Naples.

The practice still prevails extensively in Spain, of burying the dead clothed in the old, cast-off garments of the friars, as a means of securing for the soul a sure and certain admission into heaven. And indeed, it is not strange that the common people should be thus deluded, when, in addition to all the legends of the Franciscans and Dominicans on this subject, learned Popes, and among the rest no less a man than Benedict the Fourteenth, so late as the middle of the last century, have indorsed the old and current fiction, that, some hundred years ago, the Virgin Mary appeared to one Simon Stock, a general of the Carmelite order, and promised him that no person should be eternally lost, who should die clothed in the short mantle worn by the Carmelites, and called the scapular. As the friars used thus to make a clear gain of from four to six dollars on each of their old garments, it is not strange that they strove to perpetuate the imposition.

It was a cool, but pleasant morning, when, alone, and mounted on a mule, I sallied forth from Madrid, by the Gate of St. Vincent, and following the Manzanares, along the delightful promenade of the Florida, took my way to the Escorial. It is twenty-eight miles distant from Madrid, on the great northern road to Segovia, and my motive for taking an animal for which I had so little respect as a mule, was the possibility of meeting some of those gentry, who, in that same direction, asked charity of Señor Gil Blas, and enforced the claim by pointing a gun at him. In such a case a mule would be a much less temptation to them than a fine horse. Along the road were numerous parties of peasants, with poor little donkeys loaded with various articles for market, while here and there was a long train of mules, with tinkling bells, carrying bales of goods. There were also a large number of

carts, drawn by oxen, and laden with hewn stone, and other heavy articles. In some cases, were fifty or sixty of these teams together ; for in Spain, men move in crowds, not so much for the sake of company, as for mutual protection against robbers. Almost every one who is mounted, too, has a gun slung to his saddle, a fact rarely witnessed in Portugal, where the women do most of the marketing from the country ; and all that one sees gives an impression, that both life and property are there far more secure than in Spain.

The towers of the Escorial, elevated as it is, upon the side of the mountain, are in sight most of the way from Madrid. The main structure consists of a church, a convent, and palace, and owes its origin to a vow made by Philip the Second, in consequence of his victory over the French, at the battle of St. Quentin, in the year 1557. As this event took place on the day sacred to St. Lorenzo, and as that worthy was broiled to death on a gridiron, that instrument, inverted, was adopted as a model for the Escorial. A wing connected with the royal apartments, represents the handle ; the buildings which divide the court, are the bars ; and the towers which rise at the corners, are the legs of the gridiron. Its site is on the side of the Guadarrama mountains, and the lofty cliffs which overhang it, lessen the effect which its vast size and proportions would otherwise produce. The edifice is built almost entirely of hewn granite. Its length is 744 feet, breadth 580 feet, height to the cornice, 62 feet ; on the front corners are two towers, more than 200 feet high. The interior consists of three principal divisions. In the central is the main entrance, opening into the " Court of the Kings," which is 230 feet long, by 136 broad ; while beyond this is the church. On the right of this division, which occupies the whole diameter from east to west, are four small cloisters for monks, and one large one ; while on the left, connected with four small courts, are two colleges ; and adjoining the large court are the palace, and the small cloister attached to it, representing the handle of the gridiron. The Escorial was twenty-two years in building, and cost \$ 50,000,000. The vastness of the structure, its thick and massive walls, its compact arches, sustained by an immense number of huge columns, all of solid granite, and giving to the whole an air of firmness and durability, are scarce surpassed by the pyramids of Egypt, and seem to defy earthquakes and the ravages of time. The Escorial has 15 gates of entrance ; 63 running

fountains, and 13 which are not used; 12 cloisters; more than 80 stair-cases; 73 statues of bronze and other costly materials; (the statue of St. Lawrence, formerly there, weighing 450 pounds of silver, and 18 of gold, disappeared during the war with France;) 4 statues of marble; 6 colossal ones of granite, one of which is 15 feet high; an infinite number of bass reliefs; two libraries, with more than 24,000 volumes and 2,000 manuscripts, many of which are old and very valuable; 13 oratorios; 8 organs; 16 courts; 51 bells, of which 31 are so arranged as to chime; 14 porches; and more than 10,000 windows. The jewels and precious relics are numerous; and the domes, arched ceilings, and walls of the church, the spacious halls and cloisters are painted with splendid frescos, by the first artists of Spain and Italy. To these we may add the collection of paintings, one of the choicest and most valuable in Europe, consisting of 566 originals, by the first painters in the world, and 261 copies. Such is the Escorial and its contents, which the Spaniards call, and hardly with exaggeration, the eighth wonder of the world. The royal family and court spend part of the months of October and November here; and the convent is now occupied by about 80 Hieronomite monks. There were formerly 200 of them; and there are cells for two or three times that number. Their annual income was \$ 130,000, derived from lands, and from 36,000 merino sheep pastured at a distance, besides a flock of 1,200 kept in the vicinity, from which they supplied their table.

When I presented myself at the door of the Escorial, one of the servants called for Father Antonio, a monk, who waits on strangers, and shows them the wonders of the place. He is a tall, venerable looking man, about sixty years of age, with thin gray hair, an oblique cast to one eye, and an intelligent and peculiarly amiable and benevolent expression of countenance. His manners had an air of ease and kindness, which made one feel perfectly at home with him. He took me down a long stair-case, enclosed on each side and above with highly polished marble, to the Pantheon, or burial-place of the Spanish kings. It is a room of eight sides, is thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty-six high, from the pavement to the centre of the dome. Rows of shelves, or niches, extend round the walls, rising one above another, occupied by twenty-six richly carved coffins of porphyry, in the shape of a casket, and with feet, and a plate for inscription, on the front,

both of bronze. All but nine of these coffins are occupied by the remains of Spanish kings, beginning with the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and by such of the queens as have given birth to sovereigns. The pavement, walls, and arch above, are all of highly polished marble, jasper, and alabaster, richly ornamented with sculptured bronze, and other materials of a showy and tasteful kind. Beckford, speaking of this resting place of the dead, closes thus: "This graceful dome, covered with scrolls of the most delicate foliage, appeared to the eye of my imagination, more like a subterranean boudoir, prepared by some gallant young magician, for the reception of an enchanted and enchanting princess, than a temple consecrated to the king of terrors." In the vicinity of the Pantheon, is another apartment, where are the remains of some fifty or sixty children of kings of Spain. The deceased sovereigns of Portugal, and other members of the house of Braganza, the present reigning family, occupy a long narrow room beside the high altar of the convent church of St. Vincent.

The next morning, we examined more minutely the church. It is in the form of the Greek cross, and is 320 feet long, by 230 broad. Its height, from the pavement to the top of the noble dome, is 330 feet. The dome is supported by four lofty, gigantic columns, which are square, and more than twenty feet in diameter. There are four organs, and forty altars, besides numerous paintings, images, and other costly ornaments.

Of the numerous splendid paintings in the galleries of the Escorial, the Pearl of Raphael is the most celebrated. It once belonged to the royal family of England, and was sold by them, two or three centuries since, for 2,000 pounds sterling. It represents the Holy Family, consisting, as usual, of Joseph, Mary, John the Baptist, and Christ. In this case, the two latter are apparently four or five years old; and, to say nothing of the heavenly beauty of the Virgin, there is, in the face and eyes of that son of her love, as, with excited interest and affection he looks up to her, an expression of pure and radiant intelligence, scarce equalled by the most vivid scenes of real life.

Cambiaso, a celebrated Genoese painter, was living at the time the Escorial was built. Having formed a passionate attachment for his sister-in-law, as a dispensation from the Pope was necessary before he could marry one thus related

to him, he used all the influence he could command, to secure this favor, but in vain. At length he made a journey to Rome, with a view to press his suit in person. Such was his fame as an artist, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany came forth to meet him, with a royal retinue, and entertained him as his guest, when passing through his dominions. On reaching Rome, Cambiaso prostrated himself at the feet of the Pope, and with tears and earnest entreaty, besought a dispensation, but without effect. Soon after this, Philip the Second, of Spain, sent to Cambiaso, requesting him to come and adorn with frescos, the walls of the Escorial. The artist, knowing the great influence of that monarch with the Court of Rome, repaired to Spain, with the hope of so pleasing him as to secure his aid in effecting the object which lay so near his heart. One day, as the stern and gloomy sovereign was watching the splendid creations of the artist, he sketched the face of a young and beautiful female, and then, with a dash or two of his pencil, changed it, as if by magic, to a haggard and weeping old woman. So sudden was the transformation, that a smile of wonder and delight played upon the stern and rigid features of the king, when the artist, thinking that the long-sought moment had arrived, fell upon his knees, and earnestly besought of Philip to use his influence with the Pope, in favor of the cherished object of his life. The haughty monarch turned away in moody silence; and the artist, with blighted hopes and broken heart, the self-same day left for Genoa, where he entered a convent, and died there. In viewing his portrait afterwards, in the Royal Gallery at Florence, I fancied that his sad and trying history had deeply stamped its impress of woe upon his noble but gloomy and careworn countenance.

The Escorial was formerly quite rich in precious relics, but when the infidel French used its deserted halls for barracks, they showed but little respect for the treasures of the church. When Beckford was there, the monks showed him, among other things, an immense quill, or feather, some three or four feet long, said to have fallen from one of the wings of the angel Gabriel, when he came to announce the birth of Christ, to the shepherds of Bethlehem. It was laid on a silken cushion, richly perfumed, and was regarded with the highest veneration. How this feather reached the Escorial, and what has now become of it, I neglected to inquire. Such as I have here described it, is the Escorial, the palace-convent of Spain, — the eighth wonder of the world.

“A lofty pile, where bigot pride
And superstition, side by side,
O'er rugged hill and wasted plain,
In stern and solemn grandeur reign.”

In returning from the Escorial, I left the main road, with a view of reaching Madrid by a shorter route, but learned, to my cost, the truth of the old adage, “The furthest way around is the nearest way home.” After wandering through fields and villages for several hours, I found myself, at sundown, on the main road again, about four leagues from the city. There was no moon, and it had long been dark when I reached the *Peurta de Hierro*, or Gate of Iron, near a league from Madrid. I had hardly passed through the gate, when, suddenly, two coarsely clad vagabonds, whom I had seen hanging over a fire in the toll-house, as I passed, rushed upon me, bawling aloud in a noisy, angry manner. Not understanding their jargon, I told them I was English. This, however, only enraged them the more; and suspecting, from their manner, as well as from the hour and the place, that their object was robbery, I put spurs to my mule, and with my cane defended myself from the violent attempts made to stop and seize me. They first shouted for a gun, but as I was beyond its reach, the next cry was for a horse. Not apprehending further trouble, and hoping soon to reach the gates of the city, where were those who would protect me, I kept on my way for a mile or more, when a man on horseback rode hastily up, and asking no questions, drew a two-edged horseman's sword, and commenced cursing and beating me in a furious manner. This was no joke: and not choosing to be hacked to pieces in such style, I parried his sword with my cane, and then tried its virtues, with effect, on his head and shoulders. He tried his utmost to stab me, by making constant thrusts with his sword, but as he was not skilled in fencing, I easily parried his blows, until finding he could do nothing in front, coward-like he rode round me, and tried to reach my back. I then leaped upon the ground, where I could better turn to defend myself at all points. Just at this moment, he called upon two peasants who were passing, in the name of the queen, to assist him; whereupon one of them seized me, telling me at the same time, “He has force,” meaning that as he was armed, resistance would be useless. On this point, however, I held a different opinion, and so, freeing myself from his grasp, I again threw myself on my reserved rights.

The contest soon ended in their capturing my mule, with which they marched off, while I kept the field. When they had retired I walked into the city, and, calling on the owner of the mule, acquainted him with the facts. We mounted fleet horses, and set off in pursuit. On reaching the gate a noisy and furious wrangle took place between my companion and the toll-men, both parties yelling with rage and cursing each other in the genuine Spanish style. The toll-men evidently owed me no good-will, but brandished their knives and loudly threatened, but were careful to keep at a respectful distance. Having no taste for their eloquence, and no time to spare, I repaired to the house of a magistrate in the neighbourhood, who, after hearing my story and seeing my passport, sallied forth with me to put things to rights. But the toll-men, fearing they might get into trouble, had meantime delivered the mule to the owner, who paid them a few pesetas, and we forthwith returned to the city.

The origin of my trouble was this: As I had passed the day previous without being questioned, I was not aware that any toll was exacted, or that any cognizance was taken of persons who passed there after dark, as I afterwards learned to be the fact. On reporting the case in Madrid, I found that I could have the fellow turned out of his place if I wished it, but I did not press the matter. There was nothing in the case to warrant this brutal attempt to take my life just for an innocent mistake, and could I have seen him lashed up at the gangway of a ship of war, to take what sailor's call back rations or hemp-tea, there would have been some satisfaction in it. I have told this story to show the rash and passionate violence of Spaniards, and the little regard they have for human life. I might have been killed, and the murderers would have given their own account of the matter, and escaped punishment. Such, alas! is Spain, poor, ill-fated Spain, —

“ A land where peril hangs o'er human life,
From reckless anger and the robber's knife.”

On relating my adventure to Mr. M., our Secretary of Legation at Madrid, he said that he had come very near losing his life the same evening. Returning to his lodgings, in an upper story of a high building, he mistook another door for his own, and having knocked, the small grated door in the centre of the large one was opened. As he placed his face

so that the light might shine upon it, that thus he might be recognised and admitted, a sword was thrust quickly out, which passed through the hair near his temples, and all but grazed him. At length, however, the door was opened, and there stood a friend of his, a Spanish Count, with a servant; one armed with a gun, and the other with a sword, and both of them trembling like aspen leaves, supposing that robbers were at the door.

One of my amusements in Madrid was to attend the daily sittings of the Cortes. The procuradores, or members of the lower house, are chosen for three years by the people, and the new electoral law, proposed by the present ministry, gives one representative for every 50,000 inhabitants, and allows all to vote who pay taxes, though a larger amount of property is required for one to be eligible to office than to be merely an elector. The number of members at present is less than 200, and they meet in what was formerly the church "del Espiritu Santo," or "the Holy Spirit." It was set on fire in 1823, while the Duke of Angoulême and his staff were attending mass there, and they narrowly escaped perishing in the flames. It has since been rebuilt and handsomely furnished with curtains and canopies of crimson silk, and fine chandeliers. The members occupy long settees, with rich velvet cushions. They sit in rows behind each other, forming a semicircle, in the centre of which is the chair of the presiding officer. Those who wish to write sit at a row of desks in front of the chair, while members who address the house commonly stand in their places, though tribunes or pulpits, two or three feet high, are fixed in convenient situations, and can be used by such as may prefer them. The different galleries of the house appropriated to the various classes of spectators, were uniformly crowded, and they showed their anxiety to catch every word that was spoken, by frequent hissing, as they thus request silence when any noise is made which prevents their distinctly hearing what is said. There is no clapping or noisy applause, though strong excitement is at times evinced by a spiteful angry hiss, or a full and pregnant murmur of lively approbation. Both the members and the spectators lay aside their hats; there is little moving about, whispering, or inattention, and the decency, dignity, and self-respect of the honorable body, present a striking contrast to the noisy and clownish conduct so often witnessed in the House of Representatives at Washington.

Much interest is given to the public discussions by the fact, that the Queen's ministers attend and take part in them, and thus the collision between them and their champions on one side, and the leaders of the opposition on the other, is often extremely exciting. Mendizabal, though an able man, does not rank high as a public debater, and his speeches, being explanatory of his own plans and purposes as prime minister, labor under the necessary disadvantage of egotism. Count Toreno, who was the last prime minister but one, is a man of much learning, and has just completed a history of the war between France and Spain, which is published in five octavo volumes. Though wanting in eloquence and power of voice, he is still listened to with much attention, on account of his talents and political wisdom. Martinez de la Rosa, who, like most of the other prominent Liberals in the Cortes, has been an emigrant or exile from his country, is a man of much genius, and a popular author of poetry and plays. He is a spirited and eloquent debater, with much of the fire and brilliancy of warm poetic feeling, both in his language and manner of speaking. He has twice been prime minister; once in 1822, and again immediately preceding Mendizabal. Galiano, who is one of the leading writers for the "Revista Espaniola," (Spanish Review,) an able and independent paper, is styled "the Spanish Cicero." I heard him but once, and then he spoke with fluency, ardor, and elegance, and his action was appropriate and easy, without much that was either imposing or peculiarly dignified. But the most popular man in Spain is the Count de las Navas. His family name is Pizarro, and, if I mistake not, he represents the city of Cordova. He is a man of fortune, and when an emigrant was extremely liberal in supplying the wants of his fellow-exiles. He made himself peculiarly obnoxious to government during the last summer, by exciting and heading the rebellion of the southern provinces, which had for its object the removal of the ministry then in power, and the suppression of the convents. An attempt was made to apprehend him, but, more fortunate than his colleague Galiano, he escaped imprisonment. In company with a mutual friend I met him two or three times, and was much interested and amused with his appearance and character. He is not far from forty years of age, a little less than six feet high, has stiff black hair, which stands erect upon his head, a slender but compact and hardy form, features promi-

nent and striking, and, though somewhat rough-hewn in his appearance, yet his whole air and manner are those of a truly original, fearless, and independent man. Though a strong Liberal, yet he identifies himself with no party or faction, and, regardless alike of fear or favor, says, in a direct and pointed manner, whatever he wishes. In addition to good strong common sense he has a vein of native wit and humor, which, set off by his peculiar manner, often calls forth a peal of laughter when he speaks in the Cortes. There are those who accuse him of being a demagogue, — but, be this as it may, he is in every respect admirably fitted for a popular leader. I see by the late papers that he has recently made a speech against the monks at the Escorial, and another urging the government to dissolve finally and entirely all connexion between Spain and the Pope, on the ground that His Holiness is constantly issuing his bulls against them, and also refuses to sanction and confirm the bishops elected by the queen. To this the Minister of Grace and Justice, who is at the head of ecclesiastical matters, replied, that a distinction was made between the spiritual and temporal power of the Pope, — meaning, by this, that they now acknowledged his authority in religious matters only. The Court of Rome being itself both a civil and religious despotism, uniformly sides with Catholic kings and despots, in opposition to those of the same religion, who are disposed to consult the rights and liberties of the people. As recent instances of this policy we might refer to the manner in which the Pope has favored the interests of those precious champions of priestcraft and despotism, Don Miguel and Don Carlos. Thus, in the year 1833, the Pope undertook to pronounce null and void the laws of the present Portuguese government, and absolved the inhabitants of that country from all obligation to obey them. In the case of Spain, too, not only has he refused to confirm the bishops nominated by the queen, but has sanctioned as Archbishop of Toledo, and Primate of Spain, the Bishop of Leon, who was appointed by Don Carlos, and who has just been taken prisoner in France, having in his possession a large amount of funds, which he had been engaged in collecting for the use of the Carlist army. The Pope also went in person to his Secretary of State, a short time since, and requested him to resign, because he was opposed to offending France and England, by taking an active part in favor of Don Carlos. A Cardinal of different politics has been ap-

pointed in his place. These, and numerous other acts of the same class, have alienated the present Spanish government from the interests of His Holiness, and an intelligent priest of that nation remarked to me a few days since, that the reason why he and most of his brethren were in favor of Don Carlos was, that if the Queen's party succeeded, they now regarded it as certain that Spain would throw off all allegiance to the Pope, and the bishops elected by her Majesty would continue in office, in opposition to the papal power. Indeed, in point of fact, both Spain and Portugal, if not already Protestant countries, seem on the very eve of becoming so, in a greater degree than even France herself. By this I do not mean that there will not be numerous Catholic priests, but they will not be Papists: and, let temporal allegiance to the Court of Rome come to an end, and the connexion between church and state be so far dissolved as to make the support of religion wholly a voluntary matter, and remove all religious tests as qualifications for civil rights and offices, and let full religious toleration be enjoyed, and Spain will present one of the noblest fields for Christian effort that the world has ever known. The people are disposed to read and reflect, have ever had strong religious tendencies, are accustomed to deep and powerful excitement of feeling, and to risking their all, in persevering attachment to whatever cause of party, or of national interest, they have espoused. True, the great mass of the intelligent and reflecting have either lost their respect for the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic church, or have been forced into open or secret infidelity, by the manifest absurdities of the prevalent system of faith, as well as by the gross and notorious profligacy and vice, not only of the monks and friars, but also of a large proportion of the canons, and of the lower orders of the parish clergy. The very mention of a priest, or his entrance into a social circle, is almost uniformly a prelude to a sneer, and, from what I have learned from the most direct and authentic sources, of their frequent and gross profligacy of conduct, I wonder not that they are despised and scoffed at. The parish clergy have had more free intercourse with the people than the friars, and there are many who think them the more corrupt and vicious of the two, but this can hardly be possible. The emptying of the convents, and the bonds of fear removed from the people, which formerly served to conceal beneath the cloak of silence the vices

of the clergy, have led to many strange disclosures. The details of some of these cases, which have been related to me by Catholic gentlemen of high standing, who have the most full and direct evidence of facts, might be given, were it not that they relate to acts so abominably vile and indecent, that one can scarce revert to them in his thoughts, and much less think of making them public, without a feeling of deep and poignant shame for the corruption and wickedness of man. In looking over the list of what are called "reserved cases," that is, the grosser forms of sin, for which the bishops alone can give absolution, and which one often meets with written down and pasted on the interior of the confession-boxes, and seeing there recorded such crimes as incest, in its various forms, bestiality, and whatever else should condemn one to a prison or a gallows, and yet any or all of these freely forgiven on condition of some self-righteous penance, or of paying a priest to chant a given number of masses for the benefit of souls in purgatory, I have ceased to wonder at the demoralizing effects of the Catholic religion, and have also seen the necessity of the Inquisition, in order to stifle public opinion and free inquiry as to the impositions of the church and the vices of the priesthood. In that part of Spain where I have spent the last month, the common price of a mass is twenty cents, but the people are taught, that the more they pay above this sum the more influence the mass will have, in delivering souls from the pains of purgatory. In conversing with a young lady a few days since, she remarked that she had an excellent confessor, and that such another could not be found, for she had made a strict agreement with him that he should ask her no questions, and on no other conditions would she go to confession at all, for the priests were commonly very impudent where they did not fear to be so, — meaning by this, what one may easily satisfy himself to be true in Spain and Italy, namely, that the priests freely use the secret and confidential intercourse of the confessional, in seducing from the paths of virtue, and in gratifying their own licentiousness. Some time since there was presented me, from the library of a priest, a Latin work of near 600 pages, which has passed through several editions, the object of which is to prepare young men for acting as confessors, by solving all those questions which might arise in examining those who confess. Several medical men who have examined it, have freely ad-

mitted that in the lengthened minuteness of its details, and in the needless and offensive grossness with which it dwells on those acts and vices which ought not so much as to be named in common intercourse, there is nothing in *their* professional books that will at all compare with it. If the subjects there so fully discussed are matters of lawful, private, and confidential conversation between the priest and the female penitent, every facility is offered, at least as far as social intercourse is concerned, for any possible amount of seduction and vice.

The leading steps have been taken for abolishing all the nunneries in Spain, by breaking up those where the number of inmates is less than twenty, and giving permission to all other nuns freely to leave their convents. The next measure will probably be, as in the case of the convents of friars, to suppress them all, the government seizing upon their property, and they returning to their friends, and to the discharge of those social and domestic duties which both the laws of nature and of nature's God justly require of them. Nunneries were not, as many suppose, mere places of refuge for the poor, the friendless, and the distressed, but the inmates were required to bring with them wealth enough to furnish an income adequate to their support. In Spain the amount necessary for this purpose varied in different convents, from five or six hundred up to several thousand dollars.

Before any steps were taken for the suppression of the friars, or other bold and decisive measures of the present Spanish government, there were many wise and observing men, who sincerely desired an efficient reform, but who thought that the mass of the people were so wedded to these abuses, and were so far under the influence of the priests, that nothing could be safely attempted. Every advance that has been made, however, has clearly shown, that there was an entire mistake, as to fact, in supposing that the mass of the people were attached to the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic church. Indeed, so far was this from being true, that the people have taken the lead of the government, in the work of religious reform; and in the case of the friars, not content with driving them from their convents, they savagely murdered no small number of them, on the ground that they had ever been the active and efficient supporters of despotism, and the untiring enemies of civil and religious liberty, and the rights of man. It was, too, a well-known fact in the his-

tory of Spain, that the religion of Mahomet had been far more kind and tolerant in its character and influence, than that of the Romish Church, and that, while the system of the prophet of Mecca had prevailed, the country had greatly increased in wealth and population, and the arts and sciences had exceedingly flourished; but that when the Catholic faith again triumphed, with the Inquisition for her handmaid, she combined in herself the properties of a deadly incubus and a bloodthirsty vampire; at once paralyzing the energies and enterprise of the people, and sacrificing the lifeblood of the nation, on the altar of cold, savage, and relentless bigotry and superstition.

There seems to be a general impression, among liberal and intelligent men in Spain, who were formerly timid as to the work of reform, that, as far as the feelings of the people are concerned, there would now be no difficulty in dissolving all connexion between Spain and the Pope. A gentleman of this class told me a short time since, that a few days previous an old man from the country came to him, to ask his advice as to the marriage of his daughter, with a cousin of hers. Now as this was within those degrees of relationship which make it necessary to obtain a dispensation from the Pope, in order to make a marriage lawful, and, aside from the delay thus caused, the old man could not command the sum of one hundred dollars, which His Holiness charges for granting such favors; he therefore very naturally asked my friend, if he thought that Spain would have any future connexion with the Pope, and if not, whether it would not be safe for his daughter to marry without a dispensation. "They say," he added, "that the Pope is an impostor, but I have always believed in him, and do so now; still, if the government should say to-morrow, that we are no longer to believe in him, why then I should believe in him no more." Large numbers of such Catholics may be met with in Spain, who have no respect or reverence for the forms of the national church, except what is caused by fear of civil disadvantages, or of the pains and penalties of the law. Still, I have been surprised to find how many retain a deep and strong regard for religious worship and duties as a matter between man and his God; and they inquire, too, with the utmost eagerness, respecting all the minute details of Protestant faith and practice, and express their warmest approbation of them. Much of this feeling doubtless arises from selfish motives, for in a

church, where, with us, a single clergyman would perform all the necessary duties, they are often burdened with twenty or thirty who give but little instruction; while some of the large Cathedrals have several hundred clergymen, of different grades, connected with them. On the peculiarities of the Catholic and Protestant systems of faith, I have had much free, familiar, and pleasant discussion, with both the priests and the people. Some of the clergy seem to feel more deeply than those who hear them, the uselessness and absurdity of chanting Latin prayers, which they themselves scarcely understand. A priest speaking to me of this practice one day, very justly styled it "tonteria," that is, foolishness, or a piece of folly. Indeed, the infallibility of the Catholic church, and the blind and obstinate manner in which she adheres to all abuses, was the main cause of the Reformation in the time of Luther, and, if I mistake not, is the millstone about her neck, which is soon to sink her in the depths of ruin and disgrace. What seems wise and politic in one age, is the height of folly and madness in another, and any cause, which burdens itself with the errors and absurdities of past generations, and fondly clings to them, must, in the end, be overwhelmed and crushed beneath their weight. There was, for example, a semblance of wisdom in the decree of the Council of Toulouse in the thirteenth century, prohibiting the laity from possessing the Scriptures, on the ground that they were in danger of being led astray, by the use of heretical translations of the Bible. But no such apology can be urged for this oft-repeated prohibition, now that the Church can easily supply, in great abundance, such translations of the Scriptures as she herself might approve, and which supply, if she does not furnish it, will soon be effected by Protestants, with their translations.

The Catholic sermons, in Spain and Italy, are divided into two classes, — the moral, or such as treat of points of doctrine and duty, and the panegyrics, or eulogies on the saints. The latter class are by far the most numerous, and were formerly paid for in Spain by the civil authorities of the respective towns where they were delivered. The Virgin Mary, and her husband, St. Joseph, are each honored with seven or eight of these discourses, and so on with the other prominent saints in the calendar. Those which I have heard, consisted of declamations, on the wonderful virtues

and merits of these worthies, their great influence in obtaining from God the forgiveness of our sins; and hence was inferred their high and peculiar claims to our veneration, as intercessors for us at the throne of Heaven.

The image of the saint, arrayed in gorgeous robes, and decked with tinsel and finery, occupies a conspicuous place in the centre of the church, or on the high altar; and when the service is over, the assembly show their devotion, by crowding around it and whispering their prayers, often with tears in their eyes; they humbly kiss the hem of the idol's garments, or the ends of the ribands which hang from its neck, and raise up their little children in their arms, that they too may do the same. Were I to behold a Christian assembly worshipping their Maker with the same outward signs of sincerity and earnestness as is shown to these dumb idols, I should certainly think them very devout; and after having witnessed this veneration of the saints, he who tells me that it is not idolatry, spends his breath in vain; for both merchants and missionaries tell us, that the blindest votaries of African or Hindoo superstition, make as broad and definite distinctions between the senseless images before which they bow, and the deified heroes or other spiritual beings which these idols represent, as do the followers of the Virgin Mary, and the host of inferior saints. It is, too, a striking fact in this connexion, that the king of the Sandwich Islands, in a recent interview with a Commodore of our Navy, remarked, that the reason why he expelled the Jesuit missionaries from his dominions was, not from any intended persecution of them on the ground of their religious opinions, but because they violated the laws of his kingdom, against idolatry. A little observation, and a moderate share of common sense, is worth more, on a subject of this kind, than all the subtile logic and finespun reasoning in the world; and it would doubtless be difficult to make this monarch understand the precise difference between the reverence claimed by his Jesuit neighbours for the images of the saints, and that which he and his subjects formerly paid to those tawdry, savage, grinning and horrid looking idols which may now be seen in missionary and other museums of the United States.

A gentleman who has spent many years in the South of Italy, who is familiar with the language, and often attends the Catholic churches, gave me the following account of the preachers. The most decent and devout, are those who de-

liver the panegyrics on the saints. The second class are wild and raving fanatics, who rage, and shout, and sing, and scream, and use the most extravagant gestures and contortions of body, in order to work upon the passions of their hearers, and rouse them up to the highest pitch of excitement. He said that he once saw a preacher of this class, in one of the largest churches of Naples, who, among other extravagant tricks, hurled a cross which he held in his hands at the heads of his audience, as if to prostrate them in repentance, but it was secured to his arm by a cord, so that it did not reach those at whom it was aimed, and though they bowed themselves down to avoid it, they were, in the end, far more frightened than hurt. The third class of preachers are regular buffoons, of the lowest grade, who practice in the pulpit every species of vulgar wit, pantomime, and grimace, in order to excite in the audience the same indecent and boisterous laughter which is caused by similar exhibitions on the stage. As an instance of this, he said that he once heard a clerical buffoon of this class, preaching about the embassy of the Gibeonites to Joshua, and after a number of low jokes, as to the title by which they probably addressed the Jewish leader, he came to the verse which says, that they wore old shoes, and clouted on their feet. In order to elucidate this part of the subject, he had dressed out one of his own feet, in the manner described in the text, and having thrown it over the front of the pulpit so that all the audience might see it, and thus standing on one leg and hanging by the other, he proceeded, amidst immense applause, to comment at length, on this important matter. There was some years since, in Spain, a friar known by the name of Padre Diego de Cadiz, who was regarded as an inspired prophet. He travelled on foot through all parts of the kingdom, and such was the eloquence of his sermons, that large numbers of his hearers often proceeded on the spot, to scourge, and to beat themselves most violently, as a penance for their sins. How much good might such a man have effected, had he, instead of enjoining this self-righteous penance, directed his convicted hearers, in accordance with the Scripture, to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

When last in Naples, I purchased a large supply of Catholic tracts, many of which are in poetry, and have awful pictures of the day of judgment, purgatory, and other matters, with horrid looking devils thrusting pitch-forks through

the poor wretches, who have fallen into their power. One of the most curious tracts I have met with, however, is a letter from souls in purgatory, to those living on earth, asking for alms to be given to the priests, to hire them to chant masses for the benefit of the poor sufferers in those lower regions. A lucky invention, this, truly, and one too by which the clergy have doubtless profited not a little.

The same gentleman referred to above, repeatedly mentioned to me, and dwelt upon the fact as both important and perfectly notorious, that great efforts are making in Italy to diffuse Catholic religion in the United States, even to the neglect of its interests at home; and that every report of its success in our country is hailed with exultation, and widely published through the leading journals. I well remember that the first article, in the first number of the government paper at Naples, that I chanced to read, was an account of the success of the Catholic missions in the state of Michigan, setting forth, in flowing language, the visit of some priests to a Protestant settlement, and the wonderfully devout manner in which the people prostrated themselves before the host, and performed the other acts of pantomime, required by the "Only true Church." It is a well-known fact, that our whole country is regarded by Catholics as missionary ground, and that strenuous efforts are now making, to reclaim the great multitude of poor, blind, Protestant heretics there, and bring them back from the error of their ways. To say nothing of the famous Leopold Institution in Austria, which is charged with this special object, there is a single society in France, which, in 1828, appropriated \$120,000, to what they style, "The Mission in America." This was placed at the disposal of the respective bishops of Boston, New York, Baltimore, &c., in sums varying from 5,000, to \$30,000 each. From a regard to these facts, and from our views, as Protestants, of the prophecies in the Bible, which speak of the character, influence, and destiny of the Romish Church, have we not quite as strong and pressing reasons for exerting ourselves to enlighten and reform the Catholic nations of Europe, as they have to extend a kind and fostering hand to us? And while they are actually engaged in favoring us with a system of faith, which has almost uniformly been identified with popular ignorance, and with civil and religious despotism, shall we not repay them, by carrying into their own strongholds, that light and liberty, which arise

from a general knowledge of the pure and simple principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ?

The style and manner of public speakers in Spain are widely different from what is seen in our own country. They have rather the appearance of men engaged in dignified and spirited conversation, or in free and familiar discussion, than that air of stiff and formal speech-making, or of noisy and unnatural declamation, which are so prevalent among our public speakers. The gestures and action of the Spaniards are likewise peculiarly free, easy, and graceful. This general fact, as seen in the manners of both sexes, I attribute, in no small degree, to their religious training, to the frequent change of position in kneeling, and otherwise, required by the Catholic church, and the constant use of the arms in making the sign of the cross, and other acts of pantomime. It is much the same with the public speaker, as to gracefulness and ease in attitude and action, as it is with respect to a natural and proper modulation of the tones of the voice. A man may have a correct taste, and an ear so nicely accurate as easily to detect and point out the slightest error of tone, emphasis, or cadence, and still, from want of proper practice and training, he may not be able, when speaking in public, to deliver a single sentence with either accuracy or effect. In just the same way, a man may correctly criticize the gestures of another, while, from want of early and continual drilling in the use of his limbs, he may himself be as stiff and formal in his motions, as the arms of a windmill. If one may be permitted, in a case like the present, to refer to himself for illustration, I might state, that for many months after commencing the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and with a perfectly definite idea of the signs necessary to convey a given meaning, yet, from want of practice, so much were my elbows in the way, that there was but little ease and satisfaction in my efforts at pantomime. I hardly need say, that our own public speakers are commonly very deficient as to ease and nature, in both tone and gesture, though they often excel in a rough, unpolished energy, and impressiveness of manner and address. The Spaniards, far more than ourselves, attend to personal accomplishments, and, being at once a polite and dignified, as well as a social and excitable people, they greatly excel us, not only in gracefulness of manners, but also in ease and ability in conversation. The fact, that there are so few in our country who converse well, is doubtless a leading reason

why we have so small a number of good public speakers; as talents for these two classes of effort have an evident and intimate connexion with each other. Indeed, what is proper public speaking, so far, at least, as manner is concerned, but the use of the same natural tones and gestures which we use in dignified and animated conversation, and in free and familiar private discussion?

The Spanish language, by which I mean the pure Castilian, as distinguished from the various provincial dialects, has some peculiar advantages for use in public speaking. It is less verbose and effeminate than the Italian, more sonorous and dignified than the French, more polished and melodious than the English, and combines much of the vigorous and energetic expression of the pure old Latin, with that smoother and more mellifluous sound which arises from increasing the proportion of vowels used, and also from dropping the harsher consonants, or substituting for them those of a softer and more liquid cast. There are, moreover, just words enough of a Moorish or Arabic origin, to give to the stronger and more violent passions the advantage of a deep and powerful guttural intonation, which is truly awful; while, at the same time, the essential purity and unity of the language is preserved. Hence it is, that the language of common life, as far at least as words are concerned, is much the same with that required by the writer and the public speaker, so that the perplexity and embarrassment arising from the labor of selecting proper words, as well as the obscurity caused by using language which is not understood alike by the learned and the ignorant, are both avoided. True, there are some disadvantages in this, and there is to me an air of mock gravity, which is irresistibly ludicrous, in hearing the high sounding and dignified words of the Spanish tongue applied to the smallest objects, and to the slightest trifles, that ever occupy the mind. Even Don Quixote himself, when I read his adventures in English, was but a sad and melancholy specimen of insanity, over which the endless saws and proverbs of Sancho, and his clumsy, cross-legged wit and humor, could scarce cast a veil of pleasantry. In reading the same work in Spanish, however, the Don is by far the most ludicrous of the two, mainly from the fact of the striking contrast there is between the sonorous and grandiloquent language which he uses, and the silly conceits which fill his own head, and the contemptible feats to which he applies this language. Hence it is, that no translation of

Don Quixote can give any adequate idea of the peculiar wit of the original, for no other language has, in the same degree, that character to which this wit is owing. I have thus referred to this work, in order clearly to point out an important difference between the Spanish language and our own. The English language, being compounded mainly of Saxon and Latin, has therefore two perfectly distinct classes of words, which are used to express the same ideas. Of these, such as are derived from Saxon are the shorter and more energetic, and are commonly used in conversation; while words of Latin origin are longer, and more sonorous and dignified, and are employed mainly in writing, and in the conversation and public speaking of literary men. The writings of Dr. Johnson are among the higher specimens of Latin English, and of the same general character is Smollet's translation of Don Quixote. The translation of the same work by Jarvis, on the other hand, is Saxon English, and thus, while it gives to Sancho's witticisms their greatest point and pith, it fails in a greater degree than that of Smollet in imparting a proper degree of ludicrous grandiloquence to the high-flown speeches of the crack-brained Don. We have also a large class of low, vulgar words, expressive of the various acts connected with fights and quarrels, which were derived from the Danish language. This is owing to the fact, that during the Danish invasion, the old inhabitants of England were engaged in constant broils and contentions with their invaders, and hence a peculiar prominence was given to the class of words referred to above. Such are some of the causes which have given us a double language, one division of which is used in common life, and the other in the higher class of literary efforts. Hence, in public speaking, we are apt to assume a stiff, studied, and constrained air and manner, directly opposed to the easy, natural, and pleasing tones and action of dignified and spirited conversation.

No language can exceed the Spanish in its peculiar adaptation to express adoration, and the more elevated and sublime emotions of Christian devotion, but still I think it far inferior to the English in its power of giving utterance to feelings of deep humility, of heart-broken anguish and contrition, and other of the more intense and powerful actings of the human soul. The Spanish language may excel our own tongue when used for splendid declamation, or for elevated appeals to the passions; while we, on the other hand, have greatly the ad-

vantage in condensed and powerful reasoning, and in a bold and vigorous assault upon the intellect, or in arousing those deep-hidden feelings, which are the main spring of fearless and decided action.

The lines of party division in Spain, — from the fact, that they have almost uniformly been drawn during periods of civil commotion and bloodshed, when unwonted fierceness and cruelty have been given to the dark and malignant passions of the soul, — have always been strongly and deeply marked. A system of savage, and despotic religious bigotry, has also lent its untold horrors, and its hellish orgies, as if, in bold and daring defiance of the God of heaven, with proud and solemn mockery, to cast the veil of sanctity and forgiveness, alike over the deeds of the midnight assassin, and the more cold, reckless, and deliberate murders, of those whom the poet calls,

“Cowled demons of the Inquisitorial cell,
Far worse than common fiends from Heaven that fell,
The baser, ranker sprung, the vilest-born of Hell.”

Too often has it been true in Spain, that what has been misnamed “the religion of the Prince of Peace,” of Him, who said, “My kingdom is not of this world,” and that “They who take the sword shall perish by the sword,” — has been found not merely forgiving, but even in open alliance, both with

“Murder masked, and cloaked, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
And Public Murder! that, with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad,
To wring more tears, and blood, than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung.”

Thus the Catholic religion, uniting its power and its political influence with other causes of civil excitement, has often, in accordance with the prediction of Christ, caused “the brother to deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child; and the children to rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death.” Thus too have the tender and endearing charities of social and domestic life been sacrificed on the blood-stained altar of political strife, until a man’s deadliest and most bitter foes were those of his own household; and thus, also, in the savage malignity of these family feuds, has been sadly exemplified the truth of Solomon’s remark,

that "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle."

We cannot fully estimate the vast amount of influence which, for many successive centuries, has been exerted by the Catholic clergy in Spain, in favor of civil and religious despotism, by means of confessions alone. The rule has been, that any one who did not present to his or her parish priest a certificate of having confessed, and received absolution as often as once a year, could not partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and those who persisted in this neglect, first had their names posted up in the church as infamous contemners of religion, and then, if they did not yield, they were excommunicated. This last act not only deprived them of all their civil rights and privileges as citizens, and candidates for office and preferment, but they were also taught to believe, that it brought down upon them the vindictive wrath and blighting curse of Heaven, cutting them off from all blessings, and all hopes of favor, alike in this world and in that which is to come. Indeed, so tenacious are the clergy even now of this power, that when in company with two Catholic gentlemen at Gibraltar, a few weeks since, one of them informed me, that three of the priests connected with the church there, whenever a person came to them to confess, uniformly asked, as the first question, whether the penitent was a liberal or a Carlist, and if he admitted that he was a liberal, he was freely told that so long as he continued so, he could receive no absolution. Thus, though on British soil, and under British protection, these Catholics are told that the favor of Heaven depends on their political creed, as to the affairs of a foreign land.

The statements above account for the fact, that at the present time there is so much party and political bickering in the Cortes, and elsewhere throughout Spain, when all the friends of liberty and of human rights should unite their efforts in rooting out, as they easily might do, the last vestige of civil and religious despotism from the land. Hence, too, the bitter and disgraceful contests between the *Ins* and the *Outs*, the attempts to imprison and otherwise punish the opponents of an existing ministry, and the frequent banishments which there are, merely for opinion's sake; so that at Mahon, and elsewhere, one meets not only with distinguished Carlists, but also with officers of high rank in the army, sent into exile, and placed under the watchful care of the police,

for the crime of being "Exaltados," that is, strong liberals or radicals. Owing to the weakness caused by these unwise divisions, for more than a month, during the last summer, Madrid was under martial law, citizens were repeatedly shot down in the streets, and, as a member of the Cortes recently remarked, the influence of the Queen's government did not then extend further than one could see from the tower of one of the churches of the capital. On one occasion, too, 500 soldiers from the country, headed by a sergeant, took possession of the postoffice, at the Puerta del Sol, in the heart of the city; and, having kept it for a whole day, and shooting, if I remember right, the Captain-General of the Province and other individuals, they capitulated by special treaty in the evening, and were permitted to march out with the honors of war.

I have often thought that there are certain peculiarities in the construction of houses on the continent of Europe, which regard alike to the safety of human life, and the happiness which arises from the conscious security against the loss of property, the frightful alarms, and other more serious evils connected with the frequent and destructive fires which occur in our large cities, might make it well for us to imitate. Without entering into minute details, however, suffice it to say, that the walls of the houses, which are commonly of stone, covered with lime mortar, and painted, or more often whitewashed, are much thicker than ours, while the roofs are of earthen tile, or rarely slate, resting on a covering of thin slabs of stone, supported by wooden rafters, which are placed near each other. The flat tiles, or thin, large bricks, of which the floors are composed, rest on a support of wood and stone, like that of the roof; while the stairs, connecting the different stories, are of hewn stone, with a balustrade of iron. Thus, the only wood used in building a house is that already mentioned, together with the doors and window frames. To burn such houses, is, of course, almost impossible; and the security of life and property connected with them, presents a striking contrast to the condition, and the frequent fate of those huge tinder-boxes, which line the streets of large cities in the United States, and so often disturb, with appalling fear or serious danger, the midnight slumbers of thousands of their inhabitants, by the wide-spread and destructive bonfires for which they furnish such choice materials. In Europe, on the other hand, though the streets are

much narrower, and the cities are far more compactly built, than with us, yet such a thing as a destructive fire is scarcely known. As an evidence of this, and also as an example of the utility and great security there is in the plan of mutual insurance, we may refer to the case of Madrid. By mutual insurance, I mean the placing in pledge, all the property which each one has insured, as liable to be levied upon, in order to make up losses by fire, sustained by any others of the same association. A society of this kind was organized in Madrid, in 1822, with two directors, a book-keeper or clerk, a treasurer, a secretary, and one who has charge of the books and papers. All these are elected annually by the society, and receive no compensation. Of the 8,000 houses in the city, 5,037 are insured, including various royal establishments, churches, the houses of the nobility, convents, and corporations of all classes. The society has its engineers, pumps, assistants, &c., for extinguishing fires. The amount of property entered, which stands pledged as security against losses, is \$39,616,997. Each man, when his property is entered, pays two and a half cents on every hundred dollars of the amount for which it is insured; which tax goes to the fund kept on hand for the immediate payment of any losses sustained, as well as for the current expenses of the society. In ten years there have been four instalments paid, which have amounted, in all, to six cents and one fourth on each one hundred dollars of the capital; or little more than half a cent each year on every hundred dollars insured. Thus, by paying five or six cents a year, on every thousand dollars' worth of property insured, a man may have full and certain security against all losses by fire. I have been thus minute on this subject, on account of the losses recently sustained in New York, by the insolvency of the Fire Insurance companies; and also because one of our largest cities has been maturing a plan for making the city corporation itself responsible for all losses by fire, which might occur there; and at the same time securing, as city funds, such profits as might arise on a fair rate of general insurance. The plan of mutual insurance in the United States, as far as my own knowledge extends, has been mostly confined to towns or counties in the country, and hence it may be both interesting and useful to know, as in the case above, what have been its results as applied to a large and populous city.

CHAPTER XII.

ARANJUEZ, TOLEDO, AND CORDOVA.

Leave Madrid. — Diligences. — Aranjuez. — The Palace. — Gardens. — The Town. — Grist-Mill. — Ride to Toledo. — Reflections. — History. — Jews. — Moors. — The Inquisition. — Foundling Hospital. — Celibacy of the Clergy. — Clerical Friends. — Toledo Blades. — Serving two Masters. — Watch of the Passion. — Cathedral. — Treasures. — Mozarabic Liturgy. — Priests and Churches. — Walk to Ocania. — Travelling Companions. — Robbery. — Our Loss. — Relics. — Appearance of our Party. — Pocket Testament. — Posada. — Affidavits. — Robbers and Magistrates. — Poverty. — Pity from Beggars. — Change of Climate. — Mountains. — Poetry. — Baylen. — Horses. — Pelistes. — Cordova. — Mahometanism. — Jews. — Fanaticism. — Martyrs. — Mosque of Cordova. — Carmona. — Its Capture.

HAD previous engagements admitted, many months might have been spent in Madrid, with both pleasure and profit to myself; not so much in visiting the curiosities of the city, for those I had mostly seen, as in studying the character and habits of a people, to me by far the most interesting of any in Europe. There is, perhaps, no nation on earth which has so many and so strongly marked provincial peculiarities of dress, language, manners, and personal appearance, as the Spanish; and no capital, where all the varied traits of national character and customs are so fully and strikingly represented, as in Madrid. When the time of departure came, however, bidding my friends a hurried farewell, and chasing my passport through the various offices, where a jealous and warlike government required that it should be examined and signed, I took a seat in the diligence, early one morning, for the town and palace of Aranjuez. The carriages on this, and most of the large roads in Spain, are far different from the crazy, amphibious old vehicle in which I travelled from Badajoz to Madrid. They are exact copies of the French diligences, with three distinct compartments, besides the seat for the driver, in front. Directly in the rear of the driver, is a seat for three, who face forwards, and have sliding windows of glass in front and on each side of them. As those who occupy this place have a better view of the country than those further aft, and in dry weather are less exposed to dust, a higher price is charged for their seats. Next to this comes

the interior, or middle division, with seats for six persons, half of whom ride backwards, and the only places for looking out, are on each side. Last of all is the third apartment, which has also seats for six, and is entered by a door in the rear, like an omnibus. These last seats commonly cost about two-thirds, and those of the interior, three-fourths or more, of what is charged for those in front. I greatly prefer the middle seats, however, as in the winter they are more defended from cold than the others; and they are also usually occupied by the more substantial and intelligent class of travellers; while in the rear are the poorer class of people and soldiers, not always clad in the neatest manner, and from whom but little can be learned. In front, on the other hand, one frequently meets with those who are disposed to be exclusive, and have much more gentility than brains. These diligences are drawn by eight or ten mules, sometimes harnessed three or four abreast; and besides these, there are often two or three horses in front, as leaders. In one case, in the South of Spain, where the road was very bad, we were drawn by seventeen horses and mules, mounted by six or eight half-crazy post boys, who, with their shouting, cracking their whips, and the noisy dashing of the animals and vehicle through the mud, made a real moving Bedlam.

The first six leagues after leaving Madrid, we were rapidly hurried over a straight, level road, with but little around to interest us. Then we began to descend into the beautiful and romantic vale of Aranjuez, the chosen abode of royalty, where the waters of the Golden Tagus at once soothe the ear by their delightful murmurs, and give to a thousand trees and plants a rank, luxuriant, and glowing fertility, worthy of an earthly paradise, and scarce surpassed in native richness and splendor by the highest conceptions of poetry or fiction. The palace of Aranjuez, the extensive and beautiful gardens, and the long avenues of lofty trees around it, occupy the centre of a valley or basin, enclosed by gentle hills; and both nature and art have conspired to make it one of the most delightful summer residences in the world. It was selected, and the palace was commenced, by that brilliant, but singular monarch, the Emperor Charles the Fifth; the traces of whose taste and power, and wide-spread and splendid conquests, are more often met with in Europe and the North of Africa, than those of any other individual who has ever lived, if we except, perhaps, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The town of Aranjuez is built after the model of those in Holland, an idea originating with the Marquis Grimaldi, after his return from an embassy to that country. The streets are broad and straight, some of them with rows of trees in the middle, while the houses are low and painted. The population is 4,022, but owing to the fact that the royal family, and the numerous court which attend them, reside there from April to July or August of each year, there are houses sufficient to accommodate 20,000 persons. There are also fondas, or hotels, coffee-houses, a theatre, an amphitheatre for bull-fights, and a sort of mimic navy, or fleet, in which the royal family take pleasure excursions upon the Tagus; while in the vicinity are pleasant grounds for riding and walking, as well as facilities and inducements for fishing and hunting. But what reminded me most of home was, a genuine grist-mill, with six or eight run of stones, turned by the waters of the Tagus, and closely resembling those which are met with on every wild and noisy mountain stream throughout New England. This was the first structure of the kind that I had seen in my travels abroad, — the Spaniards, with their pertinacious adherence to old customs, uniformly employing those tall, long-armed giants of Don Quixote, the windmills. The mystery was solved, however, by learning that it was built and conducted by an Englishman, who kept the posada where I stopped.

The principal charms of Aranjuez, however, are its extensive and beautiful gardens, through which the Tagus winds its fertilizing way, giving to the numerous and lofty fruit and forest trees, and the thousand various kinds of flowering shrubs and plants, — the natives of every clime on earth, — a peculiarly rich and luxuriant growth, and the deepest and most splendid hues. Of these gardens, that of "La Isla," or the Island, is enclosed on one side by the Tagus, which flows in a gently murmuring cascade, beneath the windows of the palace, and on the other by a canal, neatly walled, and with an iron railing along its banks; while in every direction are statues, tasteful summer houses, fountains, and various other ornaments, all of which unite in forming a truly elegant and delightful retreat. Not less rich and varied are the beauties of the garden, called that of the Principe, or Prince, while the luxuriance of its vegetation, the size and height of its forest, fruit, and shade trees, and the variety of exotic plants from every quarter of the globe, can hardly be surpassed. To

these charms we may add the music of multitudes of feathered songsters, which, during most of the year, find a quiet and pleasant retreat among the numerous trees and plants which flourish there. This garden is more than three and a half miles in circumference, and was commenced by Charles the Fourth, when Prince of Asturias. Taken in connexion with the elegant palace adjoining, called Casa del Labrador, it forms almost the only bright memorial of the reign and character of that weak and dissolute monarch.

My plan was to go from Aranjuez to Toledo, a city which I was peculiarly anxious to visit, as well from its being the religious capital, and the residence of the Primate of Spain, as from its great antiquity, its romantic situation, and its high historic interest, as having been, for a long succession of centuries, alternately the stronghold of Roman, Christian, and Moslem power, and alike the prize and the reward of many a brilliant and chivalrous contest. As the distance from Aranjuez was twenty-eight miles, and a private conveyance was necessary, my first object was to secure one. The man who had charge of the post-horses told me, that he could not accommodate me without orders from head-quarters, so that my only resort was to strike a bargain with a certain gruff and consequential blacksmith, who kept a lame and sorry apology for a livery stable. As most of the male population in Spain are now soldiers, and wear their martial garb, I found the dignitary in question, with his military coat and cap on, busily engaged in making horse nails. His stock in trade consisted of one decent horse, which, as he rode him himself, on parade, he would not lease on any terms, — one wretched little pony, scarce larger than a calf, with its back looking as if a wolf had made its supper from it, — and a great, vicious white mule, the largest animal of the kind I have ever seen, with a body like an elephant, and a long slender neck, not unlike that of a camel. Aside from the positive cruelty of riding the pony, with its back in such a state, his size was such that I feared, lest those I should meet might tell me that I ought, like the old man in the fable, to carry the animal instead of his carrying me. For the mule, harnessed in an old two-wheeled vehicle, and a boy to drive, he charged enough to pay for a coach and six; so that finally I agreed to ride the mule, paying him for it two or three times the value of the service required. He then wished some bondsman for the safe return of the animal, which he modestly

valued at \$256, or only five or six times its real worth. He was glad to let it go, however, on my leaving in pledge, with the keeper of the posada, a letter of credit on my bankers in Madrid, for \$100. But, before arrangements were fully made, it wanted but two or three hours of sunset; and as in Spain men rarely venture abroad after nightfall, for fear of robbers, I was scarce able to prevail on him to let the animal go that day. At length, however, the mule was equipped with an old patched-up saddle, and a rope-halter round the nose, by which to guide him. But on attempting to mount, he kicked and squealed, and setting off at a full trot for his stable, some two or three squares distant, he dragged the owner and his boy, who clung to the halter, rapidly along, until sick of the game they let go, and in high dudgeon followed on, fully bent on vengeance, and feeling as John Gilpin did, when he said to his horse that had run away with him, — " 'T was for your pleasure you came here; for mine you shall go back." After a severe contest, however, by putting on a powerful curbed bridle, the victory was finally gained, and I found myself swinging along through the air at a rapid rate on my way to Toledo.

The road from Aranjuez to Toledo lies along the valley of the Tagus, but rarely approaches near its banks. The country, which is free from trees, presents here and there a single house for the accommodation of travellers, and some few fields which are tilled, but most of it is occupied only by wandering flocks of sheep, under the care of shepherds, and their large and faithful dogs. Towards night they were collected together in folds made of hurdles, supported by cords, which were fastened to stakes driven in the ground, while their keepers sought repose in little hovels, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and covered with turf or thatched. After it was dark, the watchful dogs would come running across the fields, at a distance of half a mile from the folds, and pursue me, fiercely barking, until tired of the chase, when they returned again to their duty. Trusting as much to the sagacity of my mule, as to my own judgment in selecting the right path, among the variety of them which crossed the country, I at length arrived within sight of the lights, which marked the summit of the rude and lofty rock on which Toledo stands. The night was dark indeed, and I had no companion to cheer the loneliness of the way. Still, when travelling in such a region, if one be at all familiar with the history of the past,

he may deeply feel the truth of the remark, that in certain frames of mind we are never less alone than when alone; for, though in the midst of a crowded city, one may move in solitude among thousands, feeling himself to be but a solitary and disconnected drop in the great ocean of existence around him, yet, when his situation is changed, and when wandering over wide-spread and desolate plains, or lonely and trackless deserts, where the fate of mighty empires has been decided, and liberty, learning, and the arts have flourished and decayed, the mind, then turned in upon its own resources, as if endowed with creative power, causes to appear and pass in brilliant perspective before it, the richly varied scenes, the noble achievements, the splendid pageants, and the dazzling glory of ages and generations long gone by. Even the darkness of night itself, by severing the union between the mind and surrounding nature, may lead one to draw forth, from the storehouse of memory and imagination, means of amusement far more vivid and exciting than any which the wildest and most beautiful scenery could possibly produce. Thus, in connexion with such a place as Toledo, and the region around, how naturally does the mind revert to the numerous eventful epochs of its history, from the earliest ages down to the present time. With what feelings of delightful excitement does one visit places of historic interest, which for years have been the subjects of his daily studies and his nightly dreams, and around which the mind has cast a kind of magic interest, by combining in a single splendid panorama, all the brilliant scenery and events with which either fancy or fact have graced or adorned the successive epochs of the past existence of those nations which have there flourished and decayed.

Thus the very mention of Toledo, and more than all, a near approach to that ancient and time-honored city, naturally carried back the mind to the period when its central situation as to the Spanish peninsula, the natural strength of the lofty rock on which it stands, almost surrounded as it is by the waters of the Tagus, foaming and chafing themselves in their deep rocky bed below, together with the wide-spread fertile plains around, led to its selection as a favored place of residence, and finally to its becoming for centuries the chosen capital of a long succession of kings and conquerors, of various and widely different tribes and nations. Without dwelling, however, upon that statement of early his-

tory, by which it is claimed that Toledo was founded by the Jews, who, in the time of Nebuchadnezzar, followed the conquests of that monarch, when he came to chastise the Phœnicians of Spain, for the aid which they had given Tyre, when he besieged that city, we know that Hannibal, and after him the Romans, captured Toledo, and the latter made it the capital of Carpitania. In the year 550, however, after Spain had been overrun and laid waste by the Huns, the Vandals, the Alans, the Suevi, and the Goths, led by such men as Alaric and Attila, known by the title of "The Scourge of God," Athanagild, the Gothic king, who had risen to the throne by the aid of the Emperor Justinian, fixed upon Toledo as his capital, which honor it retained under his successors, until the invasion of the Saracens under Taric, in the beginning of the eighth century. And here I scarcely need allude to the splendors of the court of Don Roderic, the last of the Goths, the foul disgrace inflicted on the daughter of Count Julian, the ablest of his generals, the consequent defection of the injured chieftain from the cause of his king and country, the aid which he gave the Arabs in their conquest of Spain, thus, for the crime of his former monarch, wreaking his deep and bitter vengeance on his native land, — the hard-fought and decisive battle of Xerez, the rapid capture of the towns of Southern Spain, the mustering of the hosts of the Saracens before the lofty walls and turrets of Toledo, the secret treachery of the Jews, who, in revenge for the wrongs and oppression which they suffered at the hands of their Christian masters, admitted the enemy into the city by night, — the splendid spoils that were found there, and the wealth and brilliant prosperity which followed this hasty conquest. These, and numerous other topics connected with the many romantic legends of the conquest of Spain, our countryman, Irving, has so invested with the magic charms of his pure, chaste, graceful, and polished style of narration, that it were almost sacrilege for any other hand to touch them.

Toledo was the capital of a succession of Arab kings, until 1085, when it was captured by Alfonso the Sixth, king of Castile, who made it the see of an Archbishop, to which he attached the primacy over the whole Christian church in Spain, — a distinction which she has continued to retain from that time until the present. During the rule of the Saracens Spain enjoyed unexampled wealth and prosperity,

owing to the fact, that religious toleration was enjoyed, thus uniting the efforts and the energies of all classes of citizens, for the promotion of the public good, while, at the same time, many useful improvements, both in agriculture and the arts, were introduced by the eastern invaders. The tribute exacted by the conquerors was light, and thus, with the shrewd and enterprising Jews for merchants, and the Arabs, and the ancient Spaniards to devote themselves to agriculture and the useful arts, the southern and central parts of Spain assumed an appearance of wealth and of fertile productions, such as have been known in no other period of their history. It was, too, the golden age alike of Jewish and Arabic literature. Not only were splendid public schools and libraries founded, where literature and science flourished to a degree then unknown in any other country of Europe, but Euclid and other scientific works were translated into Hebrew, — the Talmud, with its wild and beautiful fictions, so well adapted to the oriental tastes of the Saracens, exchanged its Chaldee for an Arabic dress, and the harps of Judah, which centuries before had been hung upon the willows, while by the rivers of Babylon their captive owners had sat themselves down and wept, were now in gladness of heart again resumed, and the songs of Zion, clothed with the measured melody of Arab verse, were heard sweetly to echo amid the fertile plains and the rude and classic mountains of Spain.

But when Alfonso the Sixth attacked and subdued Toledo, the very city which had furnished him with a safe retreat, when fleeing for his life, and the crescent waned before the rising power of the cross, another and far different state of things succeeded. The cruel edicts, and the bloody scenes enacted by the successive councils of Toledo, before the invasion of the Moors, by which the Jews and all who favored them were subjected to stripes, imprisonment, fines, banishment, or death, were again revived, and the Moors and their abettors were pursued by a like savage and relentless persecution, until both of these classes of citizens, by far the most industrious and useful in Spain, were driven forth from their native land by the fires and fagots, the scourge and the rack, and those other instruments of torture, with which Catholic bigotry had armed that child of hell, misnamed the *Holy Inquisition*. Suffice it here to say that in Toledo alone, during the short space of seven years, this tribunal condemned and punished 6,341 persons, while in all Spain, during the eighteen

years which Torquemada was Grand Inquisitor, he consigned to the flames 10,220 victims; 6,860 were burnt in effigy after their death, or in their absence, and 97,321 suffered the punishment of infamy, of confiscation of their property, of perpetual imprisonment, and exclusion from all office and places of honor. Thus 114,401 families were doomed to lasting and ir retrievable infamy and ruin, to say nothing of the wide-spread circle of friends and connexions, who were more or less affected by the sufferings of these unhappy victims of more than savage cruelty. And yet all this was for the crime of being rich, or because they worshipped God according to the dictates of their own consciences, or because some unknown informer chose to make them the victims of his secret and malignant hate.

The evening was far advanced, when, crossing the bridge, far below which the Tagus took its noisy course among the rocks, I was stopped at the gates of Toledo, by the soldiers who were just then closing them for the night, but who, on hearing my story, permitted me to pass. After winding my way along the steep and narrow streets, at length I found an inn, where I was soon at home, and surrounded by a curious and motley group of inmates, and visitants, all anxious to learn my history, and wondering at my rashness in travelling by night, and alone, through a desolate and unprotected tract of country. And to tell the truth, my dangerous adventure when returning from the Escorial, and the frequent warnings of my friends in Madrid and elsewhere, ought, perhaps, to have taught me wisdom; still, as it is a general fact that people do not travel by night in Spain, and there is therefore no inducement for robbers to venture abroad, I have thought that it might be safer to be upon the road then, than during the day.

Early on the morning after my arrival, I sallied forth to see the wonders of the place. One of the first buildings that I entered, had evidently been a convent. It was a vast, antique looking structure, half Moorish, and half Gothic in its style, and centuries ago it had, doubtless, no small claims to richness and magnificence. As I strolled about alone, through the spacious court and cloisters, and the long and lofty chapel of what seemed to be a retreat, of sad and hopeless celibacy, how great was my surprise at distinctly hearing, that most appalling and discordant of all sounds in the gamut of household melody,—the squalling of an infant.

The mystery was soon solved, however, by meeting an old woman, with twenty or thirty little girls following her, with their tangled locks standing out towards all points of the compass. She told me that the place was a foundling hospital; a strange appendage, truly, to a city so small as Toledo now is, and peopled for so long a time, mainly by priests, monks, and nuns, all bound by solemn vows to lives of chastity and celibacy. Townsend, who travelled in Spain near the close of the last century, and who was intimately acquainted with all ranks of the clergy, from the Archbishops of Seville and Toledo, down, found no one except the latter prelate, who defended the celibacy of the clergy. He speaks favorably of the morals of the bishops, but says that the canons, and lower clergy, were very profligate. The more strict of the bishops would not permit the clergy of their respective dioceses, to keep their illegitimate children in their houses, and, being thus turned out upon the world, with disgrace for their only legacy, they often grew up in misery and crime, instead of becoming, as under a happier order of things they might have done, useful and virtuous members of society. I have uniformly found that the Catholic priests abroad, speak of the prohibition of marriage, as a grievous matter to them; as comparatively a modern innovation in the church, and a yoke from which they would gladly be freed.

I had letters of introduction to some of the dignitaries of the church of Toledo, kindly furnished me by an aged priest in Madrid, — a very social, pleasant, and intelligent man, but of strong political prejudices and feelings. I had helped him discuss, among other good things, a box of choice cakes and confectionery, which was part of an annual present made him by a convent of nuns in one of the provincial towns of Spain, where he had officiated in his early days, and was deservedly popular. He hated Napoleon Bonaparte most devoutly, and refused the offers of the Abbé De Pradt, to introduce him to the Emperor when he was in Madrid. Still, he was very friendly to the Americans, and had been intimate with many of our ministers, and other diplomatic agents at the court of Spain, for a long succession of years. One of the canons of the cathedral to whom I was thus introduced, was a mild, worthy old gentleman, of fine literary taste, and a great admirer of Metastasio and other Italian poets. Though he had been confined to his room for two or three years by the infirmities of age, he was still cheerful, and spoke with

pleasure of the different American travellers who had called upon him, but remarked that they were always in great haste, in the business of sightseeing. Indeed, moving as Yankees commonly do, upon the high-pressure principle, they utterly astonish the people of the old and quiet nations of Europe. An English gentleman told me a few days since, that he had then just parted with two young Americans, in the South of Italy, who were making a thorough tour of Europe, seeing every thing, and crossing it by two different routes, and yet, when they first arrived in England, they engaged their passage home in a given packet, expecting to reach New York on their return, just seven months from the time they first left it.

In the valley of the Tagus, about a mile from the gates of Toledo, is the large Royal Manufactory, where the famous Toledo blades for swords, are made. They are often mentioned, both in history and romance, and such is their elasticity and temper, that a man may safely bend one round his body, until both ends meet, and when released, it suddenly regains its former straightness. This has been attributed to the peculiar properties of the waters of the Tagus, by the aid of which they are tempered; as, during the French invasion, the workmen, with the same materials, were unable to make weapons of similar perfection, when removed to the southern parts of Spain. It was the festival of the "Three Kings," as the Catholics call them, (in other words, of the three wise men from the East, who came to worship Christ at the time of his birth,) when I was at this manufactory, so that I did not see the laborers at work. The building which they occupy has a new, fresh appearance, and is in the form of a convent, with a large open court in the middle. A guard of soldiers was stationed on one side of the main entrance, and on the other was a neat chapel, in which a priest was performing mass. In addition to the soldiers and other inmates, there were several peasants present, who had brought with them articles for market. Among these last, was a ragged fellow with half a dozen chickens, all picked and ready for cooking; and, as he wished to say his prayers, he placed his chickens just without the door of the chapel, so that he could keep one eye fixed upon them, and at the same time unite in the devotions going on within. Thus, like many a greater man, who, while he joins in form the public worship of his Maker, has his heart upon his splendid equipage without, or upon

his ships, his store-houses, or his barns, he tried to serve at once, both God and Mammon. But soon, alas, the scales were turned in favor of the world, for a hungry cur, seeing the chickens thus unguarded, made a deadly plunge at them; but no sooner had he done so, than the owner, full of wrath, darted fiercely at the dog, and gave him such a beating that he was glad to make a quick retreat, leaving his spoil behind. Then, in a trice, he was again upon his knees, intent upon the altar and the priest, and closely watching, too, his property without. It was indeed a small affair, but then, it showed so well the way in which men often try to serve at once their Maker and the world, thus vainly thinking to deceive Him, with mere heartless forms of worship, that it has remained impressed upon my mind until the present time.

In returning to the city, I visited another spacious building, just without the walls, which was once a convent, but is now a hospital and barracks. On one of the doors, I noticed what was called — “The watch of the passion” (or sufferings) “of Jesus Christ.” It was a coarse engraving of the face, or dial of a watch, and opposite to each of the twelve hours, there was printed the particular event connected with the arrest, trial, or crucifixion of our Saviour, which it was claimed then took place. For example, at one hour, Judas betrayed, at another, Peter denied him, and at another still, he sunk beneath the cross. For devoutly fixing the mind upon each one of these twelve events in succession, the Archbishop of Toledo granted forty days’ indulgence, that is, freedom for that length of time from the penalty due for one’s sins. I saw in Toledo also, and indeed in all parts of Spain, those little engravings of the cross which are claimed to have checked or averted the plague, or other forms of contagious disease in various places, since its first invention, by the council of Trent. They were sold at a good price by the priests, and placed upon the outside of the doors and windows of each house, in order to keep out the cholera. For this devout and meritorious act, from 40 to 120 days, indulgence, or freedom from the pains of purgatory, is granted by the different archbishops and bishops in various parts of Spain.

I visited some of the older convents, interesting either from their connexion with important historical events, or their antique and romantic Moorish or Gothic architecture. The extensive buildings of the far-famed Inquisition of To-

ledo, also claimed a hasty inspection. They are now used for courts of justice, and for the various public offices of government, and of the city police. With singular propriety, the whole external walls are painted of the color of blood; and surely, this engine of hell has murdered innocent victims enough to have furnished blood sufficient to have painted, if not have filled to overflowing, the walls of this spacious edifice.

The cathedral of Toledo is a truly noble and venerable structure, and the most imposing specimen of the Gothic style, that I have ever seen; while at the same time, an air of graceful elegance is given to its rude and massive grandeur, by a mixture of the slender turrets, and other numerous ornaments of the Moorish school of architecture. There was a church where the cathedral now is, as early as the sixth century, which was used as a mosque while the Moors were in power, and during the thirteenth century, the present structure, which is much larger than the original one, was built. The central nave is 160 feet high, and, with four others which are parallel to it, occupies the whole area of the cathedral, which is 400 feet long and 200 broad. The roof is supported by eighty-four large Gothic columns, which are ranged in four parallel rows. Like many of the largest cathedrals of Europe, however, it has a high and spacious enclosure for the choir in the centre, which greatly lessens the effect which would be produced by a single and unbroken view of its vast and lofty proportions, and its noble and imposing grandeur.

The treasures of this cathedral are extremely rich. The custodia, on which the Lord's Supper is exhibited, weighs 583 pounds of silver and gold, and, aside from the precious stones with which it is covered, it has in the centre, a shrine of gold, weighing fifty pounds. The whole is in the form of a Gothic tower, and is covered with highly wrought and elegant fretwork. There is also a splendid robe, or wrapper, worn by the image of the Virgin Mary, when, on particular holydays, with an infant of solid gold in her arms, which is adorned with 800 jewels, she is borne through the streets of Toledo, mounted on a silver throne, weighing more than half a ton. Her robe is of satin, but completely covered with pearls and every variety of precious stones. Adjoining the cathedral is a spacious square court, surrounded by a cloister and a row of pillars, and having in the centre a fine

garden with a variety of flowering shrubs and plants, as also orange and other kinds of fruit trees. The same fact is often witnessed in Spain, and is said to owe its origin to the Moors, who are accustomed to have, in connexion with their mosques, beautiful gardens adorned with fountains, where they may refresh themselves and perform the numerous ablutions required by their system of religious faith.

While in Rome last year, I purchased the only copy I could find of an old folio Latin work, entitled "The Mozarabic Liturgy." As the subject of which it treats is often referred to in history, and is one of interest, alike to the scholar and the general reader, it may be well here to give a brief analysis of the contents of the book. In plain English, the title and contents of the book are as follows: "Mozarabic Liturgy; a historical and chronological Treatise on the ancient Spanish, Gothic, Isidorian, Mozarabic, Toledan Liturgy, all combined; which John Pine, a Theologian of the Society of Jesus, collected, digested, and illustrated, from the Documents of the Spanish Councils, the Decrees of the Roman Pontiffs, the Charters of the Spanish Kings, and other sources, down to the present time. Being supplementary to the Volume of the 'Acts of the Saints,' in which are recorded the Acts (legendary) of St. James the Greater, Founder of the Church of Spain." Rome, 1740, folio, pp. 130.

John Pine, the author of this work, was a Belgian, (or at least resided in Belgium,) and went to Spain in the year 1721, to gather there materials for that immense repertory of fable, the acts of the saints, as others had done in Italy, France, and Germany. When in Toledo, he obtained much information respecting the Mozarabic or Arabized Liturgy, which was used in the Spanish churches, when the country was held by the Saracens and the Moors. Such was the origin of the present work. The first chapter discusses the question, whether St. Peter was the author (others helping him) of the ancient Spanish Liturgy. The author of this treatise inclines to the *negative*, as well he may.

Chapter second describes the state of the ancient Spanish Liturgy in the fifth and sixth centuries. Here, as throughout the whole work, it is taken for granted, that a breviary and missal (the prayer and mass books of the Catholic church) have always been as essential to the good order and edification of the church, as the Holy Scriptures themselves. In the sixth century, the Spanish councils passed various regulations

for the better ordering of public worship, with certain liturgical directions, to prevent confusion. In the same century, several learned men went to Constantinople, and brought back many additions and improvements, to what the author styles the "*Roman Liturgy*," hitherto used in Spain. Among these men, St. Leander, Bishop of Seville, was preëminent.

Chapter third treats of the liturgical affairs of the seventh century. Of these, the most important is the entire revision of the Liturgy, or rather the perfectly new edition of it, compiled by St. Isadore, Bishop of Seville, which produced greater uniformity in worship, and furnished a book for public devotions of unprecedented merit. So great was the alleged improvement, that many gave the entire credit of authorship to Isodore, and the Liturgy was called not only Gothic, but Isodorian. By the acts of the eleventh Council of Toledo, held in the year 675, it appears that the bishop of Rome was not then regarded as having authority in these matters in the church of Spain. The following is an extract from their records. "It is the will of this Holy Council, that the priests and rectors of the churches of each province, as owing obedience to the authority of the metropolitan see, (that is, Toledo,) should observe the same method in chanting (the public prayers,) as they know to be established in the metropolitan see; nor shall they suffer to exist any diversity from this method, or form of service, of the metropolitan see." The author then proceeds thus: "The Liturgy was called Gothic, because it was composed and arranged by St. Isodore, by command of the Synod of Toledo, in the year 633, while the Goths yet ruled in Spain. It follows, that in speaking of the state of the Liturgy in the eighth century, we should notice the fact, that a new name was given it, so that instead of the ancient Spanish, Gothic, or Isodorian Liturgy, it was called the Mozarabic. This change of name was owing to the invasion of the Arabs, by whom, in the beginning of the eighth century, almost the whole of Spain was suddenly overrun."

Chapter fourth contains a disquisition as to the year of the invasion of the Arabs. On this point there is a diversity of opinions, different years, from 711 to 720 inclusive, being advocated by different writers. To show the favor and religious toleration granted by the Arabs in Spain to their Christian subjects, the following quotation is made from Roderic's history of Spanish affairs, which was written in the thirteenth century. "After the royal city (Toledo) was occupied by

the Arabs, not by capture, but by treaty, which treaty the Saracens afterwards violated, the clergy and the Christians there, who were vanquished, with others in Spain, who were subjected to barbarian servitude, preferred to remain where they were, paying tribute, and being permitted by law to retain their religious rites and customs, and to have prelates and priests, by whom were used the forms of worship prepared by Isodore and Leander, as they still are (that is, in the thirteenth century,) in six parishes in Toledo. The inhabitants of Toledo, therefore, who remained with the Arabs, were permitted by the barbarians to have divine service in six churches in the city; namely, those of St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Sebastian, St. Torquatus, St. Eulalia, and St. Just; in which the Liturgy of Isodore, which had been chanted in all the churches while the state was yet safe and flourishing, the people now preserved for near four hundred years, while in captivity, and mingled with the Arabs. Hence this Liturgy is now called the 'Toledan.'

Chapter fifth contains extracts from the "Hispania Illustrata" of Ambrasio Morales, which throw much light on the state of affairs when the Saracens were in power. He says, that "Spain being occupied by the Saracens, many causes induced the victorious barbarians to spare the Christians. Of these, the chief was the fact, that the conquerors could not people the large and wide-spread provinces of Spain. That they might therefore have those who should cultivate the soil, carry on trade, and pay tribute to the prince, the Christians were, as far as possible, preserved. Religious worship in their churches was also left to them, and many of these churches remained untouched. A greater number of Christians, however, was left at Cordova than at Toledo, and a greater degree of religious worship was retained there. And since Cordova was made not only the seat of government of the Arabs, but also the fountain-head of all the laws of Spain, as well sacred as profane, whatever power and dignity the Christian religion then possessed, were likewise transferred to the same province. Not, indeed, that the church of Toledo ceased to be what it was formerly, and still is, the first in rank in Spain. Nor that the church of Cordova failed to recognise that of Toledo as being the metropolitan church of Spain; but because the rulers of the land, with whom was all the power, and who wished all things to centre in themselves, compelled the prelates of the church to hold their councils at Cordova, and there

discuss such measures, and pass such decrees, as were required of them. By their own showing, there were two councils held at Cordova during this period." Morales preserved a catalogue of the churches and monasteries at that time standing, in and near Cordova, and says, that the churches retained their towers and bells, the clergy their tonsures, and the sacred virgins their peculiar apparel. But the Christians were not permitted to enter the mosques. Yet, with all these privileges, the yoke of bondage is represented as having been intolerably heavy on the Christians.

Chapter sixth describes the efforts of Popes Alexander the Second, and Gregory the Seventh, especially the latter, to abolish the Mozarabic Liturgy, and substitute the Roman in its place, although no want of orthodoxy could be proved against the former.

Chapter seventh relates, that Alfonso the Sixth, King of Castile and Leon, granted several municipal privileges to the Mozarabic Christians, in order to induce them to lay aside their ancient liturgy, and adopt the Roman ritual, thus rendering obedience to the authority of their metropolitan, the Archbishop of Toledo, and to the bulls of Pope Eugenius the Third. Several succeeding kings made similar efforts, until the point aimed at was gained.

Chapter eighth informs us, that the famous Cardinal Francisco Ximenes de Cisnero, prime minister of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, caused several manuscripts of the Mozarabic Liturgy, to be collected and printed, and made an endowment of lands for the support of a chapel in the cathedral of Toledo, with an officiating chaplain and inferior ministers, who should be duly trained to the Mozarabic service. His deed of endowment is dated October 1st, 1508, and confirmed by bulls of Pope Julius the Second. Dr. Roderico Maldonado de Talavera, by a deed dated September 11th, 1517, made similar provision for a Mozarabic mass to be occasionally performed in a chapel in the cathedral of Salamanca. On the 7th of November, 1567, Don Pedro Gasca (Episcopus Seguntinus) made provision for the maintenance of thirteen chaplains in the parish church of St. Mary Magdalene, Valladolid, for a similar purpose with those above. This was done by virtue of a bull of Pope Pius the Fourth, dated Rome, October 14th, 1564.

Chapter ninth gives a description of the Mozarabic Liturgy, which can be understood only by a minute examination. It

appears, however, to be strongly marked with the character of the ages to which it owes its origin. The seller of antique books in Rome informed me, that there was still a small demand for the Mozarabic Missal or Prayer-Book, in Spain, and the copy of it which I examined was a thick quarto volume of several hundred pages.

The Cathedral of Toledo alone has connected with it forty canons, fifty prebendaries, and fifty chaplains, which, together with the singers and other inferior grades of church officers and servants, make 600 in all. The Archbishop's income is said at present to be \$150,000 or \$200,000 a year, though a gentleman who, as Secretary of the Russian Ambassador in Spain, spent Holy Week in Toledo, in the year 1802, informed me, that he was then told that the Archbishop's annual income was \$800,000, and that several canons were pointed out to him with yearly revenues, varying from twelve to thirty or forty thousand dollars. There are, or at least were until quite recently, in Toledo, 26 parish churches, 38 convents, 17 hospitals, 4 colleges, 12 chapels, and 19 hermitages. This is a state of things in which there might have been some reason, when Toledo was in the height of her glory, with 200,000 inhabitants, distinguished alike for their industry, enterprise, and wealth, but truly absurd and preposterous in the midst of a poor and wretched population of scarce 10,000 souls. These rich endowments, the fruit of an unhallowed union of church and state, and existing, too, in such peculiar circumstances, show us the folly as well as the great evil of encouraging these alliances, and should lead all those who have the interests of Christianity at heart, to be extremely cautious as to making those permanent investments for the support of religion, which so often paralyze the energies of her ministers, subject the church to the charge of unholy avarice, and prove a bone of contention between the professed followers of Christ, thus bringing deep and lasting disgrace upon his cause. The higher offices of the church have often in Spain, as elsewhere, been made the engines of mere state policy. For example, Charles the Third, in order to prevent any issue from a collateral branch of the royal family, compelled his brother Don Louis to become an ecclesiastic, and, to make the point more sure, he created him successively Archbishop of Seville, and then of Toledo. But when Don Louis, breaking loose from all his priestly vows, married a wife, he and his family were deprived

of their estates and titles, his son, for the same cause as his father before him, was in due time made Archbishop of Toledo, and his daughters placed in a convent, where they remained until one of them was married to Manuel Godoy, the favorite of Charles the Fourth and his infamous Queen.

A land of fierce and lawless strife,
With war, and crime, and ruin rife ;
Where oft upon the passing gale
The orphan's cry, and widow's wail,
Tell of a soul 'neath grief's dark shroud,
With deepest woe and anguish bowed.

It was an hour past noon when I left Toledo, and though my mule did good service, yet the journey of twenty-eight miles was not completed until near seven o'clock in the evening, so that the diligence for the south of Spain had gone on to Ocania about half an hour before I reached Aranjuez. Having no time to lose, my first object was to reach Ocania forthwith, as the diligence was to leave there at midnight. As no means of conveyance could well be obtained, I slung my valise upon my back, and armed with my cane sallied forth in the dark, with the prospect of a solitary walk of eight miles before me. After ascending a long hill for a mile or more, a young man on a donkey overtook me, and, wishing him to relieve myself of the burden of my valise and outer garment, I approached him and tried to hold a parley, but in vain. Poor fellow, he mistook me for a robber, and, urging on his donkey as fast as possible, he tried to escape ; but a rapid walk enabled me to bring him to bay, when he cried aloud in utter fright and horror. I then began to fear that he had a gun, as is common in Spain with peasants who travel on the public roads, and that he might shoot me. On approaching him, however, I was able in some degree to allay his fears, and having given him my burdens he set off again, evidently wishing to keep me a safe distance in the rear, so that when our roads parted I was perspiring violently from having walked so fast. Just as we were parting he summoned up sufficient courage to ask me from whence I came ; but, as his knowledge of geography did not embrace the United States of America, that far-famed republic, which, as Fourth of July orators tell us, is alike the wonder and the envy of the universe, I left the poor fellow no wiser than I found him, and, as he hurried away to his home, he doubtless blessed his stars for his narrow escape from robbery

and murder at the hands of an unknown and outlandish barbarian.

Late in the evening I reached Ocania, and seeing a door open, very innocently thrust in my head and asked where the diligence stopped. The only persons in the room were three or four girls, who, as they turned and saw me, with my foreign dress, and my valise suspended over my shoulder by means of my cane, shrieked with horror, and huddled together in the chimney corner, until, being fearful that their clothes might take fire, or a fit of hysterics, or something worse might result, I hastily withdrew, having thus perchance attained the honor of being the hero of a village tale of ghosts and frightful apparitions.

The women connected with the posada where the diligence was, also fled with fright when they came to open the door to admit me, and even the man whom they called to examine me seemed suspicious as to letting me in, and at first directed me to another posada, as being the one I sought. Such adventures are no credit to one, and the only object of recording them is, to show the great caution and fears of the people, arising from the unsafe state of the country, and the frequent robberies that occur.

At midnight we were roused from bed to proceed on our journey, and, in order to be prepared for the worst, I put what few gold coins I had into one purse, to be reserved for my own use, and in another fifteen or twenty Spanish dollars for the benefit of the robbers, should they chance to honor us with their marked attentions. I had drawn more money in Madrid than it is best to carry in Spain, because I expected to leave the main southern road at Cordova, and go by a private conveyance to Granada, and thence to Seville. I could therefore pay my fare only to Cordova, and must run the risk of losing what money it was necessary to carry with me. My fellow-passengers were three gentlemen, who, though like most Spaniards when on a journey, quite social, lively, and polite, yet for a time they were somewhat reserved, until learning that I was a foreigner, and would not trouble them on account of their politics, they then freely told me their history. The youngest of the party was a ruddy, fair-faced youth, about twenty-one years of age, who had belonged to a large and wealthy convent of Hieronomites in Madrid, which, with the other convents in Spain, had been broken up, and he was now returning to his friends. He had a full

and rather costly wardrobe, and as friars are now in very bad odor in Spain, and many of them had been murdered by the populace in Madrid, he had laid aside his friar's robes and wore a good suit of citizen's clothes. He had also let the hair on his shaven crown grow out, and sheared off that around, so as to be of the same length as the rising crop, and, the better to defend himself from injury, he carried a pair of pocket pistols. The second passenger was a genteel young man, who had been an officer in the Spanish army, but had lost his place on account of his politics. The third and last was about fifty years of age, somewhat rough in his manners, but a fearless, generous, warm-hearted man, who knew the world well, and was fully prepared for any reverses which might happen. He had been a thriving mechanic and shop-keeper in Madrid, and had formed a personal attachment for Don Carlos from being patronized by him, and had followed His Highness to the north of Spain, where a commission had been given him as an officer in the Carlist army. Betrayed in some of his movements, by an intercepted letter which he had written to his friends, he was taken by the Queen's party and thrown into prison at Saragossa. There he had lain eight months, when he was released by paying the sum of \$2,000. Full of energy and hope, he was now on his way to Seville, where he had a son in college, and other friends, intending there to establish himself in business. Besides the passengers there were two guards, who rode on the top of the diligence, and were armed with guns, pistols, and other weapons, and also a conductor or driver, an overseer and a postilion, making, inclusive of passengers, nine in all.

About eight o'clock in the morning we breakfasted at Madrideojos, or, as it is often written, Madrilejos. After leaving there, our road lay along that very plain of La Mancha, where Don Quixote had his first and most notable adventures, where he fought the windmills, attacked the Benedictine monks, and strove to rescue the Biscayan lady from those whom he mistook for base knights holding her in captivity. Our next stopping-place was to be at the very *posada*, in Puerto Lapiche, or the Pass of Lapiche, where the Don was knighted by the inn-keeper, and kept watch over his armour until morning light, wellnigh breaking the heads of the muleteers who dared to approach him. These matters, to say nothing of Sancho's famous tossing in the blanket, and other singular adventures, made the region in which we were truly classic

ground, and a fit place for wild and romantic adventures. On each side of us, for a league or two, was an extensive plain, bounded by ranges of mountains of a moderate height. As we met the diligence from Granada we asked them if the roads were safe, to which they replied in the affirmative. We had hardly left them behind us, however, and were talking in a laughing way about robbers, the friar showing his pistols, and I pointing to my trusty old cane, when, looking out of the window of the diligence, I saw some fifteen or sixteen rough-looking men, all mounted on wild, active horses, with long shaggy manes and tails, and armed with guns, swords, pistols, and knives. They rode out of an olive orchard by the way-side, and I had scarcely exclaimed, Are these robbers? before we were surrounded, and the carriage at the same time was driven from the road a rod or two into the fields. The passengers were much excited, and from some cause supposing that I intended making resistance, they besought me not to do so. Nothing was further from my thoughts, however, for, from the first, I saw that any thing of the kind would be worse than useless. No sooner had we stopped than the carriage-door was thrown open, and we were ordered to alight and lie down with our faces to the ground. This order, which was given in no gentle tones, was enforced by pointing a gun at us, a kind of hint which was not to be trifled with. Both my purses were then in the same pocket, and thus stood an equal chance of changing owners. Leaving the other passengers, therefore, to get out first, I managed, while they were doing so, to slip my purse of gold into one of my boots without being seen. Then, taking my purse of silver dollars, I alighted from the carriage, and, with great apparent generosity, handed it over to one of the robbers, whose wide-spread hands were already well filled with watches, money, and other articles of value. Beside this last stood the leader of the band, a tall, fine-looking man, with a long horseman's sword, in a scabbard of polished steel, hanging by his side. He asked me if I had any thing more, when, telling him to search for himself, he thrust his hands into my pockets, and taking out my penknife, and other articles of small value, he returned them to me again. The conductor was led off and bound, and the others were either kneeling and begging for mercy, or lying with their faces down upon the ground, so that they might be less dangerous witnesses of the robbery than they would otherwise

have been. Thinking that this might be my last opportunity of seeing a robbery, I was the more anxious to have a full view of the performance. But at length the robbers became so pressing that I stretched myself out upon the ground with the best grace I could, when a large cloak was thrown over me, and a man placed by with a gun to keep watch. As the ground under me was soft, and I had read of money and other articles being saved by burying them, I took my money from my boot, and put it in the ground; but alas, the first thought of my Yankee wit had been far better, for the robbers came and dug fiercely under me, until the purse was found. The next outcry was for my watch, and, when I told them that I carried none, in perfect rage they cried out, "Why not?" adding one of those deep-toned Spanish curses, which make one's blood run cold even to think of them. Not satisfied with this, they opened my coat and vest, and felt of every part of my body, as if they expected to squeeze a watch from beneath my skin. In the mean time they fully overhauled our baggage, taking an account of the articles, and now and then cracking a joke at our expense. The two younger passengers were much frightened, and made a great ado about the matter, but the good old Carlist enjoyed it well. He had among his baggage a fine new dress of the latest fashion, which he was carrying to his sister-in-law at Seville. This he tried to save by laughing at the robbers, and telling them that it was a shame thus to steal a lady's dress; but they did not think so. He saved his coat by pleading that he was an old man, and the weather was cold, and, when they pulled off the handkerchief which was tied round his head, he snatched off his wig, and thrusting it out at them, asked them if they would not take that too.

At last a council of war was held, and one of the robbers exclaimed, "Come, let us murder them all." "O, for God's sake don't murder us," cried the friar, and the matter was ended by placing a gun at each of our breasts, and shouting, "Oro, oro," ("Gold, gold.") I told them that I had no more, and that they had taken enough from me already, naming the sum to them. I did not feel much troubled, for although I had been found guilty of the two heinous crimes of concealing part of my money, and of carrying no watch, still I did not think they would kill me, except it were done through the rashness and agitation of some of the younger members of the band. My letter of credit, which was still

good for more than one hundred dollars, was between the oil-cloth case and the top of my cap, and as they often examined the cap, expecting to find something there, my chief anxiety was, lest they should discover the letter, and then take me with them to the mountains, until they could draw on my banker in Madrid for the amount due, but it luckily escaped their search. About an hour from the time we were stopped, I heard the rapid galloping of horses, followed by the low, hearty laugh of my Carlist friend, and rising from my cold berth on the ground, a strange and truly ludicrous scene met my eyes. Two horses had been taken from the diligence, to carry off the baggage, the harnesses of the others were cut, and hanging loosely about them, while all around were open trunks, broken boxes, and loose articles of little value, all looking as if a whirlwind had scattered them. A number of peasants, who had stopped to see the sport, and a lot of poor children from the neighbouring villages, were busy as so many wreckers after a storm, in securing whatever they could lay their hands on. My valise had gone off entire, with my cane; and a fine copy of Raphael's Pearl, and other small matters, had taken the same course. But, alas! the sad and woe-begone looks of the young dandy officer and the friar. Not only had they lost their money, watches, and clothes from their trunks, to the value of some hundred dollars, but had also been stripped of their coats, cloaks, and hats, and stood in their shirt sleeves, shivering with cold, with some old ragged apologies for cloaks thrown over them. Their faces were so desperately long, and they spoke of their loss in such sad and doleful tones, and so great and sudden had been our change of condition, that though I felt it to be wrong to rejoice over the misfortunes of others, yet I could not, for the life of me, forbear joining the old Carlist in a hearty laugh, and as the sad estate and mournful tones of our companions added fuel to the flame, we had wellnigh died of mirth before we were able to check ourselves.

Thus were we left on the field of action, surrounded by open trunks and broken boxes, and the remnants of spoil which the robbers had not thought of sufficient value to carry away. One of the scavengers of the party had even stolen my penknife from my pocket, after it had been restored to me by the leader of the band; and having also seized upon my card-case, he asked me what it was, when telling him that it only contained cards with my name on them, at the

same time showing them to him, he handed me the cards, putting the case in his pocket, thinking, probably, that it might be useful to carry cigars in. My fellow-passengers estimated their loss at \$200 or \$300 each, which was much greater than my own; still, owing probably to the fact of my having had a larger amount of money than any of the rest, my coat, cap, and outer garment were all left to me, so that, excepting the matter of funds, and a change of clothing, I was just as well off after the robbery, as before. Not so my companions, however, for though the old Carlist made the best of the case, and soon got him a blanket, in which to wrap himself, yet the young officer and the friar, without coats or hats, and with only some old faded, tattered cloaks around them, which the robbers had not thought worth carrying off, suffered much from the cold, and either of them might well have sat for a likeness of "Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance." Throughout the whole day, not even a smile lighted up their lengthened visages, and during all our remaining journey, the friar would recount his losses at every stopping-place, telling over the number of coats, vests, drawers, shirts, and other articles, taken from him, not omitting his "*capa neuva, y hermosissima*,"—his new and most beautiful cloak, which he had never worn, but was carrying carefully beside him, on the seat of the diligence. All this he would do with such a long-drawn and plaintive melody of tone, that every time he began his story, the old Carlist and myself were convulsed with laughter; and wicked and hard-hearted as it may seem, yet I verily believe that had our lives been the forfeit for doing so, we could not have restrained ourselves.

I comforted myself with the thought that the matter might have been much worse, and that many a romantic young friend of mine would gladly have suffered the loss which had fallen to my lot, could they thus have been present at a genuine robbery. True, it was somewhat vexatious to be outwitted as to the purse of gold; but then their finding it enabled me freely and coolly to say that I had no more money, when the gun was placed at my breast; and was probably the means of saving my coat and outer garment, to have been deprived of which, cold as the weather then was, would have been a much more severe loss than that of the money. Besides, a robbery is so much a thing of course to a person who travels in Spain, that it would hardly be believed that one had been there should he meet with no such adventure.

Never before had I a lesson which made me feel so deeply how little money is worth, as well as the truth of the maxim, that the love of it is the root of all evil, — at least the love of it by these robbers, was the cause of no little evil to ourselves. But after all, there were certain small articles, the loss of which was more trying than that of either money or clothes. To say nothing of the journal of my travels, of which my readers will doubtless say that full enough has been remembered and recorded, my good old pocket Testament was gone. It had been my travelling companion for many a year, both in my own and foreign lands. It had been with me when wandering amidst the scattered plantations of our Southern States. It had floated with me down the broad and mighty St. Lawrence, lined with its little whitewashed hamlets, where, with all the cheerful gayety of the French, there is, too, that ignorance and want of enterprise and independent feeling, of which, in all Catholic countries, the priests are the guilty agents, knowing, as they do, that thus only can their system of blind and servile moral and religious despotism be sustained. Amid the romantic hills and fertile valleys of New England, too, it had shown me the true and efficient cause of all that education, industry, and moral and religious worth which there prevail, and which owe alike their existence and their origin to the direct and indirect influence of a general knowledge of the truths of Christianity, in making men active, useful, and virtuous members of society. It had gone forth with me upon the mighty deep, to cheer and to sustain the soul in those dark and trying moments when the tempest was abroad in its wrath, by pointing to that Being who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm. It had aided me in tracing the wanderings of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles over that very sea upon which we had so often sailed, — in minutely examining the place of his shipwreck, and seeing how exactly it agrees with all the facts recorded in the account which Luke has given of the event. It had gone with me from his landing-place at Puteoli, across the plains of Capua and Latium, — the Pontine Marshes and the Alban Mount, to Rome, where, though as a malefactor he was bound, imprisoned, and finally beheaded, yet in the hands of God was he made a prominent instrument of effecting the greatest revolution which that mighty empire ever saw, — a revolution by which Christianity became the State religion, and “ascended in triumph the throne of the Cæsars.” In

the heart of imperial, or rather Papal Rome herself, after witnessing the more than regal splendors of that court, and the servile adulation exacted of the faithful, I had read from that selfsame book the minute and accurate prediction of that power who was to oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, — of those forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats. And then turning to the vivid descriptions of St. John, in the Apocalypse, it seemed rather the minute description of an eyewitness of scenes which I had just beheld, than the predictions of one who, for long, long centuries, had been in his grave. Reader, hast thou ever used the same Bible, year after year, until it would almost open of itself at thy favorite passages, and thine eyes would instinctively rest upon that portion of each page where was the text on which thy mind was pondering? And has some chance placed this book beyond thy reach, and put into thy hands another copy of the Word of God, of different form and size; in perusing which thou didst ever feel perplexed and lost? If so, thou knowest something of the train of thoughts which the loss of my good old pocket Testament oft causes to pass through my mind.

But laying episode aside; — our first movement after the robbery, was to repair the harnesses of the animals which were left to us, and proceed on to the next stopping-place. There we were as badly off as Don Quixote himself had been at the same place, for we read that he, too, was penniless, supposing that true knights never troubled themselves with so gross a material as money; but the jolly soul who then kept the posada, and who conferred the order of knighthood on the Don, was so much amused with his madcap humors, that he supplied his wants without charge. But we, alas, had neither wit nor money; or, at least, such wit as we could well convert into bread, and hence we went without it. Something was said about our making an affidavit of the robbery, and the amount of our loss, but the Escrivano, or town clerk, who draws up such papers, could not be found. Having, therefore, put a fresh team to the diligence, we moved onward to the next post. There the Alcalde, or justice of the peace, was missing; and after waiting some time, he came riding fiercely in from the mountains, in the very direction which the robbers had taken, and I have little doubt that he had been to secure his portion of the spoil, as a bribe not to molest the robbers, and to delay all efforts which might be

made to bring them to justice. That such alliances exist in Spain, between the officers of justice and robbers, is a matter that is perfectly notorious. Some years since, when the famous bandit leader, José Maria, was in his glory, and there were at one time forty candidates who had applied for such vacancies as might occur in his band, the Governor-General of Andalusia made great efforts to take him, but to such a degree was he thwarted by the magistrates of many of the towns, that he denounced a number of these corporations to the government, as being leagued with the robbers. An English gentleman whom I met at Seville, just after our robbery, said that a few days previous he had fallen in with Colonel M., a German officer in the Spanish service, who had just been to a town through which I passed, in order to shoot some robbers whom the military had taken. While my friend and the Colonel were dining with the other passengers of the diligence, the Alcalde of the place where they were, called to pay his respects to the Colonel, when what was his surprise to be saluted thus, — “You Alcaldes are the persons who are most to blame for all these robberies, and not the robbers. We never find more than a few pesetas on them; they have to pay all they get to bribe you to protect them. You magistrates are leagued with the robbers, and I have full evidence of it in my portmanteau.” Thus he put to silence this man “of little brief authority,” and disgraced him before the whole company present.

But to return to him before whom we appeared. He was a small, dark-faced, pert, and pragmatistical apology for a man, and, to borrow a remark from Gil Blas, — “He seemed vain and positive, as little men commonly are.” His Escrivano was a raw young fellow, who evidently had not been trained to the use of the pen, and as each one of us in succession told our story, the little Alcalde strutted and vaped about the room, translating what we said into the stiff and formal phraseology of the law, crying out “coma,” a comma, and whatever other pauses he wished to have inserted, and lugging in more saids and aforesaid, and other legal terms and phrases, than even John Roe and Richard Doe themselves were ever honored with. Though the whole matter might easily have been despatched in half an hour, yet his highness began by telling us that it would take three hours or more, and he was as good as his word. All this legal humbug was of no possible benefit to us, who might never be there again; yet, after

thus detaining us for hours, hungry and penniless as we were, this limb of the law had the consummate impudence to charge us three dollars and a half for his own precious services, and for the paper which his clownish Escrivano had blotted over on our account. We sent him to the kites for his money, and it did my soul good to hear the old Carlist, at the top of his powerful voice, deal out to his worship such a lesson on his cold-blooded meanness, and apply to him such a list of good, hearty, sonorous old Spanish epithets, as by his baseness he had richly deserved. This legal farce brought freshly to my mind the case of Gil Blas, who, when arrested on suspicion, was stripped by the officers of justice, even of the money which the robbers had left him. Such is the exposure of persons who are found near the scene of a robbery or murder in Spain, to be detained and imprisoned, either as witnesses or suspected of the crime, thus to await the slow and oppressive operation of Spanish law, that, as has been well remarked, it is still true, as in the time of Gil Blas, that the word Justice, which should inspire the honest with confidence, is never pronounced without a shudder.

At the town where our affidavits of the robbery were taken, the friar exchanged an umbrella which had been left him, for a jacket, and with the money which he received in addition, some bread and almonds were purchased, which we soon disposed of. An hour or two after dark we reached a village where there lived one of the agents of the diligence, of whom the conductor borrowed twenty dollars, with which he paid our bills the remainder of the journey. Never before had I known the luxury and the reckless delight of being poor; for with the beggars in the ballad, we might sing with glee:

“ Hang sorrow and cast away care,
For the parish is bound to find us.”

In a country like Spain, where the traveller feels so much anxiety on account of robbers, one can hardly imagine the pleasure there is, after losing both money and baggage, in moving onwards, free from every care, and almost wishing that other robbers would pounce upon him, that he might have the sport of snapping his fingers in their faces, and giving them an order on their brethren for a share in the profits of trade. Whenever we arrived at a *posada*, we marched in as independent as lords, with nothing but our own dear selves to look to; we eat and drank to our heart's content, without

even the trouble of paying our bills; and what was more, we were the heroes of every village through which we passed. The poor friar was the herald of the party, proclaiming, in dolorous tones to all who approached him, alike our glorious peril and his own losses; thus not only making us objects of curiosity to all the old women and children, but causing even the beggars to look upon us with sympathetic pity. It was truly amusing to see how these poor, ragged wretches would exchange their long-drawn faces and the whining, piteous tones with which they asked our charity, for looks of sympathy and inquiries of anxious interest respecting our misfortunes, when we told them that the robbers had stripped us of all that we had. They seemed to regard us with much the same feelings that the inmates of a hospital, who had become inured to some form of painful disease, would exercise towards those freshly visited with similar sufferings, which time and habit had not yet robbed of their deeper and more poignant stings.

Now and then we met a diligence bound to Madrid, and in one case, stopped for the night at the same posada with a number of gentlemen and ladies, on their way thither. They asked, with anxious interest, respecting every minute particular of our robbery, and, while the matrons of the party did not disguise their fears, but with long-drawn sighs bewailed the dangers of the road, and wished the robbers any thing but what was good, there was now and then a romantic young Miss who would try to play the heroine, and look and talk courageous and spirited, while at the same time it was evident that she breathed less easy, and her heart was beating much more rapidly than before she listened to our story. Even the men, too, though amused and cheered by seeing two such happy, penniless vagabonds as the old Carlist and myself, — free as we were from every anxiety and care, — it was still but too evident that they had much rather have been travelling in some other direction than that of Madrid. Poor souls! how we pitied them, harassed as they were, with all that anxiety and care for the future, from which we were so happily free, — and which, worse than the worst reality, too often, like hope deferred, maketh the heart sick indeed.

Men, especially those of a foreign land, and with customs and character widely different from those among whom one's own lot has been cast, must ever be objects of far more interest to enlightened and inquiring minds, than a mere descrip-

tion of natural scenery, how grand, imposing, or beautiful soever it may be. Hence there is some apology for dwelling at length on those striking incidents which befall one in his travels, and which, in their results, present to him new and singular facts, in connexion with the actings both of his own mind and those of others. Leaving, therefore, with this remark, the subject above, on which, perhaps, too much has been said already, let us take a brief and rapid glance at some objects and places of interest which lay along our way.

In the vicinity of Manzanares, the river Guadiana disappears beneath an extensive marsh, and is hidden from the view for a distance of thirty miles. This fact is noticed by Pliny, in his Natural History, and led to the common saying in La Mancha, that their river has a bridge which gives food to many thousand cattle. The town of Valdepenas has given its name to a kind of Burgundy wine, which is in high repute in Spain, and wherever the merchants or foreign consuls in the seaport towns, there, have sent it to their friends or customers in other lands. We wound our way among the wild and romantic crags, chasms, and foaming mountain torrents of the Sierra Morena, following a fine but extremely crooked road, constructed with much science and labor during the reign of Charles the Third. Though in the vicinity of Madrid, and throughout the wide-spread plains of La Mancha, there had not apparently been a drop of rain, and scarce a solitary cloud, for months, yet on entering the mountains we found ourselves enveloped in clouds of mist and rain; and in descending towards the fertile plains of Andalusia, instead of the wide-spread and cheerless desolation of winter which we had left behind, every thing was fresh, verdant, and blooming, and arrayed in the bright and glowing beauty of young and joyous existence. The fields were clothed with living green, the modest rosebush bowed its head beneath a load of richly blushing blossoms, and the lemon and the orange tree presented the striking and beautiful contrast which there is between the dark verdure of their leaves, and the bright and sunny hue of the golden fruit. It was a sudden and almost magic change from winter to spring, and from cold and rigid barrenness to the height of gladsome fertility. And as I looked back upon the stern and rugged mountains which had arrested in their ownward course, the clouds raised from the sea by the kindly influence of the sun, and wafted away from their ocean-home by those winds which are so often the mes-

sengers of Heaven's goodness to man ; and which were then poured down in fertilizing streams upon the wide-spread plains below ; it was a scene to make one deeply feel the great benevolence of God in causing what were else sterile and useless, so richly to contribute to the comfort and the happiness of the varied orders of beings which exist upon the earth. Were I, in speaking of a subject which has in it so much both of truth and of poetry, permitted to indulge in rhyme, my meaning might be given thus :—

Who feeds the fountains of the mountain rills,
 And sends the streamlets leaping from the hills ?
 Who fills the valleys with the fruitful corn,
 Which gently waves beneath the breath of morn ?
 Who guards the storehouse of the summer rain,
 And clothes with verdure all the fertile plain ?
 Who opes his hand and sends on Mercy's wing,
 Food for the wants of every living thing ?
 All these in accents of persuasive love,
 Proclaim *His* goodness who is throned above.
 E'en the rude mountain, towering to the sky,
 Whose barren cliffs no fruit for man supply,
 Arrests the moisture of the passing cloud
 Which veils its summit with a sable shroud.
 Thence pouring forth through chasms stern and wild,
 Mid rocks on rocks in lofty columns piled,
 The mountain torrent boldly dashes down
 Where towering cliffs in solemn grandeur frown,
 Then gently flowing through the lowland vale,
 Spreads life and verdure where life else would fail.

On our way from La Carolina to Andujar, we passed the celebrated battle ground of Baylen. In the year 1808, after Dupont, one of Bonaparte's generals, had taken Cordova, retreating from the city with immense spoil, he was met at Baylen by Castanos, an old Spanish officer, with an army of raw levies of double the number of the French. After four days' fighting, Dupont, with near 20,000 troops, surrendered to the Spaniards on condition of being sent safely to France. These conditions were broken, however, through the vindictive rage of the peasantry, who could not be restrained by the officers. Many of the French were put to death, and the rest were confined in prison-hulks, in the bay of Cadiz, where most of them perished. This defeat, which occurred the very day on which Joseph Bonaparte entered Madrid, after his victory at Rio Seco, did much to encourage the Spaniards and raise up for them friends in foreign lands, while at the same time it showed that the French veterans were not

invincible, and led Joseph to retreat from Madrid only ten days after his triumphal entry into the city. The contending armies at Baylen occupied two ranges of gentle hills on opposite sides of the road, the distance between which is less than a mile, and the battle took place on the intervening plain.

In passing along the plains of Andalusia, we saw many herds of horses under the care of their keepers, but the weather was such that they did not seem disposed to be lively and frolicsome. The horses which I saw in Spain had commonly much of the graceful symmetry of the Arab stock, while at the same time they were deficient in that superb stateliness of size, movement, and appearance, which are the noblest qualities of the race, and which have so often led both sacred and profane poets to speak of the bold and fearless warhorse as a striking emblem of majesty and strength. It is of such an animal, the noblest of the brute creation, that the Most High says to Job, — "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? — Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, — the thunder of the captains and the shouting." If I mistake not, the horses in the kingdom of Naples are much larger and finer than those in Spain, and certainly, the royal body-guard of cavalry are far better mounted in the former country than in the latter. As mules are used almost exclusively for draught and labor in Spain, the breed of horses has been neglected, and has much degenerated both in numbers and quality.

It was near noon when we entered Cordova, and for some time previous we had been amusing ourselves with talking of the various objects of interest by the way. Among these, the most prominent was the range of mountains which bounded the fertile plains on our right, and which had been famed in those days when fierce and deadly warfare raged between the Moors and Christians. The brave and noble Pelistes, who, with a small party of followers had escaped from the battle of Xerez, threw himself into Cordova, and when that

city by means of treachery had fallen into the hands of the Moors, for three months, with the aid of his adherents, he defended himself in the convent of St. George. At the end of that time he left the city by night with a view of obtaining aid from Toledo, or, if he failed in this, to return again to his companions and there die with them. He was pursued, however, in his flight by Magued, once a Christian knight, who had since gone over to the Moors, and the horse of Pelistes, while fleeing among the mountains, fell and rolled with his rider from the path to the rocky bed of a torrent below, thus severely bruising him and making further flight impossible. When overtaken, a long and bloody contest ensued, which resulted in the defeat and capture of Pelistes; and when his followers saw his almost lifeless body brought into the city, they rushed out from their stronghold to rescue it, when, overpowered by numbers, most of them fell victims to their wild and reckless valor. Without recounting other deeds of chivalry, which have cast an air of romantic interest over all that fertile vale of the Guadalquivir in the midst of which Cordova has so long stood, presenting in her eventful history, so instructive and impressive an example of the rise and fall of empire, and the frail and transient nature of all human greatness, suffice it to say, that the mountains to which we have referred have here and there a convent resting on their sides or perched among their rugged cliffs, while on one of the highest points and overhanging a lofty precipice, might be seen near twenty little whitewashed cottages belonging to a hermitage. Perched in these airy nests, there lives a community of monks, under the rule of a Superior, cultivating garden herbs, and plants and flowers, and vainly pretending to serve God, while they neglect those social and religious duties to their fellow-men, which He commands them to perform.

Cordova was long the capital of the Moorish power in Spain, and the head of the Arabian empire in the West was called, from his royal city, the Caliph of Cordova, just as those of the East were known as the Caliphs of Bagdad and Damascus. Cordova was also the seat of literature, science, and the arts, where were splendid libraries and royal academies of learned men, the latter of which had numerous branches in the other towns of Spain. Artists were invited from Greece and Asia, who were employed in adorning the public structures. Agriculture, commerce, and manu-

factures were patronized. Costly aqueducts and other public works were completed, and all the region of Cordova, which then had 400,000 inhabitants, was covered with the gardens and villas of the wealthy; who, in accordance with the primitive tastes of the East, sought both health and pleasure by laboring a portion of the time with their own hands.

The Mahometan religion is far more tolerant than the Catholic, for while the founder of the former was content with enforcing a uniformity of faith in Arabia alone, the sacred land of the Prophet's nativity, the adherents of the latter sought, by fire and sword, to force all mankind to receive *en masse* its gross and concealed dogmas, its burdensome rites, and its childish and ridiculous fables. Still, it is singular, that a religion under whose influence the noblest libraries in the world had been burned, on the ground that if the books destroyed contained what was in the Koran they were useless, and if any thing different from it were in them, they were false and pernicious, — it is singular, I say, that such a religion should have suddenly become not only tolerant to those of a different faith, but also the liberal patroness of science and the arts. Abderrahman the Third founded schools, far surpassing in reputation any others in Europe, and we learn from history that Prince Sancho of Leon, found at Cordova the cure of a disease which had wholly baffled the skill of the Christian physicians. Thus commenced that intercourse between the Christian and Mahometan rulers of Spain which was extensively imitated by their subjects, and which, in after times, gave rise to numerous gallant and heroic deeds; presenting a striking example of the triumph of a spirit of chivalrous courtesy, in those who had been taught upon the field of battle to respect each other's bravery, over the deep and hostile bigotry of opposing systems of religious faith.

Every great town in Mahometan Spain had its schools and its literary and scientific academies, and we are told, that the spirit of the age penetrated even into the seclusion of the harem, and the names of several Mahometan ladies, who distinguished themselves as votaries of the Muses, are still preserved.

The Jews, many of whom had been driven from Spain, by the savage decrees of the early councils of Toledo, were invited by the Saracens to return. They busily engaged in commerce and the arts, and not a few of them were royal

physicians, ministers of finance, or occupied other important posts of trust and honor. In the year 723, an imposter named Zonaria arose in Syria, who claimed to be the Messiah, when most of the Jews in Spain flocked to the East. The Mahometan sovereign did nothing to prevent this movement; but when they were gone, he confiscated their property. After this, however, was their golden age of wealth and learning. They had their distinguished schools, and a long succession of learned Rabbins, and doctors of the law, extending from the eighth to the thirteenth century. History informs us, that such was the popularity of Nathan, one of the Judges of the Jews during the tenth century, and such was the wealth of his brethren, that whenever he went forth to enjoy the delicious refreshment of the groves and gardens near Cordova, he was attended by immense numbers of his admiring disciples, clad in sumptuous apparel, and that 700 chariots followed in his train. Near the end of the twelfth century arose Maimonides, who, by the able and fearless manner in which he analyzed the Law of Moses, and caused those traits which prove its divine origin to stand out from the mass of errors with which time and tradition had enveloped it, brought upon himself the enmity of the bigoted and superstitious of his nation, when he retired to the court of the Sultan of Egypt, where, as royal physician, he was highly honored and esteemed.

Cordova was the birthplace of Seneca and Lucian, names familiar to all the lovers of classic antiquity; and in the wars of Cæsar and Pompey, and other interesting epochs, she occupies a prominent place in the history of the Roman empire. In the time of the Saracens, according to the Arabian historians, Cordova contained 1,000,000 of inhabitants, and had 600 mosques; 50 hospitals, and 80 public schools, while the streets were all paved, and pure water was brought from the mountains in pipes of lead to supply 900 public baths, and the numerous fountains, which stood at the corner of every street. The splendor of the court of the Caliphs may be estimated from the fact, that the body-guard of Abderrahman the First, consisted of 12,000 men.

During the ninth century, Cordova was the scene of one of those singular exhibitions of wild and raging fanaticism, which more than once have inflicted a deep and lasting disgrace upon Christianity, — I mean a rash and impious zeal for the honor of martyrdom. The Saracens had allowed to

the Mozarabic Christians the free exercise of their religion, so long as they conducted in a quiet and peaceable manner, but would not permit them to revile Mahomet and his system of faith. In the reign of Abderrahman the Second, two Christians, while conversing with some of their Mussulman friends, freely expressed their contempt of the Prophet of Mecca, and being denounced as blasphemers, they were put to death. This aroused such a raging flame of religious zeal, that monks and nuns, and great numbers of others of both sexes, and of all ages, from childhood upwards, thronged the courts of justice, and by there publicly cursing Mahomet, obtained the honor of martyrdom. So distressed were the Mussulman judges at the frequent executions which this fanatical abuse of their Prophet and their creed compelled them to order, that, by every persuasive means in their power, they strove to prevail on these wretched enthusiasts to cease from such wanton and gratuitous insults of those who ruled over them. Not succeeding in this, however, they applied to the Caliph, who, failing in his efforts, had recourse to Reccafrid, the Christian Archbishop, that he might use his influence and authority over his flock. Reccafrid advanced the sensible opinion, that when Christians traduced the Mahometan religion without urgent cause, and labored to introduce their own in the place of it, if they thereby lost their lives, they could not be accounted martyrs. A portion of the Christians agreed with the Archbishop, but the majority opposed him. Eulogius, a Christian author, who was afterwards put to death, wrote against Reccafrid, and composed histories of the martyrs, an exhortation to them, and a defence of them against their calumniators. He, and those who agreed with him, used their utmost efforts to overthrow Mahometanism, and make converts to Christianity. Eulogius was put to death for detaining and secreting a Spanish girl, whom he had converted to the Christian faith, and not giving her up to her parents and friends. Thus the strong and deadly power of the law, together with the united authority and influence of the Caliph, his judges, and the Christian Archbishop, scarce availed at length to check, and finally to subdue, this wild and raging flame of fanaticism. The result was, that the privileges before enjoyed by the Mozarabic Christians, were much abridged by their Saracen masters, while at the same time a sad, but instructive, example was furnished, of the dark and deadly influence of a blind and misguided religious zeal.

The only public building which I visited in Cordova, was the vast Moorish cathedral. It is said to occupy what was once the site of a temple of Janus, and that the materials of which it is built once formed part of the city of Carthage. Judging however from the different form, size, and color of the numerous columns of granite, marble, jasper, porphyry, and other costly stones which adorn its interior, the more rational opinion seems to be, that they were collected from the temples of the gods, which had been erected throughout Spain, by the Greeks, Phœnicians, and other nations, who flourished there before the introduction and triumph of Christianity. This cathedral, which was once a place of Mahometan worship, was built by the Caliph Abderrahman the First, in the eighth century. His aim was to adorn his capital with a mosque, surpassing in richness and splendor those of Bagdad and Damascus,—a shrine, whose magnificence should attract from afar vast numbers of the faithful, alike to perform their devotions, and to gaze with admiring wonder on the noble structure, which made the fair and lovely Cordova the Mecca of the West.

According to the Saracen writers, this mosque had 19 naves one way, and 39 the other, supported by 1,093 columns of marble. There were also 19 gates, one of which was covered with plates of gold, and the rest with richly ornamented bronze, while above the minarets were gilt balls, crowned with golden pomegranates. The interior was brilliantly lighted by 4,700 lamps, supplied with oil which was perfumed with amber and aloes. The exterior walls of this structure are now about 50 feet in height, and entirely plain and free from ornament. They enclose a space 512 feet long by 423 broad, and throughout the whole interior the eye rests upon a constant succession of richly polished columns of every variety of color and materials, and some of them of the most costly description. Of these there still remain 632, though 10 naves have been removed from the building, and many more have been displaced by the erection of chapels, and of the huge Gothic choir, which now disfigures the centre of the cathedral, and has greatly injured the original harmony and beauty of the structure.

The Zancarron, or Sanctuary of the Koran, which was accidentally discovered while removing some brick work in the year 1815, is one of the finest specimens of Moorish architecture in the world. The gate is of white marble, beauti-

fully sculptured, and adorned with numerous columns of the same material. The arched roof is mosaic, of gold, red, blue, and green, with decorations superbly gilt, and, in the days of its glory, this chapel must truly have been a place of most striking magnificence.

Without here dwelling upon the spacious garden connected with the cathedral, with its venerable orange trees, and its flowing fountains of water, which for centuries were used by the followers of Mahomet in performing the various ablutions which the Koran requires, — I would barely remark, that the effect produced upon the mind when viewing this cathedral, is owing rather to its vastness, the great number of its columns, and the singular beauty of some of its rich and graceful arabesque ornaments, than to any thing grand or imposing in its architectural proportions. Indeed, so low is it, in proportion to its size, and to so great a degree is the attention distracted and divided by the numerous naves, columns, chapels, and other objects with which it abounds, that one feels none of those emotions excited by gazing on the stern and lofty grandeur of a noble Gothic edifice, or on the tall and graceful elegance of some Moorish structures which I have seen.

Cordova has the narrow crooked streets of Moorish towns, and though her walls now enclose the same space as in the days of her highest glory, and the wide-spread plain in the midst of which she stands is still enriched by the fertilizing waters of the Guadalquivir, yet, with a squalid and indolent population of less than 30,000 souls, how has she changed, and fallen from that high estate of wealth and splendor which she enjoyed, when, with a million of inhabitants, she was honored as the seat of the Caliphs, and the civil, literary, and religious capital of Spain.

The only towns worthy of notice between Cordova and Seville, are Ecija, which was formerly a fortress, distinguished in the contests between the Moors and Christians, and Carmona, once a place of great strength, and still remarkable for the number of its Roman and Moorish remains. Among these, are a small, but elegant, Roman temple, portions of the external wall, the massive gate of the town, which is supposed to have been built in the time of Trajan, and the picturesque ruins of its ancient Moorish castle. Carmona owed much of its former strength to its elevated situation, as compared with the fertile and beautiful plain which surrounds it.

After Tarick, who first led the Saracen forces into Spain,

had extended his conquests far and wide, Muza ben Nozier, his superior in command, who had remained behind in Africa, becoming jealous of the renown acquired by Tarick, and, anxious himself to reap the glory of the enterprise, crossed the Straits of Gibraltar with an army of 18,000 men, and besieged Carmona. Several brilliant and desperate sallies were made by the inhabitants, who carried devastation and slaughter to the heart of the Saracen camp, and bravely perished there, while those who attempted to storm the city were met by showers of stones, arrows, and boiling pitch, and were thus overthrown and defeated. When matters were in this position, the traitor Count Julian, who had deserted the cause of his country, devised a stratagem for delivering the city into the hands of the Arabs. Dressing himself and a number of his followers in the garb of travelling merchants, just at the time of evening twilight they reached one of the gates, conducting a train of mules laden with arms. Claiming that they were pursued by the Arabs, the gates were opened to them, and they were received with joy. At midnight they secretly assembled at one of the gates, which, after having surprised and killed the guards, they opened, and thus admitted the Saracen army. A savage massacre ensued, in which none were spared, but such of the females as by their youth and beauty were fitted to grace the harems of their conquerors.* Such are some of the evils with which war and military ambition have cursed the earth, and darkened and disgraced the history of man.

* Legends of the Conquest of Spain.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEVILLE, CADIZ, AND XEREZ.

History of Seville. — Muza. — Exilona. — Othman. — Alfonso the Sixth. — Zaida. — Expulsion of the Moors. — Walls of the City. — Houses. — School of the Noble Arts. — Spanish Painters. — Collections of Paintings. — Convents. — Murillo. — Hospital. — Population. — Longevity. — The Golden Tower. — Itatica. — Roman Emperors. — The Alcazar. — Hall of the Ambassadors. — Gardens. — House of Pilate. — Cannon-Foundry. — Tobacco Factory. — Female Operatives. — Cathedral. — Giralda. — Paintings. — Columbian Library. — Clergy. — Society and Manners. — Parting of Friends. — A Spanish Steamboat. — A Foolish Priest. — Arrive at Cadiz. — Situation of the City. — Its Beauty. — Population. — Public Morals. — Houses. — St. Mary's. — Xerez. — Vintage. — Wine-Press. — Manufacture of Wine. — Temperance Wines. — Agrass. — Wine-Vaults. — Wealth of the Wine-Merchants. — Anecdotes of Robbers. — Crime. — Roads. — Agriculture. — Commerce of Cadiz. — We leave Cadiz.

WE entered Seville by the Gate of Xerez, and, taking lodgings at the principal hotel, a number of days were busily spent in examining the curiosities of the place. Its ancient name was *Hispalis*, and, though its origin is lost in the shades of remote antiquity, yet Spanish historians speak of it as one of the oldest cities of Europe, and claim that it was founded by *Hercules Livius*, in the year of the creation 2228, or 592 years after the deluge, and 1717 before Christ. This would make it contemporary with the time of the patriarch *Jacob*, an age as great surely as any modest city could well wish to be honored with. Others suppose that Seville was founded at a later day by the *Phœnicians*; but, be this as it may, its favorable situation for commerce, lying as it does on the banks of the *Guadalquivir*, and surrounded far and wide by one of the most fertile regions in the world, must early have made it a rich and flourishing city. Thus we find that in the time of the *Romans* it attained to the dignity of a colony, was the seat of one of the public tribunals of justice, and with *Cadiz* and *Cordova* held a conspicuous place in connexion with the wars of *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and other important events which occurred in Spain. Seville was afterwards the capital of the *Vandals*, of the *Goths* during the early part of their domination, and of the *Moors* from 1031 until their

expulsion from the city in 1248. Since that period different kings of Spain have at various times held their court there.

When the Arab General, Muza, had taken Carmona, he next marched against Seville, where he met with a vigorous opposition. But the inhabitants, seeing that they could not long defend the city, it was resolved that a body of the young men should leave the city, and, cutting their way through the ranks of the enemy, seek aid from abroad, and then return to its rescue. They assembled to the number of 3,000, and, leaving the city at dead of night, made a desperate attack on the Moslem camp, and, having slaughtered a large number, they escaped and fled to Beza, in Portugal. The next morning the Saracens perceived that the gates of the city were open, and a deputation of aged and venerable men presented themselves at the tent of the general, imploring mercy, and placing the city at his disposal. A moderate tribute was exacted of the inhabitants, and a guard left for the defence of the city. Soon after the departure of the Saracen army, however, the young men who had fled by night returned with foreign aid, and took the city, but the Arabs speedily recaptured it, and slaughtered a large number of the inhabitants. From that time forward Seville increased in wealth and prosperity, while the Moors were in power there, until, in the days of her highest glory, she is said to have contained a population of 400,000 souls. No one will wonder that such should have been the fact, who has wandered over the widespread and fertile plains of Andalusia, when clothed in the deep and glowing verdure of their rich and luxuriant vegetation. Indeed, it is computed even now, that this province, with proper tillage, would furnish wheat enough for the support of a population of 50,000,000.

The beautiful Exilona, daughter of the king of Algiers, had been betrothed to the sovereign of Tunis; and, while proceeding in splendid array to his capital, where the nuptials were to be celebrated, the bark in which she sailed was driven by storms upon the coast of Spain. She was conducted to Toledo, then the capital of the Gothic king, Don Roderic, who, being captivated by her charms, and she renouncing the Mahometan for the Catholic faith, he made her his queen. After his overthrow at the battle of Xerez, she fell into the hands of the Saracens, and was conducted as a captive to Seville, where Abdalasis, the son of Muza, the first Emir of Spain, had fixed his court. It was there her lot

again to win the affections of a sovereign, who held her in his power, and a second time to become a queen. But, as she still adhered to Christianity, the enemies of Abdalasis falsely accused him of having become, through her influence, an apostate from the Moslem faith, and of aiming, through the aid of the Christians, to erect for himself an independent sovereignty in Spain. As a result of these calumnies, the Caliph of Damascus issued an order for the death of Abdalasis; and he and his wife, who were then at a country palace, were seized by a mob while engaged in devotion at the shrines of their respective systems of faith, were hurried to the great square in Seville, where public executions are still performed, and were there beheaded on the scaffold, amid the shouts and execrations of a deluded and fanatical rabble. Their bodies would have been devoured by dogs, had not some friendly hand conveyed them by night to a place of burial. Thus perished these ill-fated lovers, and though Abdalasis when seized was in a mosque, worshipping at the shrine of Mahomet, yet his name, with that of his wife, has ever been held sacred, as having died as martyrs to the Christian faith.

At a later period we read that Othman, a Saracen chief in Spain, having taken captive the daughter of the Duke of Aquitania, married her, and through her influence entered into a truce with the Christians. Being, however, commanded by his sovereign to advance, he frankly avowed his situation, and in consequence of it his death was resolved upon. To escape this he fled with his wife to the mountains, and, while refreshing themselves beside a fountain, they were overtaken, and after a desperate defence he fell covered with wounds, and breathed his last in her arms. He was afterwards beheaded, and she was sent as a captive to end her days in the royal seraglios of Damascus.

Late in the eleventh century Alfonso the Sixth, king of Castile and Leon, having taken Toledo, turned his arms against Mohamed Ben Abad, king of Seville, then one of the most powerful Moorish princes of the age. A battle was fought, in which the Christians were beaten, and 50,000 men of both parties were slain. A peace ensued, and Alfonso having seen Zaida, the beautiful daughter of the king of Seville, was led captive by her charms, and married her on condition of her renouncing the Mahometan faith. Thus she became the Queen of Castile and Leon, and the nuptials were celebrated at Seville, by both Moors and Christians,

with more than Eastern pomp and magnificence. Did our limits admit, we might draw from the rich storehouse of Spanish history many a wild and romantic tale of early times, which would cast important light alike upon the past and present character of the nation, strongly marked as it is with the fiery passions, the glowing enthusiasm, and the Oriental extravagance and exaggeration both of manner and language, which they have inherited from their Mussulman conquerors. We might dwell on the gallant bravery of the sainted King Ferdinand, which shone so conspicuously in the lengthened siege which resulted in rescuing Seville from the hands of the Moors. We might portray the sad and melancholy scene presented by the Moslem inhabitants of Seville, who, as if endued with a foresight of the dark and savage persecution with which in after times Catholic bigotry was to pursue those of their race who should remain behind, to the number of 100,000 became voluntary exiles from the land of their birth, and, forsaking for ever the fair and fertile valleys of Spain, sought an uncertain resting-place in distant and less genial climes. We might speak of the fierce and eventful struggle for the throne between those rival brothers, Pedro the Cruel and Henry de Trastemere, in which the chivalry of France were opposed by those of England, commanded by one of the bravest of her kings, the whole ending in a bloody personal contest between the royal brothers, when Pedro received his death-wound from the dagger of Henry. Seville is also connected with the history alike of the darker and the brighter days of Blanche de Bourbon, Queen of Pedro the Cruel, and Leonora de Guzman, whom this savage monarch put to death, as well as of numerous other beautiful or high-born dames, the sad or eventful history of whose lives has furnished incidents of no common interest to both the tragic and historic muse.

It is claimed that the walls of Seville were built by Julius Cæsar, though the low, rugged turrets, with which they are surmounted, give them quite a Moorish air. They enclose a space more than a league in circumference, and, taken in connexion with the immediate suburbs, including that of Friana, on the opposite side of the river, Seville embraces a circuit of three and a half leagues. The city has thirteen large and two small gates, and its streets are exceedingly narrow, crooked, and irregular. The interior of the houses, however, is truly beautiful. They are commonly built round an open

court, paved with marble, and, like enchanted bowers, filled with orange trees, and other evergreens, and flowering plants. In this court, and the covered corridor around it, the family live during the summer, protected from the heat by an awning overhead, while towards the street are doors made of thin bars or laths of iron some distance apart, and wrought into a thousand graceful forms. Through these one may look as he passes along, and behold within many a gay and happy social group.

“The Royal School of the Noble Arts” in Seville, was founded near two centuries ago, and has furnished the means of instruction to many distinguished artists. It is under the patronage of government, from whom, in addition to its permanent property, it annually receives the sum of \$ 1,800. The Seville School of Painting, with Murillo at its head, has been justly the pride and the glory of Spain. To his name we may also add those of other distinguished national artists, such, for example, as Velasquez, Alonzo Cano, and Ribera, or Spagnoletto, whose works are to be met with in all the principal museums of Europe, and who, by their genius and their taste, have added much to the fame of their native land. While Seville was the port where every Spanish vessel returning from America was bound to deliver its cargo, the immense wealth of the New World thus disgorged there, gave rise to princely fortunes, and raised up many liberal patrons of the arts. Thus many of the mansions of the wealthy were adorned with rich collections of paintings, the works of the first masters. On the decline of wealth and commerce, however, these paintings were many of them sold, and thus were scattered throughout Europe. Still, some valuable private collections yet exist in the city, and, should the contemplated plan of collecting these, and the best there are to be found in the churches and convents throughout the province, and placing them in a public gallery, be carried into effect, Seville might boast of a museum of paintings which would do credit to any of the capitals of Europe.

Of these private collections, the largest is that of J. Williams, Esq., English Consul at Seville, a gentleman whose kind and polite attentions to such travellers as are so happy as to form his acquaintance, deserve the most grateful acknowledgments. He has more than 200 choice paintings, in fine order, and well arranged as to light and effect. He is making constant additions to this rich collection, which

already contains thirty-seven paintings by Murillo; forty by Alonzo Cano, and four by Velasquez, besides others by highly celebrated authors.

Señor Bravo, an aged Spanish merchant, has more than 180 paintings, mostly of the Spanish, Flemish, and Italian schools, some of which have much merit. Don Francisco Perceira, a prebendary of the cathedral, has more than 170 paintings, and Don Joaquin Cortes, a director of the Academy of Noble Arts, has 220 of the Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools. Don Pedro Garcia has more than 150, to say nothing of other handsome collections, — all of which may aid us in forming an idea of what treasures in the fine arts Seville must have been possessed in the days of her wealth and glory.

Of the convents which are enriched with paintings, I will notice but two. The first is that of the Capuchins, without the walls of the city. Its church has a greater number of valuable paintings than any other in Seville. Among these, are seventeen by Murillo, most of which possess a high degree of merit. The story told me of a picture of the Madonna and Child, which is highly valued, was, that Murillo, having been confined in the convent for some offence given to the rulers of the church, he was one morning told by the Superior of the Institution, that he should not have his breakfast until he had earned it. Calling for a napkin, the artist hastily struck off the painting referred to above, which is now regarded as a treasure.

The Hospital de la Caridad contains six of Murillo's paintings, which give one a good idea of the richly varied merits of his style and manner of execution, while some of them rank among the noblest triumphs of art. There were formerly five others there, the works of the same artist, which were carried off at the time of Napoleon's invasion. Of these, four are now in the possession of Marshal Soult, while the other on its return from France was retained in the Royal Academy of San Fernando, in Madrid. The two principal paintings of Murillo are in the chapel of the Hospital, directly opposite each other, and measure near sixteen feet in horizontal length, and eight or ten feet in breadth. One of these represents Christ's miracle of feeding the five thousand with five loaves and two small fishes. Our Saviour and his twelve disciples are slightly elevated on the side of a mountain which rises in the back-ground, and, as he blesses the

bread, the vast multitude are seated on the wide-spread plain below, waiting with anxious interest for the supply of their wants. The grouping attitudes and coloring are fine, and the whole of the quiet and delightful scene is well fitted to enstamp upon the mind, a vivid and lasting impression of the kind and benevolent regard which Christ ever showed as well for the bodies as the souls of men.

Opposite to this is Murillo's master-piece, a painting which, for boldness and variety of design and successful execution, justly entitles its author to the first rank among the historical painters of any age or country. The subject is the miracle wrought by Moses and Aaron in the wilderness, by which they caused to gush forth from the rock of Meribah a supply of water for the thirsty and fainting hosts of Israel. The rock has just been smitten by the rod of the prophet, and the life-giving streams are pouring forth from it in rich abundance. In the centre, and above the rock, are seen the aged and venerable forms of Moses and Aaron. They are clad in the flowing robes of the priesthood, with silvery beards descending to their breasts, while with uplifted hands, and their faces radiant with devout and overflowing gratitude to God, they are presenting to Him their united offering of thanksgiving and praise for the great deliverance which he had wrought by their hands. Below Moses and Aaron, and near them, are four persons, who, having satisfied their own thirst, are employed in supplying with water those who throng around them. On the left is a group of seven figures, in front of which is a little boy, seated on the back of a horse, which is drinking from a vessel near, while the child, with looks of excited joy, is eagerly stretching forth his hand, anxious it may be to descend and satisfy his thirst, or, as it rather seemed to me, with the outgushing feelings of pure and ardent childish gratitude, pointing to Moses and Aaron, as the authors of all this good to the people. A mother with an infant in her arms, both looking as if nature had denied her wonted supply of sustenance for the child, which is eagerly reaching forth its hand to seize the cup from which the mother is drinking. On the right is a group of nine figures, besides various animals, among which are a camel prepared to carry away a burden of water, and a poor, lean, famished dog, who is eagerly lapping up the flowing liquid. A mother is holding a cup to the mouth of one child while another is striving to grasp it. A poor cadaverous looking wretch is

slaking his thirst, while another, more ghastly still, in reaching forth his hands for the same vessel, has just fainted and is falling to the ground, with the eyes wildly glaring with anguish, and the marks of death enstamped upon the countenance. In fine, the whole painting has a softness and richness of coloring, a unity of design and effect, and an exciting interest, owing in part to the happy choice of the subject, but more to the full and varied expression of eager desire, of famished wretchedness, of lively gratitude, and brightly beaming joy and hope, which the genius of the author has imparted to it;—all which, combined with the talent and judgment shown in the grouping, and the attitudes, make this master-piece of the prince of Spanish painters, to my taste, the most finished and striking specimen of historical painting which my eyes have ever beheld.

According to a census taken in 1823, there were then in Seville, 81,875 inhabitants. Of these, there were in the employ of the state, as civil officers of government, and collectors of the customs, 1,315, besides a military force of 1,420 individuals. There were 561 of the secular or parish clergy; 631 friars; 757 nuns, and 387 common beggars. It speaks well for the longevity of the people, that there were 671 persons between 80 and 100 years of age, and twelve who were more than 100 years old. But longevity is no sure criterion of the health of a place. for, both in our own and other lands, it is found that a greater proportion of people live to an extreme old age in the sickly, than in the more healthy regions, of country. A philosophical reason which may be given for this, is the fact, that those who escape the diseases peculiar to sickly and languid climes, pursue a course of life so much less excited and active than those where the air is more healthy and invigorating, that the vital energies of the system are less slowly expended in the former case than in the latter.

The inhabitants of Seville boast that their city contains 80,000 marble pillars; and truly, no other place in Spain has within itself and in its immediate vicinity, so many interesting relics, both of Roman and of Moorish power and splendor. The Golden Tower, which stands on the banks of the Guadalquivir, was probably built by the Romans, to command the pass of the river; and in after times was used by the Moors to protect their shipping, when a chain was extended from it to the opposite banks. It has eight sides, three immense

stories, and is strongly built of the *pedra labrada*, wrought or artificial stone of ancient times, the manner of making which is now entirely lost. It derives its present name from the fact that it was formerly the place of deposit of the gold brought from the New World; and we are told, that in the time of the Romans it was visited by both Sertorius and Julius Cæsar. By the Moors it was used as one of the external towers of the Alcazar, or royal palace, being connected with it by walls which have been recently removed.

When Henry de Trastemere was advancing with an army against Seville, in order to expel Pedro the Cruel, a large mob, excited by the acts of savage barbarity of which the latter monarch had been guilty, and led on by a butcher, armed with a huge cleaver, attacked the Alcazar, and, forcing the gates, they laid waste the splendid apartments of the palace and its beautiful gardens. Finding that Pedro and his guilty mistress had escaped their fury, the mob next bore their effigies to the place of execution, and burned them there. The voice of the ferocious leader was then heard shouting aloud, "To the Golden Tower!" and thither they rushed, in hopes of finding treasure there. On approaching it they summoned the Governor, the heroic Julian Gonzales, to surrender. Threats were his only reply; and having several times repulsed the mob, they at length forced a passage, and, having slain the few soldiers who defended it, they hurled Gonzales from the summit of the lofty tower.

The old Roman aqueduct of Seville is still standing, and, supported by 400 arches, extends far across the neighbouring plain. About five miles distant, on the opposite side of the river, are the ruins of Italica, a city said to have been founded by one of the Scipios, during the wars with the Carthaginians, as a resting-place for his wounded soldiers. For a time it was the rival of Seville, and was honored as the birthplace of three of the ablest, bravest, and most virtuous of the Roman emperors, namely, Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. True, Trajan persecuted the Christians, but he kindly yielded to the humane advice of Pliny, in ceasing from this course of bloodshed. Adrian, too, killed 500,000 Jews in battle, for having rebelled and built a city on the ruins of Jerusalem. And, though he wished to enroll Christ among the gods of Rome, while he erected a statue to Jupiter on the spot where Christ rose from the dead, and one to Venus on Mount Calvary, yet, for a heathen emperor, he was a virtuous man.

Theodosius holds a high place in ecclesiastical history, for his reputed piety and his zeal in opposing and attempting entirely to suppress both Paganism and the Arian creed. Still a stain has rested on his character from his having put the inhabitants of Thessalonica to the sword, for the crime of killing one of his officers, so that thus 6,000 persons, of all ages and of both sexes, were put to death in the short space of three hours. He was, on this account, expelled for a time from the bosom of the church, and compelled by St. Ambrose to do open penance in the church, and to make public atonement for this act of barbarity. Italica was also the reputed birthplace of Silius Italicus, a distinguished Latin poet, who was Roman Consul in the time of Nero. The only ruins of any importance now remaining of Italica, are those of the Amphitheatre; the edifice known as the armory of the Emperor Trajan, mentioned by the earlier modern travellers, having crumbled down and disappeared. The city seems to have been overthrown by an earthquake, and many of the houses in Seville were built of materials brought from the ruins.

The Alcazar, or old Moorish palace, of Seville, was built by King Abdalasis, in the year 1181, but has since been repaired and received important additions, by Peter the Cruel, Charles the Fifth, and other Spanish monarchs. The outer gate opens into a square court, where the walls of the building around are covered with a variety of rich Arabesque work. Beyond this is another court, of an oblong form, surrounded with open galleries, above and below, the arches of which are sustained by 104 marble columns, of the Corinthian order. The whole palace has seventy-eight rooms, many of which have ceilings of beautiful Arabesque work, richly gilt, and inlaid with figures of various tasteful forms, and of hues as striking and brilliant as art can possibly make them. But the great object of curiosity is the Hall of the Ambassadors, where the various successive monarchs used to hold their court, surrounded with more than Oriental splendor and magnificence. The walls of this saloon below, are like those of many other parts of the palace, covered with glazed tile, of the most delicate and beautiful pattern. The lofty arched dome above, resembling in form the half of an orange, is formed of a kind of stucco work, like that made of plaster of Paris, ornamented with the same richness of gilding, and the same variety of brilliant coloring, of which a general description has just been given. Beneath a projecting bal-

cony on high, is a latticed gallery, reaching entirely round the Hall, from which the ladies of the harem used to look down upon all that passed below. The upper part of the apartment also contains a circular row of the portraits of the Spanish monarchs, beginning with the sainted King Ferdinand, who rescued Seville from the dominion of the Moors.

The gardens of the Alcazar are enclosed by a high wall, surmounted by a terrace, which is covered by an arcade, resting on a vast number of pillars, and adorned with Moorish capitals and entablatures of a singular and beautiful kind. These extensive gardens, filled as they are, with the orange and the myrtle, and a thousand other blooming and fragrant plants and shrubs, while they delight the senses, serve also to recall to mind the thousand tender and tragic scenes of more than romantic interest, of which these lovely and verdant bowers, and the halls of the adjoining palace, have been the unconscious witnesses. How many a heart, which light and joyous, was one day basking in the sunshine of royal favor, the next beheld the victim of corroding care and causeless jealousy or hate, perchance immured in the dark, damp vaults of a prison, there to drag out a wretched and hopeless existence, or else to meet a speedier and less cruel fate by the poisoned cup, the bow-string, or the assassin's knife. "Put not your trust in princes," said one of the wisest and noblest monarchs of antiquity; and history is full of sad and fearful evidence alike of the wisdom and the need of the salutary caution he has given.

The House of Pilate, which now belongs to the Dukes of Medinaceli, was erected by Don Fadrique Enrique de Rivera, first Marquis of Tarifa, and Viceroy of Naples. Some centuries since he made a visit to Jerusalem, where he took a design of the House of Pilate, and on his return built this house at Seville, on a similar plan. The different places of interest in it, connected with the closing events of our Saviour's life, are even now pointed out with a truly Catholic nicety. Its spacious courts, and the galleries which surround them, contain a large number of ancient Greek and Roman busts, statues, and other objects of classic interest, which the successive lords of the mansion have brought from Naples and other parts of Italy. To these may be added beautiful cornices of Arabesque work, a fine garden, and a large and classic fountain in the centre of the principal court, adorned with colossal statues of the Muses and of heathen deities.

The Royal Cannon Foundry of Seville, which is without the walls of the city, is one of the first establishments of the kind, of Europe, whether we regard the perfection of the machinery employed in boring, turning, and polishing the guns, or the accuracy, and the beauty of finish and of ornament, which are produced. A large number of cannon and bombs are ranged in rows about the yard, each bearing the name and the coat of arms of the sovereign in whose reign it was cast. Some of these were quite old, and had seen hard service in the distant Spanish provinces, both of the Old and the New World. Lying as they did, useless and corroded with rust, they formed no unapt emblem of Spain herself, wasted and consumed by civil strife and warfare, and lying voiceless and desolate amid the ruins of her former greatness. This foundry is capable of producing between six and seven hundred cannon, of various calibres each. I noticed, among other things, a new kind of gun, short and light, intended for mountain warfare. Twenty-four pounders of this model weighed less than five hundred weight, and were so made that they could easily be carried on the back of a horse or a mule. At this place the French cast the immense mortars used in bombarding Cadiz.

The Manufactory of Tobacco, at Seville, was erected by a German architect, named Wamdebor, and was completed in the year 1757, at an expense of near \$2,000,000. It is 1,125 feet long, 624 broad, and more than 100 feet in height. The roof, which is flat, is said to be bomb-proof, and as the whole building is of a strong and most massive construction, and entirely surrounded by a deep ditch or canal, it would make no mean fortress in time of war. It has twenty-eight courts, a large number of offices for business, and magazines and machines of various classes. In the time of Charles the Fourth 12,000 persons of both sexes were employed in this establishment, but owing to the vast amount of tobacco now smuggled into Spain, principally by way of Gibraltar, the number has been greatly reduced. In 1832 there were less than 2,000, and at present about 3,000 operatives there, most of whom are employed in rolling cigars. I saw in a single immense apartment 2,500 females at work, and, to judge from the rudeness of their conduct, and the grossness of their language, many of them must have been the lowest and most abandoned of the sex. Such I was informed was their real character, and it would be almost singular if it

were otherwise ; for every night, when they leave for their own dwellings, the person of each one is searched by certain officers of the establishment, for fear that tobacco may be concealed and carried off in their garments. To this ordeal virtuous females would hardly submit, and though, by paying \$ 10 a year, the privilege of taking the tobacco to a private dwelling, and there making the cigars, may be purchased, yet the profits of the labor are so small that this cannot well be afforded. Thus the vicious only can prosper here, a sad omen truly of the morals of the city. There are about one hundred and fifty millstones, and other machines for manufacturing snuff, each of which requires one or more horses or mules to work it, only a small number of which, however, are now in operation. As an evidence of the degree to which this royal monopoly is affected by smuggling, there is the fact, that when in 1827 an epidemic disease prevailed in Gibraltar, which led to non-intercourse with Spain, the number of operatives in the tobacco manufactory of Seville was suddenly increased to 7,000, in order to meet the demand. The amount of goods of all classes smuggled into Spain from Gibraltar is estimated at about \$ 20,000 a day, or more than half a million a year, and yet no small proportion of them are carried on the backs of mules and horses, through the midst of Spanish soldiers.

But the great boast and glory of Seville is her vast and lofty Cathedral. Parts of it, or rather a portion of the wall which now encloses the spacious court of the orange-trees, belonged to the splendid mosque which was built there by the Moorish king Abu, in the year 1171. The Tower of Giralda was erected about the year 1000, by Algeber, a Moorish architect and mathematician, from whom it is supposed that the science of Algebra derived its name. This tower is square, and its original height was 250 feet, and in the year 1568, 100 feet more were added for the purpose of constructing a belfry and for other objects. Above all rises the famous Giralda, or image of Faith, a gigantic female statue of bronze, with a large globe of the same metal beneath its feet, while in the hand is a vast palm-leaf, which causes the statue, resting as it does on an iron bolt or pivot, to turn about with the wind. Such is the giantess Giralda, to whom allusion is made in Don Quixote, and in many a Spanish play and romance. The ascent of the tower is by a spiral staircase within, which was formerly an inclined plane

of so gradual an elevation, that mules could easily climb up to the belfry. Low steps have recently been raised on this inclined plane, which give one a surer foothold than before. Two families live in this singular place; one at the base, who act as the porters, and the other near the belfry, whose business it is to take care of the singular and ingenious clock of the cathedral, which was invented and every part of it made by a monk of Seville, some centuries since. Several years were occupied in making it, and the vulgar tradition is, that when it was completed, the eyes of the poor monk were put out, that such another might never be made, and thus Seville might retain the sole honor of possessing such a treasure. For the correctness of this tradition I do not vouch.

The main body of the cathedral is 398 feet long by 291 broad, and though mostly of the Gothic style of architecture, yet to this there are, in portions of the interior, marked and striking exceptions. It has five naves, four of which are twenty-four feet broad each, while the central one, which rises to an immense height, is forty-two feet in breadth. The lofty arches are supported by thirty-two pillars with a diameter of fifteen feet each, and, if to these we add the pillars in the various chapels, the whole number is sixty-seven. There are ninety-three large and lofty windows of stained glass, which so modify the light that passes through them, as to cast over the whole of the vast interior an air of solemn and impressive religious majesty and awe. The paintings on these windows represent the different saints, as also passages from the Holy Scriptures, and are the works of distinguished artists from Germany and Holland. The cathedral is extremely rich in treasures, having, in addition to its splendid custodia of sculptured silver, which is more than twelve feet high, an altar, and images as large as life, all of solid silver, to say nothing of numerous other objects of almost untold value. During the French invasion these treasures were transported to Cadiz, and thus preserved from being plundered. The cathedral has a rich collection of paintings by Velasquez and other distinguished artists, besides thirteen by Murillo, the prince of Spanish painters, and one, too, who devoted his life to adorning the edifices of his native city with the splendid works of his pencil. Connected with the cathedral is also the Columbian Library, so called from Ferdinand Columbus, the son of the discoverer of America, who presented to it 10,000 volumes, and a collec-

tion of valuable manuscripts. At the present time it contains 20,000 volumes, and is adorned with numerous portraits of Archbishops of Seville, and of natives of the city, who have been distinguished for their eminence in the arts and sciences.

The annual income of the Archbishop of Seville in former times was \$ 150,000, though at present it is doubtless much less than that sum. In addition to Seville his spiritual rule embraces the churches of Cadiz, Malaga, the Canary Islands, Ceuta in Africa, and Teneriffe, with their respective bishops. His territorial limits extend from Portugal on the west, to Badajoz, Cordova, and Malaga, on the north and east, and Cadiz on the south. To assist him in ruling the churches under his care he has forty-six vicars. The cathedral has eighty-two altars, at which five hundred masses for the benefit of souls in purgatory are said daily. A great waste of time, voice, and money truly must this seem to us poor benighted Protestants, who fully believe that the eternal destiny of each soul is unalterably fixed from the moment that it leaves the body. Connected with the cathedral of Seville are 235 individuals, among whom are 40 canons, who receive a yearly salary of \$ 2,000 each; 20 prebendaries, who have \$ 1,500 each; 21 minor canons, whose pay is \$ 1,000 each; and so on, in proportion for all the inferior grades. If to this we add the current expenses for the splendid robes of the priesthood, the numerous lights required for illuminations and festive processions, the costly hangings for sad and for joyous occasions, and what is required for the necessary repairs of so vast a building, the whole annual expenditure must be truly immense. Of the amount of the last item some idea may be formed from the fact, that a pavement for the Cathedral of black and white marble, which has been recently laid, cost more than \$ 155,000. And here, if it be asked what good is effected by all this vast expenditure of time, money, and talents, I must give it as my honest and candid opinion, that less is thus done for the mental, moral, and religious improvement of mankind than often results from the labors of a single pious, active, and devoted preacher of the gospel in our own land.

The glimpse which I had of society and manners in Seville interested me much, and I hardly need mention the fact, that the fair ones of this favored city are known to fame, not in Spain alone, but also in foreign lands, as finished models of female

grace and elegance. Where such refinement casts its influence over the surface of society, there result from it a desire to please, and a thousand little polite attentions to the wants and the wishes of others, which impart a peculiar charm to social intercourse, and lead the passing stranger, who is the object or the witness of them, to forget for the time the deeply cherished pleasures of his distant home.

But the friend from whom I parted with most regret, was the good old Carlist, who had been my companion in misfortune. Though of a rude exterior, he had still a warm and generous heart, full of sympathy and kindness, and was ever ready to share his last mite with a friend who might need it, or freely to give his all to relieve the woe of another. It was with difficulty that I could prevail upon him to accept the payment of a sum of money, which he had drawn for me at Cordova, from a friend of his there; and he almost quarrelled with a merchant who was with us, for the privilege of paying the expenses of a poor sick woman in the diligence, who had been detained on her journey by ill health, until her money was expended, so that she had not the means of support by the way. Besides this, he had a native strength of mind, a fearlessness of danger, and a wise practical philosophy, which laughed at misfortunes that could not be avoided, and led him in the darkest hour to put forth fresh energy, and ever to hope for the best; traits of character which had inspired me with a peculiar esteem and affection for him. May God bless thee, my worthy old friend, and abundantly reward thee for thy sympathy with suffering, and thy genuine kindness of heart.

My passage from Seville to Cadiz was made in a steamboat, which was small indeed, when compared with those gigantic floating palaces, which are met with in such numbers on the large rivers and bays of the United States. The forward cabin, instead of berths, had between thirty and forty fixed arm-chairs of mahogany on each side, while the cabin aft was a filthy hole, where such as were poor, and had no fear of fleas, had accommodations at a reduced price. The Guadalquivir was swollen by recent rains, which gave it a bold and rapid sweep, as with a thousand graceful curves, it wound its way along, amid the wide-spread and fertile plains of Andalusia, all clothed in the deepest and richest verdure, while the distant mountains, with their rude and rugged heights, imparted an air of wildness and variety to the milder beauties of the lovely landscape beneath them.

Among the passengers was a man rudely clad, who, with an air half mysterious, and half clownish, approached me, and asked me if I understood Latin. He then told me, that he was a priest, from near the frontiers of Portugal, and that he had been banished to St. Mary's for a year, as a punishment for speaking too freely against the Queen and her government. He was one of those simple, foolish creatures, of whom I have met with more than one among the lower orders of the Spanish clergy, who, as tools of their superiors, are used to do the small work of the church. Their pay is trifling, and their education scarce reaches beyond a sufficient knowledge of Latin to enable them to bawl forth the public prayers, while at the same time there is nothing in their character to command respect, either for themselves or the religion which they represent. The individual in question was wellnigh an idiot, and often strove to amuse those on deck by a variety of screeching noises, and numerous low-bred monkey antics. I could not but think him a striking exception to the proverb, that "Kings never banish fools."

We arrived in good time at Cadiz, and though I spent several weeks there, yet but little need be said respecting it. Under its ancient name of Gades, it was founded by the Phœnicians, about eight centuries before Christ. Situated on the extremity of a peninsula, connected with the continent only by a long and narrow neck of land, while elsewhere it is enclosed by a massive wall, the base of which is washed by the ocean; it has ever been a place of much consequence, as well from its great commercial advantages, as from the ease with which it could be defended against foreign invasion. Though Cadiz, from the limited space which it occupies, has not those extensive public walks and gardens which give such a charm to other Spanish cities, yet the cleanliness of the streets, and the external beauty of the houses, with walls of the purest white, adorned with projecting balconies and verandahs of the brightest green, and filled with flowering shrubs and plants of the deepest and the richest verdure; all combine in making it one of the handsomest cities of Europe.

The population of Cadiz has varied much at different periods. At the close of the last century, there were 80,000 inhabitants, but in the year 1800, 50,000 were attacked by the plague, of whom 10,000 died in the space of two months. The number of males who thus perished, compared with the females, were in a proportion of 48 to 1. When the armies of

Bonaparte overran Spain, Cadiz was the only place which held out against them, and thus it became the asylum of most of the Spanish nobility. 150,000 people were crowded together there, and one who has long been a resident of the city informed me, that the effect on public morals, and the degree in which licentiousness was then introduced and prevailed throughout all ranks of society, was truly appalling. There are at present in Cadiz about 43,000 inhabitants, and it forms the outlet of most of the Xerez, or Sherry wines, receiving in return, from the United States, large quantities of tobacco, and of the staves from which the wine-casks are made. The houses in Cadiz, like those throughout the cities of Southern Spain, are built in the Moorish style, with an open court in the middle, but they have not, as in Seville, those fanciful doors of iron grating, through which the passer by may look in upon the little paradise of flowering and fruit-bearing shrubs and plants, where, with an awning above to exclude the sun, the family spend their summer hours. A gentleman who has travelled extensively in the East, informed me, that the houses of Seville, both in their structure and internal ornaments, are precisely similar to those of Damascus; and indeed throughout Southern Spain, the climate, modes of tillage, the face of the country, and manners of the people, bear a strong resemblance to those which are met with in the East.

In company with an American wine-merchant, I made an excursion to St. Mary's and Xerez, the two places where, and in their immediate neighbourhood, the famous Xerez or Sherry wines are produced. St. Mary's is about six miles from Cadiz, on the opposite side of the bay, and Xerez is eight miles beyond St. Mary's. The soil of the country around is light and warm, and sufficiently fertile to produce the grape in its greatest perfection. As the company in which I was not only secured to me the most free and generous hospitality, but placed within my reach all desirable information respecting the quality and value of the wines produced there, and the manner in which they are prepared for market, it may not be amiss here to notice a few facts connected with this subject. The vines on which the grapes grow are so pruned, as not to rise more than two or three feet in height, that thus the clusters may have the full benefit of the heat reflected from the ground, and none of them be shaded by the leaves. The vintage commences about the first of September, and con-

tinues until November, the grapes which ripen first being picked early, while the others are left for a longer period. The longer time grapes are left upon the vines, provided they do not decay, the less wine they make, but its quality is proportionably richer. From two to four butts of fine wine to the acre, each butt holding 130 gallons, is as much as is commonly expected; and if, owing to a rainy season, or from picking the grapes too soon, more wine is obtained, it is of an inferior quality. The grapes, when picked, are thrown into a large tub or vat, which contains a sufficient quantity to make a butt of wine, when a number of men, with nails in their shoes, trample on them until they are fully bruized. It is in allusion to this process that Isaiah says,—"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with me." Frequent references are also made to the wine-press and the vintage in other parts of the sacred Scriptures, and the illustrations of religious truth derived from this source are peculiarly forcible and happy.

When the grapes have been sufficiently bruised they are enclosed in straw matting, and placed under a screw for pressure. Thus the purest and richest qualities of wine are produced. After this, if what remains of the grapes is not to be used for making brandy, water is thrown upon it, and a weaker kind of wine is obtained. The wine from the press is strained and placed in clean butts, a vacuum of one fifteenth of their whole contents being left to give room for fermentation. It is left upon the lees with the bung out, until March, when it is again drawn off and strained, and placed in clean casks, well smoked with sulphur. When the insensible fermentation has taken place, it is again drawn off into other casks, and after this the same process is repeated twice before exportation. Brandy is added to that which is to cross the ocean; and ten gallons to each butt of wine is the least quantity with which it is considered safe to export it. The same amount of alcohol may, indeed, be obtained by boiling down the wines, or by leaving them for a length of time on the lees, by which means any degree of strength may be given them. Indeed, the gentleman who first sent what is called "temperance wine," to the United States, told me that he put no brandy in it, but permitted it to remain so long upon the lees, that it acquired the strength of the common mixture of brandy and water which is used by toppers. The only form in which the juice of the grape can be had without alcohol, is

to take it before fermentation. The Spaniards preserve it in this form in bottles; and by mixing it with iced water, a most delightful beverage is made, which they call "Agrass." It is less acid than lemonade, but far richer and more palatable.

The amount of capital vested in the wine trade, at Xerez, is truly immense. To say nothing of the great value of the extensive vineyards which belong to the principal wine merchants, one need but to wander through the spacious bodegas, or wine vaults, to be convinced of the princely wealth of their owners. One of these which I visited, contained 4,500 butts of wine, some of which were extremely large. They are long buildings, some of them extending many hundred feet, without cellars; and parallel rows of casks, two or three deep, reach from one extremity to the other. A single merchant there has six of these vaults; and the head of one of the firms there, which is by no means the largest, informed me, that they then had wines to the value of \$200,000 in the hands of a single agent in London. A merchant at St. Mary's, who gave \$135,000 for a single vault containing old and choice wines, said that he had made a good speculation by it. The old wines are used to give a flavor and character to those which are new, by mingling a few gallons in each butt. Thus, from a butt which is eighty years old, a small quantity is taken and put into that which is but a few years old, thus giving the latter a greatly increased value, while that which is taken from the former is supplied from wine which is seventy-nine years old; and thus at the end of the next year, the first cask will contain no wine which is less than eighty years old, and after a time, much of it will be more than one hundred years of age. These old wines are thus the stock in trade by which each mercantile house acquires and retains its credit, and no money would purchase them. Indeed, one gentleman informed me, that the firm to which he belonged had been requested, as a special favor, to sell twenty butts of their wine, of the second and third qualities, for \$1,000 a butt, and had refused; and that George the Fourth, the late king of England, had paid \$3,000 for a single butt of Xerez wine. About 60,000 butts of wine are exported from Xerez every year, which, at \$100 a butt, would amount to \$6,000,000. Besides this, about 150,000 butts of wine are kept constantly on hand there, which is rapidly improving by age, both in quality and value.

Thus, if we add to the value of the vineyards and other real estate, that of this immense quantity of old and valuable wine which is kept on hand, and that also which is in the hands of foreign agents, for sale, we may say of Xerez, as was said of ancient Tyre, that her merchants are princes:—And all this vast amount of wealth, too, employed in supplying the demands of luxury, and of an injurious artificial appetite.

The situation of Xerez, on the summit of a gentle eminence, surrounded by fertile valleys, is truly beautiful. Its population exceeds, by a few thousands, that of Cadiz; but consists, in a great degree, of those who labor in the vineyards in the country, during the day, and, as elsewhere in Spain, are led by a regard to safety, to collect together in town at night. Robberies are frequent between St. Mary's and Xerez; though the country is open, the road is much travelled, and most of the distance one is in sight of either one town or the other. A wealthy English gentleman of St. Mary's told us, that he and his partner in trade were walking into town one evening, when two robbers stepped up to them, and placing a knife at each of their breasts, and a pistol at the right ear, called upon them to give up what they had, with the assurance that if they kept any thing back, they would surely kill them. He was thus relieved of a valuable gold watch and chain, and a quantity of coin of the same metal. Some time after, he met the man who robbed him in the streets, who gave him a knowing grin, in passing; but such is the number of the scoundrels in the vicinity, that he did not judge it prudent to arrest the robber, and bring him to trial. Our worthy and intelligent Consul at Cadiz informed me, that he was one day riding to Xerez, with a friend, and, in company with a large number of carriages, was just leaving the halfway house between there and St. Mary's, when some persons, who had left just before them, came driving rapidly back, attended by a number of men on horseback, who were charged with being robbers, but denied the fact. In the midst of the confusion that was thus caused, the Consul and his friend drove round the company, and passed on. They learned afterwards that these same men, during that afternoon and evening, robbed eighty persons, and confined them during the night, in a barn at some distance from the road, where no one dare open his mouth until morning, not knowing whether those around him were friends or foes. A merchant in Gibraltar, who has had many adventures with

robbers, told me, that a failure in Cadiz once led him to repair there in haste, and when crossing Chiclana heath, early in the morning, he was stopped by four robbers, who took his money, and made him lie down upon the ground, where he continued until they had stopped about forty other persons, and treated them in a similar manner. Most of the company were going to a fair in the neighbourhood, and among the rest were four Xerez farmers, each attended by a servant, and all well armed and mounted. Yet when the chief of the robbers approached them fiercely, they dismounted and gave up their arms. When they were released, my friend made the best of his way to Cadiz, leaving information of the robbery at the first station of soldiers which he met with. A year afterwards, while witnessing a bull-fight at Ronda, he recognised the man who sat next him, as one of the robbers, and, reminding him of the event, was offered a cigar, and invited to take a social glass with him. The robber said, that they had been pursued by soldiers, who shot two of his comrades, took the third prisoner, and he alone escaped. Since that time he had given up his old trade, and become an honest man, — that is to say, a smuggler.

The same gentleman who related the preceding anecdote, was once returning from Ronda Fair, in company with a number of British officers and others from Gibraltar, and on stopping to take refreshments by the way, they were told that it was unsafe for them to proceed, as there was a company of robbers lying in wait at a given place. As their party consisted of sixteen or seventeen, however, and each man had a good double-barreled gun, they organized themselves under the command of a colonel of engineers, a truly brave man, who was to lead the van, and the rest, following in single file, were all to dismount the moment the robbers hailed them, and, with their horses for a bulwark, were to rest their guns across their saddles, thus arraying against their opponents a battery of more than thirty barrels. They found the robbers lying beside a fence, and so sure were they of their prey that their guns were stocked at a distance of some yards from them. Seeing the disadvantage at which they were taken, they claimed to be custom-house officers, whose business it was to search the baggage of travellers. To this, the colonel replied, that he well knew them to be robbers, but, in order to test the matter, if they were what they claimed to be, one of them might advance and examine their baggage, but

should one of the others stir from his place, they would shoot him instantly. Seeing themselves thus foiled, — “Vayaste con Dios,” — (go with God,) said the robbers, the usual parting salutation of the Spanish. “Vayaste con Dios yourselves,” said the colonel, for it belongs to us, who are victors, to dictate conditions; and thus the robbers quickly retreated, when the party again mounted and proceeded on their journey.

I have recently learned, through an English gentleman, who was robbed a short time since near the place where I met with a similar misfortune, that the robbers have increased their number to twenty-five. They do not now unlock trunks, but force them open, and all the passengers were compelled to pull off their boots, lest money should be concealed there. There were in that instance, four officers of the Queen's army in the diligence, but, being dressed in citizens' clothes, they were not recognised by the robbers, who were Carlists, except that they found among their spoil one hat, which bore the title of an officer. All the passengers disowned it, however, and the robbers said, that if they could determine to whom it belonged, they would kill him instantly. It were easy to multiply anecdotes of robberies in Spain, to almost any extent, as few who travel there escape such adventures; but I have given the preceding cases, merely to show the wretched state of the country, and the boldness with which such affairs are managed. In view of the present condition of poor unhappy Spain, rent, distracted, and weakened as she is by party spirit, and civil contention and bloodshed, well may we be grateful to God for the peace and safety vouchsafed to our own favored land; while at the same time we have cause for fear and trembling, lest the zeal with which the flame of party spirit is fanned, and the liberal hand with which the spoils of office are dealt out to successful partisans, should fully engender among us the deep and deadly curse of permanent political hostility and discord, which may end in weakening the sanctions of law, loosening the bonds of society, and bringing down upon us all the bitter evils of a civil war.

The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births in Spain, is as one to three and a half. It is said, that not more than one crime in five is brought before courts of justice, while bribery, perjury, and intimidation, prevent the conviction of more than half of these. Thus, not more than one crime in ten is clearly brought to light, yet, the average number of convicted murders and attempts at murder, is more

than 3,000 a year. Now, if we allow that murder escapes detection less often than other crimes, and call its average convictions one in five, we shall still have 15,000 murders in Spain per year.

Three fourths of the land in Spain is inalienably entailed upon the nobles, the church, and certain corporations; and, to render entails more pernicious, the law enacts, that all leases shall cease with the lives of the owners of the estates. About £90,000 sterling is the average expenditure on roads each year, in Spain. This is one twentieth of what is expended in England for the same purpose, which, being equal in extent to one third of Spain, makes the proportional expense of roads in the two countries, as one to sixty. The roads are so few, and many of them so poor, that transporting is very difficult, being done mostly on the backs of mules and donkeys. In the neighbourhood of Salamanca, owing to a succession of abundant harvests, wheat has actually been left to rot upon the ground because it would not pay the cost of carriage. There exist also oppressive taxes, handed down from those times when the provinces of Spain were distinct kingdoms, which now often prevent the transportation of the fruits of the earth from a province where they abound to an adjoining one where there is a scarcity. To these checks upon industry a recent Spanish writer attributes much of the indolence of the people, and with propriety asks, — “What should induce the laborer to sow more wheat than he consumes, when unable to export the surplus, and in the country it will command no higher price than from fifteen to eighteen reals a fanega, which is no price at all.” This he states was the price of wheat in Castile, in December, 1834. It would be about equal to from thirty-seven to forty-five cents a bushel. He adds in another place, that while at the time referred to above, wheat, in various parts of Castile, was from fifteen to twenty-nine reals a fanega, it was worth in Seville, in an adjoining province, from sixty-five to seventy-five reals, still, there was no profit in transporting it, though the difference of prices in the two places, was equal to two dollars and a half a hundred weight; and this, he says, is owing to the expense of transporting, arising from the want of good roads, secure communication, and the absurd and arbitrary duties exacted at certain places. So much for agriculture in Spain.

As we have recently been speaking of Cadiz, it may not

be amiss barely to allude to the amount of commerce there some sixty years ago, as compared with recent dates. In 1776, the number of vessels which entered the port of Cadiz, was 949, of which 265 were French. In 1777, there were 935, of which 280 were French. In 1835, there were 2,699 arrivals at Cadiz, of which 2,176 were Spanish vessels, most of them of a small class; — 286 were English; 79 were from the United States; 22 were French; 34 Russian, and the rest from other nations of Europe. In 1834, there were 240 English vessels in Cadiz, carrying 31,899 tons, and manned by 1,968 seamen. During the same year, there were 71 vessels from the United States, with a tonnage of 20,630, and manned by 941 seamen.

After leaving Cadiz, early in the year 1836, we sailed to Gibraltar, and from thence to Lisbon. From Lisbon, we went to Mahon, to Toulon, in France, to Italy, Sicily, and Greece.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF SPAIN.

Rev. Mr. Rule ; his History, Labors, Journal. — Sabbath at Cadiz. — Journey to Seville. — Religious Condition of the City. — Priest of St. Gil. — Students. — Infidelity. — Journey to Madrid. — Bishop of Astorga. — Spanish Versions of the Bible. — Union of the Spanish and English Churches. — Augustine Monk ; his Views of Spain. — Prohibited Books. — Opposition to Papacy. — Prisoners. — Señor Potia. — Friars. — Public Morals and Religion. — Spanish Hymns. — Circulation of the Bible in Spain : Missions there. — Feelings of the People. — Facilities for Social Intercourse. — Liberty of the Press. — Religious Laws. — Bishop of Cadiz. — English Influence. — Versions of the Scriptures. — Catechisms. — Infidel Books. — Catholic Works. — Thoughts on Popery. — Education in Spain. — Emigrants. — Governors of Cadiz and Barcelona. — Archbishop of Toledo. — Spanish Schools and Colleges.

DURING one of our earlier visits to Gibraltar, I became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Rule, who for several years had been laboring among the Spanish population there, under the patronage of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in England. He had originally been destined as a missionary to Jerusalem, and resided for a time at Malta, to acquire a knowledge of the Italian and Arabic languages. He was there a fellow-student of the Rev. Eli Smith, missionary from the United States, and favorably known to the literary and religious public, as joint author with the Rev. Mr. Dwight of a valuable work on Armenia, the result of their travels in that country. Mr. Rule, besides the knowledge which he acquired of the Arabic, became so familiar with the Italian, that he could preach in it extempore with the greatest facility. He is now able to do the same in Spanish, having two public services in that language on the Sabbath, and, when we were at Gibraltar, he and his lady gave gratuitous instruction to fifty or sixty bright-looking Spanish children during the week. He has read the Hebrew Bible through, is quite at home in Latin, Greek, Syriac, and Rabbinical Hebrew, and, in addition to preparing a hymn-book, tracts, and larger works in Spanish, is engaged in a new translation of the New Testament, with a commentary in the same language. So accurate is his knowledge and pronun-

ciation of the language, that Spaniards, who care little for the truths he utters, have been among his hearers merely from the pleasure which it gave them to listen to the fulness and melody with which he speaks their native tongue. In addition to a choice and valuable library of theology, he has the best English and German works in philology and sacred criticism. I have spoken thus freely of this gentleman, not so much from the fact of my having spent many hours of pleasant social intercourse with him, as because he is a highly important witness as to the religious condition and prospects of Spain. Early in 1835, Mr. Rule made a tour through Spain, visiting Madrid and other important cities; and some extracts, which he permitted me to make from his copious journal, having been published in the United States, excited much interest in behalf of Spain, both there and in England. His familiar knowledge of the language, and his free intercourse with men of high standing in the Catholic church in Spain, placed within his reach important sources of information, which at a later period, when making a similar tour, owing to the distracted state of the country, were not open to me. I shall therefore here avail myself to some extent of extracts from his journal, to show the strong hold which infidelity has gained in Spain, as also the strong opposition there is in the Catholic church there to the claims of the Pope. These extracts are as follows:

“*January 11th, 1835.* — At Cadiz. It is the Lord’s Day, yet all is business. The market is crowded, and the shops, with very few exceptions, open. Along the narrow balconied streets all is life and bustle, and the Alameda, Plaza, and other public places are thronged with people in holyday dress.

“*January 12th.* — This morning called on Mr. Hortel, the principal bookseller in Cadiz, who has for some time past been waiting to receive copies of the Scriptures in Spanish for sale in his shop. He is perfectly willing and even desirous to receive them. Yet the circumstance that the Bible, except when printed with notes approved by the church, is a prohibited book, and the fact, that an ecclesiastic is always posted at the Custom-House, to prevent contagion from being introduced into the kingdom by prohibited books, must lead us to employ the utmost caution as to their introduction.

“*January 13th.* — Left Cadiz for Seville. At Xerez five students of the law entered the diligence to proceed to the University of Seville. We had some brisk conversation on

subjects of doctrine, produced by their questions as to the faith and practice of the Protestants. I spoke as freely as if I had been in England, not having any reason to shroud the truth, no, not even in Spain. Spaniards themselves speak freely, even to licentiousness, and therefore it becomes our duty to speak freely also. So far from taking offence they appeared to be gratified at receiving information.

“*January 14th.* — Reached Seville. Went to call on Don Juan Ramon Ramirez, who had called on me repeatedly at Gibraltar. One Sunday evening, after the Spanish sermon, he came to me and requested an interview. The next morning he called again. He told me that he was like a ship without helm or pilot, disgusted with his own priesthood, and yet quite uninformed on the subject of religion. I was pleased with his frankness, and advised him to read a Bible which he purchased, and invited him to call again. He did so. When I called at his house, his mother instantly conjectured who I was, and on calling a second time, for then he was not at home, he told me that my bed was ready for me, and that his house was to be my home. He has numerous family connexions in this city, who he states will be ready to declare themselves Protestants as soon as the religion so desired by the people shall have been proclaimed. He says, that the population of Seville is 90,000, of whom 70,000 do not go to mass, nor yet confess. These 70,000 then are chiefly abandoned to infidelity, or sunk into indifference. A comedy entitled ‘The Devil Preacher’ is to be exhibited this evening, in which it is said friars will be personated on the stage. This is done openly in one of the chief towns in Spain, an Episcopal see, and the residence of a Cardinal Archbishop. None prevent it, for none can.

“*January 15th.* — Ramirez went with me to see the parish priest of St. Gil. He is a frank and pleasant man, but lax in his religious sentiments. Speaking of the affairs of Spain, he coolly asked me, if I thought that God meddled with such trifles as the quarrels of such insignificant creatures as we are. At our Vice-Consul’s I had a conversation with a very intelligent gentleman. Speaking of the immense possessions of the monastic bodies, he was led to notice the friars, which he did with the utmost contempt. He stated that of late none of respectable families have taken the habit, and he predicted the rapid abolition of monasticism.

“*January 16th.* — I have had a long conversation to-day

with parties of students, who asked me a variety of questions as to the doctrines and practices of the different religious sects in England. They tell me, that there are 3,000 students of law, medicine, and divinity in the University; the greater part of whom are, it is to be feared, infidels. A number of them brought me their books, which had on their covers the titles of devotional works, but which, upon opening them, proved to be the writings of Voltaire, and others of the same class.

“*January 22d.* — Reached Madrid. Towards the close of the journey, I had a conversation with a gentleman of wealth and intelligence, by the name of Hernandez. He spoke of monkery with the utmost contempt; but says, that even in the convents there are some learned men of liberal minds, who now desire the abolition of monasticism. He considers the toleration of the Protestant religion as a measure of government, so necessary to the commercial prosperity of Spain, that it will be impossible longer to avoid it.

“This morning I called on Mr. Razola, a bookseller, with whom I had corresponded before. He is friendly to the great object of disseminating the truth by means of the press, and desires to receive, if possible, Bibles for sale in his shop.

“*January 23d.* — This morning I called on Don Felix Torres Amat, Bishop of Astorga, Translator of the Scriptures into Spanish. He is a truly amiable man. He said that he had received kind assistance from Englishmen, in reference to his version of the Bible, and recounted the services they had rendered him. He said that he acknowledged the Protestants to be true Christians, and knew many of them to be actuated by the most pious and generous sentiments. He dwelt with great apparent interest on the incidents of an early friendship formed with an English gentleman in Spain, many years ago, when both were young, with whom he has lately renewed correspondence, and who has been his agent in sending his version of the Bible to America. In compliance with a request that he would give information of the versions of the Bible published in Spanish, by the Bible societies, he has transmitted to Rome an assurance that, having seen all, as he believes, of these versions, and examined the principal passages cited in controversy between us, he has not detected the slightest corruption in any one instance. At the same time he has told the Pope, that if Catholics calumniate Protestants, by laying against them accusations which cannot be substantiated, they will inevitably lose their cause.

“The present edition of his version, of which he presented me with a copy, and which would sell in Madrid, for sixty or seventy reals of vellon per volume, is sold so low as twenty-six reals to subscribers. It is in five volumes. This edition is one of 3,000 copies, and is to be thrown into circulation, as he says, among heads of families, priests, who ought to read the Bible, and friars, who are too generally ignorant of it. He intends, when the last volume, now in the press, shall be published, to purchase of the printer 100 copies, have them bound, and distribute them gratuitously among the clergy of his diocese.

“For two years and a half his version was subjected to a rigorous examination by the Congregation of the Index, in Rome, when they sent him the following injunctions: 1st. That he should place under their respective passages, several notes, which he had published in a dictionary apart. 2d. That he should show his readers, that the reading of the Bible is not necessary to salvation. Our conversation was long, and he spoke on all points as a man of piety, and a friend of the human race. He gave it as his opinion, that the cause of liberty would advance, in spite of every effort to impede it. He said, that public opinion and feeling are a torrent, which, if resisted, will swell, break forth, and devastate with violence, but which it is the duty of all governments, and of the clergy especially, to guide in a right channel, but which, if they regarded their own safety, they would by no means endeavour to obstruct. The time was now come, he said, to speak and write freely, which he was resolved to do; and he could now say things which, a year ago, it would not have been safe for him to utter.

“At another visit his favorite topic was the union of the Spanish and English churches. He believed that the higher clergy of Spain would most readily cast off all subjection to the Pope, leaving him only the first place in the Episcopacy, which he conceives ought to be allowed to him, and thinks that it could not be attended with any prejudice to the bishops and other clergy. He plainly acknowledges that Luther, and the other Reformers, were right in their opposition to the abuses of the Church of Rome; but thinks they did wrong in rending the seamless garment of Christ. He says, they did well in despising the Pope's bulls and decretals, and that he would have done the same. He maintains, that the most enlightened part of the clergy of Spain, would now most

readily abandon the mummeries which have been introduced into the worship of God, in the course of ages, and return to primitive simplicity, as the Protestants have done, although he conceives that the Protestants have gone into the opposite extreme. In speaking of difference of doctrine, he said, the Protestants agree that Christ is present at the Sacrament; but then, as to the mode, each one to his own mind; and added, that St. Paul, in so saying, had preached toleration to all parties. He defended the doctrine of Purgatory. 'But still,' he said, 'it was an article of faith, that none could enter into Heaven without being purified from sin; but as to the mode of purification, each might entertain his own views.' With great earnestness he exclaimed, 'We must lay aside our passions, and manifest Christian charity. The enemy of the church is not Luther or Calvin, but Anti-Christ; and, in order to combat him effectually, we must leave the outposts, and fall back into the fortress itself, which is divine revelation, and then be united, and contend for that, or fifty years hence there will be no religion in the world. The majority of the Catholics would say, that you cannot be saved, but I say that you can, for you and other Protestants hold to the essentials of Christianity, and are Christians as well as we.' He advised me, being young, to think well on this subject, and draw a sketch of a project for the union of Christians against infidels. I observed to him, that infidelity had been spreading its ravages not only among the laity, but also among the clergy. 'Among a few of the clergy,' he replied. 'They are more generally fanatics than infidels. Infidelity would rob us of our living, but superstition and fanaticism provide us with maintenance. Therefore it would not suit us to be infidels.' But, I rejoined, the truth seems to be, that too many of the clergy are indifferent at heart. 'Alas! that is the case,' he replied; and such was the style of much of our conversation. He says, that the Bible must have some notes, however few, to give it currency in Spain,—that those notes might be critical and not doctrinal, and on the passages cited in controversy between us, an entire silence might be observed.

"*January 24th.*—Called on J. de la C., Augustine monk in the convent of St. Felipe Real. He is busy in preparing a continuation of the *España Sagrada*, by appointment of the Royal Academy of History, of which he is a member. He has an excellent suite of apartments in the convent, and an extensive library. Every thing around him has an air of

comfort, approaching to elegance. With great warmth he expressed his pleasure at being visited by an Englishman. The Inquisition, he said, had ruined Spain. The nation had been literally vanquished and enslaved by Rome. Religion had been oppressed, and almost lost,—literature had been buried, and some vestiges of it alone remaining, as if preserved by miracle, for that any other people of inferior genius would have been sunk into utter barbarism, under such immense disadvantages as had affected Spain. Infidelity had been imported from France; and the people, submerged in ignorance, were carried away by a torrent of licentiousness and unbelief, until in the present day the state of the Spanish youth is lamentable in the extreme. To show me that these views were not recently adopted by him, he read a few sentences of a preface which he had written to his translation of a work from the French, in the year 1813, entitled, *Apologista Anti-revolutionaria*.

“He *then*, [in 1813,] openly declared, that the people of Spain had been culpably abandoned to a state of profound ignorance, and that the only remedy was in the hands of the clergy, who ought to provide the people with sound instruction. But since *then*, [namely, 1813,] he added, things have grown worse instead of better. The prohibitions which have been laid in the way of literature, he lamented in the strongest language. The clergy, he said, should have employed their pens to resist the influence of irreligion and skepticism, but it became impossible for them to do so. Priests, who were generally profoundly ignorant, were posted at the custom-houses to shut out of the kingdom every foreign work to which they might choose to object, perhaps without even understanding the title-page, and the ministers of religion were not allowed so much as to read a prohibited book without a special license to do so, as though they were unworthy of confidence, and had no judgment of their own to guide them. But now, he said, *the Spanish clergy generally are weary of the arrogance and domineering measures of the Romans, and are desirous to break off the yoke*. In short, he said it was much to be desired, that the Spanish and English churches should unite and make a stand against Rome, or if not, it appeared to him that Christianity, through Romish and Antichristian policy, would soon be driven out of Europe. I remarked, that if the Spanish church were utterly to renounce the Pope of Rome, there might not be

much difficulty in effecting a union with the Church of England, as far as discipline is concerned, as that church is also Episcopal, and the position of the two churches would then become similar: but I feared it would be impossible for them to agree as to doctrines, as they differ almost entirely on many of the cardinal points of faith. But he thought that difficulty might be easily overcome, 'for,' said he, 'we would agree to abide by the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, in the first place; and then be further guided by the fathers of the church, for the first six centuries, and reject the superstitions which were afterwards introduced; although, indeed, abuses began with Constantine.'" I was indeed delighted to hear such sentiments advanced by an Augustinian monk within the walls of his convent, in the capital of Spain, and that without reserve, and in the hearing of a third person. Doubtless there are others, who, like this man, and the bishop of A——, desire a union of the Spanish and English churches, and this, too, at a time when the Papal Nuncio has been dismissed from Madrid, because 'the Servant of the servants of God, and centre of union to the faithful,' will not acknowledge the actual sovereign of the country. As I was about to leave, he led me into his bedroom, and playfully exclaimed,—'these are the prisoners.' These prisoners are prohibited books in Latin, French, Spanish, &c., some hundreds of which he has collected, having kept them concealed during the times of the Inquisition. He pointed out Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, but has never seen Milner's, which he wishes to obtain.

"I called on Señor Potia, a lawyer and literary man, who has been imprisoned in the Inquisition, on a political account, and on Señor Quintana, one of the most learned men in Spain, and Procer [peer or Lord] of the kingdom, both of whom manifested great liberality of sentiment. They are members of the Junta, commissioned to prepare a new code of laws for Spain, to be submitted to the Cortes.

"*January 27th.*—Took leave of J. de la C., the Augustinian monk. With much apparent feeling and sincerity, he lamented the conduct of multitudes of friars, who are now in open rebellion against the government, rendering religion, as he says, contemptible and odious to the people.

"*February 5th.*—Arrived at Gibraltar. On the way home, my mind was much occupied with reflections on the state of Spain, and the desired introduction of the Gospel into that

country. From all that I have seen and heard, both before and during my visit, I feel painfully convinced, that the great mass of the people are abandoned to idleness and vice, and rendered yet more miserable by their contempt and even abhorrence of the established religion. Infidelity and licentiousness have spread beyond all that I could have imagined. To commence a mission in Pagan Africa, might appear less arduous than in this nominally Christian country; for here is not only ignorance, but obdurate iniquity, in all its forms. Yet, this dreary picture is not utterly without relief. There are still some to be found, who, while they have escaped the thralldom of vulgar superstition, have not cast off all reverence of God and religion; whose minds are open to conviction, and to whom our efforts may be useful when a door of entrance shall be opened. But even these, having no right standard of religious principle, slide into a pernicious laxity of sentiment, and class together Protestants, Jews, and Moors, as if they professed religious equality worthy the credence of mankind. In the lower classes, the females are frequently degraded beyond description, and the ordinary language of both sexes, is blasphemous, trifling, and obscene. To ingratiate themselves with a minister of the gospel, they seem to think it sufficient, that they should deride the friars; but to refrain from sin in his presence, is a mark of respect which they do not seem to conceive of. A Protestant preacher would be heard, as I should think, with avidity, at first, and God might own his labors. But I fear it would be long, ere the mass of the people would cease to regard him rather as an adversary of the priests and friars, than as a preacher of Christ. However, there is a strong prepossession in favor of the Protestant religion in the minds of many, and could the missionary confine himself to a plain declaration of those truths which make men wise unto salvation, he might contribute to a decided change of public feeling on the subject."

In connexion with his other efforts for the good of Spain, Mr. Rule has prepared and printed, in Cadiz, an edition of 500 copies of religious hymns for public worship, in the Spanish language, several of which he composed himself. He has also written to booksellers in thirty-six of the principal towns of Spain, inquiring if they would sell Bibles. From twelve of these he has received answers, seven of which are decidedly favorable, and without reserve, and the others suggest only obvious objections, such as the bad state of

the roads, and other similar difficulties, which might prevent Bibles from reaching them safely.

In February, 1836, in answering the question, — How shall we send the Gospel into Spain, — Mr. Rule wrote as follows. — “There are two methods by which this may be done, and it appears to me that both ought to be combined. The one is a distinct oral declaration of the truth, and the other is the dissemination of sound religious knowledge by the press. Whether we shall be permitted to speak of Christ to the Spaniards, ought not, I think, to be regarded as questionable. We may, in conversational intercourse with the people, proceed to any length we please. In this way, much may at first be done; and the missionary, who shall have acquired the confidence and respect of any influential portion of the community, might proceed, in time, to establish some of the forms of social worship.

“Local authorities might sometimes catch at occasions to embarrass him, unless he should have been able to conciliate them by proceeding in an open, but honorable and pacific manner. There should be nothing covert about his movements, as there is about those of the people of the country. He has nothing to conceal. His business is to speak the truth, yet not willingly to adopt such measures, or employ such a style, as might be considered offensive to legitimate authorities. That local opposition will be raised is doubtless true. It would seem, however, that, on the subject of religion, every thing is to be taken for granted. The legislators of Spain presume, or *affect to presume*, that the people would be averse to innovations; but the fact is, no one knows this, as yet, for no considerable attempt has been made to innovate on their errors by the introduction of the truth. But let us go to Spain. We can converse, perhaps preach. But surely we can pray when there, and, by Divine grace, can exhibit piety by living examples; and, above all, God can work with us, and confirm his word, and, when any shall have been brought to experience his power, to save them from sin, we may confide them to Him for protection from their persecutors, should any arise.”

Mr. Rule is fully of opinion, that a Protestant missionary to Spain ought, on many accounts, to be married. One reason for this is, that he would need the protection which would thus be secured to his character in his necessary religious intercourse with the people; for such are the morals of the

Catholic clergy there, as to the matter of licentiousness, that a young clergyman cannot freely visit in families, without sacrificing his own reputation, and that of those whose houses he frequents. On this account many respectable families will not permit a Catholic priest to enter their houses, and where one of them joins a company in a stagecoach, or elsewhere, a sneer may commonly be seen on every countenance, and the chance is, that many a joke will be passed upon him.

It is a singular fact, in the lines of party which have been recently drawn in Spain, in consequence of the officious interference of the Court of Rome in the affairs of Spain, that given individuals are freely spoken of as Papists, or adherents of the Pope, as opposed to those who would cast off all allegiance to him.

As to the best means of conducting religious efforts in Spain, my own views fully coincide with those of Mr. Rule, as expressed above, and as further elicited during the full and free discussions of the subject, which have taken place between us. A passing notice of some of the leading topics of which he speaks will therefore suffice for the present.

First, then, as to free conversation on all religious subjects, the Protestant, and especially the Protestant clergyman, who travels or resides in Spain, has great and peculiar facilities. The past efforts of the priesthood, aided by the Inquisition, so far succeeded in excluding from the country, or exterminating there, both Protestants and their writings, that but few, even of the more intelligent and better educated classes, have any just or correct idea of the religious belief, usages, character, and modes of worship of those whom they have been taught to regard as damnable heretics, — a race of monsters, on whom the blighting curse of Heaven, and of mother church, for ever rests, and for whose extirpation from the earth they should most devoutly pray. When, therefore, they meet with one of these strange beings, and find him a man formed and fashioned like themselves, with the refinement and intelligence of a gentleman and a scholar, and withal familiar with the manners and customs, the religious creeds and sacred rites of nations, whose existence and character, if known to them at all, have ever been clothed with the vague indistinctness of a dream of romance; when they meet with such an one, all that he says has the charm of novelty, and he is listened to with peculiar interest. The Protestant in Spain may therefore not only speak his mind with the utmost free-

dom on all religious subjects, but can hardly avoid doing so, provided it be known that he is well informed respecting them. Indeed, the most free and interesting religious discussions I have ever had, have been either with Catholic priests by themselves, or where some one of them was present with other individuals, as in public conveyances or elsewhere. The great mass of the priesthood are extremely ignorant of all religious matters beyond the bounds of their own church, and, owing to the restrictions on the press, and the bigoted exclusion of foreign books, even the more learned of the clergy have been but partially informed as to the religious history and character of Protestant nations. The oppressive burden of celibacy, which, by exposing the clergy to peculiar temptations to vice, cutting them off from the healthful and virtuous exercise of the strongest and purest domestic affections, and excluding them from familiar intercourse with families who have any regard for their credit in society; the manner in which the lower orders of the priesthood are trampled upon by the higher, and the fact, which they themselves freely avow, that they have almost entirely lost their character and influence, together with other grievances, have caused much discontent among the Spanish clergy, and at the same time have excited a spirit of inquiry as to the cause of their downfall, and the greatly superior respect enjoyed by the Protestant clergy.

I have not time here to detail the facts on which the statements above are founded. It is, however, sufficient in this connexion to know, that owing to the recent overthrow of the monks and friars, and the suppression of their convents by a spontaneous rising of the people in opposition to the government, — the advancement of liberal principles, as connected with the civil war, and from other causes, there has been a thorough breaking up in Spain; and the fact is seen, and freely admitted by the more intelligent, that the national religion has no permanent hold on either the belief or the affections of the people, and that no small portion of those who pay an outward respect to its forms, are still open and avowed infidels. There are, however, many sober and thinking people who, thoroughly disgusted with the useless rites and foolish superstitions of the Catholic church, and with neither fear of the Pope, nor respect for him or his authority, would gladly welcome, and give their support to, some simpler, purer, and less burdensome and bigoted form of religious

faith and worship, addressed to their reason and common sense, as well as to their sympathies and the conscious wants of their nature. If the claims of such a creed are not placed before the Spanish nation, and that speedily, the only alternative is wide-spread, dark, and fearful infidelity, like that which deluged France with blood, and for which the superstition, the exclusiveness, and the bigoted cruelty of the Catholic church have so well fitted the minds of the people. The expense of sustaining the numerous priesthood, with their costly robes, the torches used in their religious rites, and other similar matters, are a heavy burden on the votaries of the Church of Rome, from which many of them would gladly be free.

As to facilities for intercourse with the higher classes in Spain, I can only say, that a mere casual travelling acquaintance, formed in a diligence, brought me repeated invitations, while in Madrid, to visit in the family of the "Minister of Grace and Justice," one of the Queen's Cabinet, who is at the head of the courts of justice and the religious affairs of the kingdom; and in all the large towns, where I continued for any length of time, a wider sphere of desirable social intercourse was thrown open to me than necessary engagements permitted me to enjoy. Indeed, the interest excited and the attention received by foreigners, in the central parts of Spain, is much greater than it would be, did the state of the country admit of their going there in greater numbers, or were the people themselves freely to visit foreign lands.

When full religious toleration will exist in Spain is yet uncertain, though there are reasons for hoping that the time is not far distant. The triumph of the more liberal party of the adherents of the Queen, during the recent civil struggle, furnishes just ground for expecting that liberty of speech and of the press may soon be enjoyed in that ill-fated land, and, should the influence of England be wisely directed to secure these important objects, they may doubtless be placed on a solid and permanent basis. But even should the system of licensing works for the press be continued, the power of doing so may be placed in such hands, and be governed by such principles, that no difficulty shall exist as to publishing such works as tend to promote the moral and religious improvement of the people.

A Protestant clergyman, known as such, might live just as free from molestation in Madrid as in London; and, were he

to conduct prudently, and form proper connexions, I doubt not that in a short time he might preach the gospel without restraint to such as chose to hear him. All things in Spain are governed far more by personal favor and influence than by law. This is owing in part to the great number of unwise and oppressive laws which exist, and also to the ignorance of the people as to their own rights and privileges, so that the magistrate is left with but little restraint to act as his judgment or his interest may dictate. Hence the favor of those in power is the only security which one would need in religious efforts in Spain.

As the laws and courts for prosecuting and punishing error of opinion, and other religious crimes, were the offspring of the Inquisition, and a part and parcel of its unrighteous and oppressive power, there are those learned in the law who suppose that, by suppressing the Inquisition in Spain, these laws have all received their death-blow, so that now a purely religious prosecution could not be sustained there.

Before we left Spain, Mr. Rule had received a pressing invitation to remove to Barcelona, with the assurance that he might have there an audience of thousands, and, as the inhabitants of that region are the Yankees of Spain, active, inquisitive, and impatient of control, he might perhaps have labored there unmolested and with success. He chose, however, to locate himself at Cadiz, and there with his colleague labored for a year or two before he was driven out, which was done mainly, as it would appear, by the machinations of the Bishop of Cadiz, who is spoken of as "a priest of the worst class, and the only one who, after the return of Ferdinand the Seventh from his exile, had the heart to petition him publicly for the reëstablishment of the Inquisition in Spain." In effecting this expulsion, the agency of Lord Palmerston, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, as also of the Spanish ministry then in power, was secured. This shows the difficulty there was in effecting this object, and, in these times of advancing freedom in Spain, another ministry may secure to Protestants there all the protection they may need.

Since writing the above, the following has been received from Mr. Rule, under date of October 1st, 1840. "A persecution raised against us by the Spanish priesthood, who found willing agents in some individuals of the despotic government, (that for a short time gained ascendancy, but

has now totally fallen,) compelled us, in April last, to quit Cadiz for a time. That persecution has ceased; the persecutors are, in their turn, suffering; the principles of the constitution are again ascendant, and likely to continue so, and we are assured that our way is open to that port again."

As to any influence which England may exert in favor of religious toleration in Spain, perhaps there ought not much to be expected of her. Her shameful neglect of all effort to secure to Protestants in Catholic countries their religious rights, when, upon the overthrow of Bonaparte, she had a predominant influence in the councils of Europe, as also her support of idolatry in India, and the honors in the way of public salutes, and otherwise, which, in wanton violation of the rights of conscience, she forces her army in Malta and elsewhere to pay to the idols of the Romish church, when with religious pomp and veneration they are paraded through the streets, — these, with other similar facts, present, in glowing colors, the inconsistency of a nation which, while it pays marked honors to idolatry abroad, tramples in the dust its injured and oppressed Catholic subjects at home, and which, too, is constantly hurling detestation and abhorrence at American slaveholders, apparently forgetful of the multitudes which in India and Southern Africa it holds in bondage, as also of the thousands and tens of thousands in Asia, who, fleeced and starved by unrighteous oppression, have fallen victims to famine, and have whitened with their bones the land that gave them birth. To expect such a nation to show an enlightened and consistent regard to the great interests of religious toleration, and the rights of conscience, is indeed like hoping to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles; still such a thing *may* be, and let us hope for the best.

Mr. Rule, after giving a critical notice of the various versions of the Bible in the Spanish language, and by quotations and otherwise having shown their more prominent defects, thus speaks of them and of the new translation and commentary in which he is himself engaged, and for which he is so well qualified by his familiar and accurate acquaintance with the Spanish as well as with the ancient and leading Oriental languages of the present day: "As if in order," he observes, "to put to silence those who say, that the people are not allowed to read the Scriptures in vernacular languages, the Court of Rome saw fit several years ago to relax

that prohibition, or, speaking more correctly, to republish it in a more deceptive form. Versions of Scripture, or of parts of it, are published in Spain. But on what principle are those versions produced? That of *paraphrase*. Thus the text is disguised, and by the last degree of sacrilege the truths of God are filched out of his word, and the doctrines of a depraved priesthood introduced.

“Every translator and annotator seems to tremble lest he should offend his vigilant mother the Church, and, although Protestants have left their country in deadly peace, you would judge, by their frequent references to them in these books, that their preachers were to be found in every hamlet.

“It is therefore most important that a version of the Holy Scriptures be made immediately from the original languages, and executed with most scrupulous exactness, and, of course with all due regard to the proprieties of style. You are aware that a version designed to answer to this description begins to be in progress, together with a commentary designed to meet the case of the ignorant and superstitious Romanist, of the degraded infidel, and of any whose minds may be awakened and opened to the reception of vital truth. This may perhaps be published at first in small parts, and eventually, should the version be approved, it may go forth without note or comment. Yet, in the absence of preachers, a stirring commentary might arouse the popular attention, and excite a thirst for the word of God itself.

“Two catechisms, for the use of schools and families, are already translated and revised, and one of them is passing through the press in an impression of 1,500 copies, and the other will probably follow in a short time. They are closely translated from those published by direction of the British Methodist Conference, which were compiled with great care by the late Rev. Richard Watson, and set forth the essentials of the gospel, without touching the jarring string of controverted points, and thus are calculated, as we presume, for use in a country where every Protestant missionary will feel, that the differences between evangelic Protestants sink into nothing in the presence of anti-christian falsehood and vice. These beginnings may be followed up on a larger scale.

“Whatever impediments may for a time be laid in the way, we must not drop the design of appealing to the public mind in Spain by means of books. The infidels have done and are doing this, and perhaps no writings are more generally

read, or are more popular in Spain. The effects are but too apparent in the general contempt of every thing sacred which overspreads the land, from the contagion of which not even ecclesiastics are exempt. Hence impiety and superstition are the rival and contending tyrants, under whose demoralizing sway the people perish. To meet this impiety little or even worse than nothing has been done. There are, indeed, a few books written against the adversaries of revealed religion, but on a wrong principle, as generally more anxiety is displayed by the monkish writers for the prerogatives of the Bishop of Rome, and the safety of Holy Mother Church, than for the honor of Christ and the vindication of Scripture. Minds which have already cast off all restraint, are not to be subdued by such a style as theirs. A book of this class was lately given me by its editor. It was put into his hand for publication in Spanish; but, notwithstanding it abounds in Romish Orthodoxy, and pleads hard for the alleged successors of St. Peter in the Papal see, it was prohibited, until at last the editor, — himself a dignitary in the church, — so far prevailed as to obtain a license for its publication in *Latin*, lest the people should see a refutation of ‘*Volney's Ruins of Empires*,’ a book which unhappily had spread its poison, by the medium of good Castilian, into every corner of the country.”

The only exception to the general character of Catholic works against infidelity, as given above, which has come to my knowledge, is found in the “*Cartas Peruanas*,” (Peruvian Letters,) published in Lima, in Peru. This work was written as an antidote to the poisonous influence exerted by infidel books, which were translated into Spanish, and widely circulated in South America, after her revolution. It is noticed as follows, in a work published some time since, by an officer of our navy. “The *Cartas Peruanas* were commenced in 1822, and continued, at intervals, until 1825. In 1829, they were collected and published together, forming a well-written work on the Evidences of Christianity, in which the author displays much erudition and industry. He is said to be a canon, named Moreno. He has taken up and answered the arguments of all the most distinguished anti-religionists of France, as Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot,” &c.

Since the remarks above were first written, a treatise on the Evidences of Christianity, by the Rev. Dr. Bogue, a learned English Dissenter, has been translated into Spanish,

and published; as also "Thoughts on Popery," a very plain, pungent, and convincing work, by the late Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore. This latter treatise, which, from its selection of topics and the simplicity of its style, is admirably fitted for popular effect, was clothed in a Spanish dress, by means of funds furnished from this country, through the benevolent and disinterested agency of a personal friend and shipmate of the author of this work, Mr. H. C. Turnbull, of Baltimore.

The increased advantages for education extended to the common people in Spain, within a few years past, must rapidly multiply the number of readers, and in the same degree add to the facilities for exerting a sound moral and religious influence there. In Madrid, and, I believe, in all the large towns and cities in Spain, are free schools in each ward, and those who wish more than this, may attend the schools taught by the lower orders of the clergy, in each parish. A similar provision for free schools is also made in the principal country villages. The civil Governors of the provinces are charged with the business of education, and have funds placed at their disposal for its promotion.

Until recently the provinces of Spain were each governed solely by a Captain-General, possessing the almost absolute and irresponsible power of the early feudal chieftains. It was by them mainly that, in the summer of 1835, the large convents, which the Queen's Government had spared, were suppressed; and such of the property belonging to them as had been sold in 1820, was restored to those who had then purchased it. Hence, there are at present but few convents in Spain, except those connected with the Escorial and other places of royal residence.

The civil Governors have been recently appointed, and though their power is yet far less than that of the Captains-General, still it is constantly increasing; and not only do they act as a check to any abuses, but also promote many objects of public utility, which were formerly neglected. They have, for example, been engaged, with commendable zeal, in collecting together, in the capital of each province, the paintings and books in all the convents within its limits, and forming public galleries and libraries.

A favorable circumstance in connexion with Spain, is the fact, that many of her leading men were, for a time, emigrants, having been forced to go abroad when the Constitu-

tion of 1820 was suppressed. Thus have they not only been taught wisdom in the school of adversity, but, by witnessing the policy, and observing the beneficial effects of free governments, they have, many of them, become both disposed and prepared to advance the cause of light and liberty at home.

The civil Governor of Cadiz, when we were there, was a native of Santa Fé de Bogota, in South America, the birth-place of Bolivar. He treated us with much kindness; is a strong friend of our country, and a warm admirer of our great men. He has a fine print of Washington, and the heads of our other Presidents, handsomely framed, and hung up in a conspicuous place in his house. In the face of the strong opposition of the bigoted Bishop of Cadiz, he has taken one of the largest convents as a place for a public library, and a gallery of paintings.

The civil Governor of Barcelona, during his exile, translated most, if not all, of the Bible, into the dialect of Catalonia, which is the ancient Provençal, or language of the Troubadours, and almost wholly distinct from pure Castilian. The British and Foreign Bible Society purchased his translation; and the New Testament which I have seen, is published in a neat form, and cheap enough for general circulation. The Catalan dialect is the common language of the large and flourishing provinces of Catalonia and Valencia, as also of the neighbouring islands, Ivica, Majorca, and Minorca, and differs but slightly from that spoken in some of the Southern departments in France.

The President of the Proceres, or Spanish House of Lords, when we were in Spain, was, for some time, an emigrant in France. He is a decided Liberal in his principles; and has already been noticed as at the head of a committee for the reform of Church abuses, and as having recommended that the tithes in Spain, be taken by the government, and that the clergy be paid the same salaries with the officers of the army. He was, for some time, Bishop of Majorca, but was afterwards appointed Archbishop of Toledo, and, as such, is the Primate, or head of the Catholic Church in Spain. The influence of such a man in a station which has heretofore been the stronghold of bigotry and religious intolerance, cannot but be highly favorable to the cause of civil and religious liberty in Spain.

I was much gratified, when in Cadiz, in attending divine

service on the Sabbath, at the house of the English Consul, and in learning that the same custom had long been continued by him. It was also peculiarly pleasant, when, on a visit to St. Roque, a Spanish town near Gibraltar, to call with Mr. Rule, on a pious family there, converted from Romanism, and see the Spanish Bible and tracts, which they read to their visiters, and unite with them in offering up our prayers in that land and that language in which, for long, long centuries, no one might safely

“Breathe his free thoughts forth to God.”

As allusion has been made in this connexion, to the state of education in Spain, it may not be amiss here to notice some historical and other facts, bearing upon the same subject.

In the eleventh century, when Toledo was taken by the Christians, they became more intimately mingled with the Moors than before. Complete toleration was granted to such of the Moors as remained subject to the King of Castile. From that time, until the reign of Philip the Third, a period of 530 years, Toledo always contained a numerous Moorish population; and that city, one of the most celebrated seats of Arabic literature and science, retained its schools and all its institutions of learning, and spread among the Christians the knowledge of Eastern letters.

The Christians who were beyond the limits of Arab dominion, having been long confined to the mountains of Asturias, and engaged in war, had lost the knowledge of reading and writing, and even the alphabet; and hence, when the Moors were subdued, sent to England for masters to teach reading, writing, and grammar. Early in the thirteenth century, Don Rodrigo, Archbishop of Santiago, induced Alfonso the Eighth to found the University of Palencia, which was afterwards removed to Salamanca.

In 1420, the Archbishop of Toledo, having been driven from Spain, founded a Spanish College at Bologna, in Italy, for thirty-five Fellows and Chaplains, all natives of Spain, who were to return to their country after eight or nine years. Many of these rose to the highest stations in the Spanish Church.

The Jesuits' schools were numerous attended by the Spanish youth; and as Latin was taught gratis, and as this language has commonly been considered as forming the distinguishing mark of an educated layman, many, of all classes, sent their sons to them.

There are few schools in Spain which impart much knowledge of the rudiments of education to the lower classes. They rarely learn to read and write, much of the time in schools being spent in teaching the children to repeat the names of the saints, and the prayers of the Church. Those of the higher classes not intended for the learned professions, are seldom instructed in any thing but reading, writing, and the elements of arithmetic. Such as are intended for the learned professions, attend a Latin school for three or four years. Since the expulsion of the Jesuits these schools are not numerous.

The branches taught in the Spanish Universities, are, 1st. Philosophy, including logic, physics, and metaphysics; 2d. Theology; 3d. Roman law; 4th. Canon law; 5th. Medicine. The college year commences in October, and ends in May. Students are admitted between fourteen and fifteen years of age. No student can proceed to any of the higher branches until he has attended the schools of philosophy two years. At the end of these two years, the examination for the degree of A. B. takes place. Five years are devoted to the study of Divinity. The first is employed on the work of Melchior Canus, "De Locis Theologicis." Four years more are spent in attending lectures, morning and afternoon, on dogmatic, moral, and expository Divinity. There are also public exercises, in which candidates for preferment choose by lot, one of three subjects offered them, upon which they must lecture in Latin an hour, the next day. The same course of disputation is followed by students in law and medicine.

Colleges for the nobles, and military schools for the youth of the higher classes, intended for the army and navy, were established by those who were opposed to the jargon of the Universities; and hence, most of the rank, talent, and influence of the higher orders, are arrayed in decided hostility against the clergy, their classical knowledge being regarded with contempt, while the selfish and oppressive policy which leads them to keep the common people in ignorance, and fill them with bigotry, that thus they may retain their unrighteous ascendancy, has brought down upon them the execrations and the hatred of all honest and intelligent lovers of their country.

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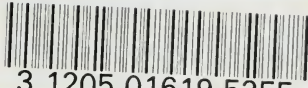
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